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MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND RELIGIOUS LABORS

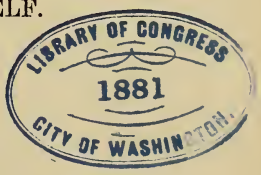
OF

EDWARD HICKS,

LATE OF

NEWTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



PHILADELPHIA:
MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, PRINTERS,
No. 7 Carter's Alley.
1851.

F159
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A TESTIMONY

Of Makefield Monthly Meeting, concerning our beloved Friend,

EDWARD HICKS, *deceased.*

He was born in Attleborough, Bucks county, Pa., the 4th day of Fourth month, 1780. His parents were Isaac and Catharine Hicks. His mother, who is represented as a pious member of the Episcopal church, dying in his infancy, Elizabeth Twining, a kind friend, out of regard for the mother and sympathy for the child, took him to her home; where he received the advantage of kind maternal care. Ofttimes has he publicly acknowledged the *lasting* benefit he derived from her early religious care and instruction. She frequently read to him from the New Testament, instructing him in the doctrines contained therein; and such were the impressions then made on his tender mind, that their influence was not entirely lost in his subsequent deviations from the path of rectitude. He often held up to mothers, and those having the care of the young, the example of this worthy woman; entreating them to "go, and do likewise," which *he* called "bringing children to Christ."

After leaving his adopted mother, he was exposed to various temptations, both while at school, and during his apprenticeship in a country village. Deprived of religious instruction, and all restraint upon his moral conduct, and being of a lively, volatile disposition, his company was sought by that class who indulge in "foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in perdition," and, for a time, he joined with them in vanity and folly. But, as he

used to relate to his friends, (with gratitude to his heavenly Father for his protecting care,) he was followed by the witness for Truth in his own mind, so as to be preserved from any act of gross immorality, that would leave a stain upon his character in the sight of men.

About the twenty-first year of his age he was favored with a renewed visitation of Heavenly love; and yielding thereto, he passed through the dispensation of condemnation, which he viewed as the baptism unto repentance, by which his former pleasures were marred, and the friendship and glory of the world were stained in his view; and the dispensation of justification was opened before him, "with promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," and yielding obedience to the heavenly call, he was made willing to part with *all* for the pearl of great price! In order for help, he attended the meetings of several religious societies; but finally joined in membership with Friends of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Bucks county. About the twenty-third year of his age he was joined in marriage with Sarah, daughter of Joseph and Susanna Worstal, of Newtown, with whom he lived in near affection to the close of his life. He continued within the verge of Middletown Monthly Meeting several years; and about the 30th year of his age he came forth in the ministry, deeply in the cross to his natural will; but the Master of Assemblies owned him therein, covering the meetings with that solemnity which is precious and comforting to those present.

In the year 1811 he removed to Newtown; where but few Friends resided. An indulged Meeting was soon opened in the village, and after some time a meeting-house was built, and a Meeting settled. Being faithful, he grew in his gift and became an eminent minister of the Gospel; adorning the doctrine he

preached, by a life corresponding therewith. He travelled much in the ministry; and being favored with a comprehensive mind, a clear vision, and ready utterance, he was enabled, when clothed with Gospel authority, to open and explain the doctrine of the Christian religion, in a clear and *forcible* manner, to large assemblies of different denominations. He was often led to testify against a hireling ministry, as one of the darkest clouds resting on Christendom; and against a hypocritical and self-righteous state; also, against a luke-warm and libertine condition, his testimonies were often severe. Some being offended therewith, spread reports against him; but he continued his course, unmoved by such insinuations; his popularity appearing a small thing in his view. A highway was opened before him, to preach the Gospel to the people generally, without regard to sects or parties. But, although his doctrine was severe to those classes, yet to the penitent, to the returning prodigal, the sinner awakened to a sense of his guilt, and to the seeking children, his doctrine dropped as the dew, and distilled as the small rain upon the tender plant; encouraging these to return to the Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare, and where none need perish with hunger.

With the approbation of his Friends, after visiting the meetings near home, he went to distant parts: to Upper Canada, and the Yearly Meetings of New York, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana, and Gennesee, and to meetings within their limits. When his service was over, he was careful to return, without unnecessary delay; and it appears that his Gospel labors were not only acceptable, but instructive and edifying.

And while he was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," he was also "diligent in business," laboring with his hands for the support of his family, so that he could say with the apostle,

"these hands have ministered to my necessities, and those that were with me."

It was his concern frequently to attend funerals; where, in large audiences of different professions, opportunity was afforded to preach the Gospel in the demonstration of the spirit, and with power. But at funerals *out* of our Society, he was careful, if he felt an ability to engage in his Divine Master's cause, to inquire if the family and connexions were *willing*. In this he had an eye to the command of our Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And as we would not, on such occasions, approve of the services of those not of our Society, we should also be careful not to intrude ours on them.

He was also concerned for the support of the Discipline of Society, believing that it was a hedge about us; and the disposition to change it gave him uneasiness.

For many years he was afflicted with a cough, which of latter time increasing, attended with shortness of breath, disabled him for *distant* journeys. He, however, diligently attended his meetings at home, and frequently those in the vicinity; and with the unity of his Friends at home, (which he always esteemed precious,) he appointed meetings in school-houses, and other places remote from any house of public worship; and though his bodily strength was declining, yet his voice remained strong and clear. The meetings were generally large and highly favored. But a few weeks previous to his death, his cough and debility increasing, he felt easy to remain at *home*, as it was difficult for him to sit in meetings.

An intimate friend calling to see him a short time before his death, found him in his shop, busily engaged in painting, (it being the only business he was able to follow.) He informed the friend that he had no prospect of living through the Eighth month; that he was comfortable; his cough hurt him very little,

and that he had *never* been so happy at any time of his life! His concern as a minister, that had rested on him for nearly forty years, was removed; and it had left him in peace! He rejoiced in being released from the burden, and felt his sufferings as nothing; feeling the evidence, that with all his failings, eccentricities, and short-comings, he had done what he could; "he had finished the work that was given him to do, and kept the faith." Upon the same friend visiting him a week or two after, he found him still at work; and remarked that he appeared *better*, and as the Eighth month was fast passing away, he hoped that he would live through it. He replied, "it might be so; he was resigned, but had no prospect or *desire* to continue! Death had no terror, and the grave would have no victory over him! My impression is," he continued, "that I shall go suddenly, without much pain or suffering, and with very little warning to my family."

He continued painting till the day before he died, when, finding himself very weak, he returned to the house, saying he "believed that he had paid his last visit to the shop!" The next morning his daughter observed, she "thought him better." He replied, he "*was* better; he was comfortable; but requested they would not flatter themselves, for he was going to die."

He remained in his chamber, so quiet and easy, that his family were not alarmed till afternoon, when he appeared to be sinking; he remained calm and easy, speaking to all that came to see him. A short time before his close he said,

> "Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die,
> That favor can't be prized too high."

Thus he descended the "valley of the shadow of death," fearing no evil. About 9 o'clock on the evening of the 23d of Eighth month, 1849, in the 70th year of his age, he breathed his last, without apparent pain or suffering!

On the 26th his remains were interred from the Meeting-house

at Newtown, attended by a great concouse of people; after which a large and solemn meeting was held, wherein the language went forth, "Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Several testimonies were borne to his *worth*, and to the excellency of that Divine and heavenly gift, by which he was raised from a low estate, and favored with an undoubted assurance of an inheritance with the Saints of Light.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Signed by direction of Makefield Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Newtown, 10th of Fourth month, 1851.

JOSEPH FLOWERS,
SARAH P. FLOWERS,
Clerks.

N. B. The above Memorial was not forwarded to the Quarterly or Yearly Meeting, but is simply the testimony of his own Monthly Meeting, from whose minutes it has been transcribed.

INTRODUCTION.

A VERY dear friend, who I am certainly bound to love and respect, has just been trying to persuade me to submit the following Narrative, &c.,—which was never intended or expected to pass for a Friend's journal—to the Meeting for Sufferings. But the arguments he made use of, if they proved anything, appeared to me to prove too much, and therefore confirmed me in the course I had adopted. At the same time, they furnished additional evidence that an imposition has been practised in the Christian Church, from the earliest ages of the apostacy, down to the present time, by eulogizing sinners, many years after they have been dead, as saints. O how unlike is this to those holy men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the *Holy Ghost*, which the *divine Saviour* promised his disciples the Father would send, in his name, who should "teach them all things, and bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever they had heard of him." Under the influence of this blessed spirit, the inspired writers handed down to posterity the characters of David, king of Israel, and Peter, the prince of the apostles, with their virtues and their vices standing out in bold relief, for succeeding generations to see and judge for themselves.

It was under the influence of a portion of this good spirit, I humbly trust, I wrote the following Narrative, &c., in which I have tried to make a statement of facts, according to the best of my limited understanding, and if I have found fault, and accused some of my brethren and sisters, exposing their sins and foibles, I have certainly tried, with as great propriety, to include myself; and should any think I have been too sparing in the exposure of

my own sins and foibles, I am more than willing that my enemies should enlarge upon them to the utmost extent of the truth, the whole truth, and almost beyond the truth, rather than my friends should take a name (that might better be consigned to the gulf of oblivion) and impose it upon posterity for what it never merited.

My constitutional nature has presented formidable obstacles to the attainment of that truly desirable character, a consistent and exemplary member of the Religious Society of Friends; one of which is an excessive fondness for painting, a trade to which I was brought up, being connected with coach making, and followed the greatest part of my life; having been unsuccessful in every attempt to make an honest and honorable living by a more consistent business; and now in the decline of life, near my seventieth year, with a body reduced to a mere skeleton, racked by a tremendous cough, with scarcely breath and strength at times to breathe or walk, I should be a burthen on my family or friends were it not for my knowledge of painting, by which I am still enabled to minister to my own necessities and them that are with me, through the kind patronage of a few noble, generous Friends, and friendly people, who, in my case, practically answer that query in our Christian Discipline, "Are poor Friends' necessities duly inspected, and are they relieved and *assisted in such business as they are capable of?*"

MEMOIR.

Newtown, 4th mo. 4th, 1843.

I am, this day, sixty-three years of age, and I have thought right to attempt, at least, to write a short narrative of my life, by way of testimony to the mercy and goodness of a gracious God, through *Jesus Christ,* my blessed Lord and Saviour. And here it would be proper to try to explain what I mean by the term Saviour, for I shall make a free use thereof. I have been charged by some of my friends, with ambiguity of expression, and I think treated rather rudely, both publicly and privately, for making use of this sublime and appropriate word, *Saviour.*

I have been, more especially during the last years of my life, renewedly concerned to be established in a unity of belief with the primitive saints and the primitive Quakers. First with the beloved disciple, John, where he says, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." This light, that lighteneth every rational soul that cometh into the world, shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not, for men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; nevertheless, this is the true light, that can only give true sight to the rational soul, and it is only this true sight, that can give a true sense of the soul's sinful state; and it is this sense that gives a right sorrow, and this sorrow a true repentance, not to be repented of, and such repentance gives an admittance within the inclosure of the glorious attribute of mercy, which pardons guilty man. Such immortal

souls are born again of water and of the spirit, washed in the laver of regeneration. These are the babes in Christ, to whom the revelation of his will is made. These feeling their need of a Saviour, are true believers in *Jesus Christ*, as the eternal Word, that was in the beginning with God. This was the Word that was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received up into glory. This was the Word that took flesh (or "was made flesh") which he had prepared for that purpose, and dwelt among the Israelites. And such of the Jews as were obedient to the light, were quickened by the life, to behold the glory of this manifestation of the eternal Word, as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. This is the Christ Jesus that Paul confidently believed had come into the world to save sinners, of whom he declared he was chief; and that this Christ was the Son of God, by whom he had spoken, in these last days, to the children of men, and whom he had appointed heir of all things, and by whom he had made the worlds, who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, he upheld all things by the word of his power. To all them that look in the light for this glorious appearance of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, Paul has encouragingly declared, that he will appear a second time, without sin, unto salvation.

Secondly, I sincerely unite with the primitive Quakers, in a belief of the great doctrines of the Christian religion, and shall quote a short testimony of William Penn, where he abundantly sheweth, from scripture, the propriety of the word Saviour, as applied to God and Christ. "I, even I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no Saviour;" and "thou shalt know no God but me, for there is no Saviour beside me." And Mary said "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;" and the Samaritans said unto the woman, "Now we know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." "According to this grace made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ." "Simon Peter to them that obtained like precious faith with us, through the righteousness of God and our Saviour *Jesus Christ*." "For, therefore, we suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men." "To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." "From which," continues dear William Penn, "I conclude

Christ to be God, for if none can save, or be styled properly a Saviour but God, and yet that Christ is said to save, and is properly called a Saviour, it must needs follow that Christ the Saviour is God." These are William Penn's own words, with which I do most cordially unite, especially where he adds, "I sincerely and unfeignedly believe—by virtue of the sound knowledge and experience received from the gift of that holy unction and divine grace inspired from on high—in one holy, just, merciful, almighty and eternal God, who is the Father of all things, that appeared to the holy patriarchs and prophets of old, at sundry times and after divers manners; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the everlasting wisdom, divine power, true light and only Saviour and preserver of all: the same one, holy, just, merciful, almighty and eternal God." This is the Saviour to whose arms I verily believe my dying mother commended her infant son, whose undying love kindled the first devotional fire or feelings on the altar of my heart. This is the Saviour I was led to love in my infancy, adore in the maturity of manhood, and has now become the rock of my salvation, as I stand upon the brink of an eternal world.

Having now given, I hope, explanation enough to satisfy any reasonable person, professing to be a Christian, of what I mean by the word or term *Saviour*, I shall not attempt further to satisfy the quibbling skeptic, but proceed with my narrative.

I was born in the village of Attleborough, Middletown township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, the fourth of the Fourth month, called April, 1780. My parents were Isaac and Catharine Hicks, both regularly descended from Thomas Hicks, spoken of in the Journal of our ancient friend Samuel Bownas, as was also my late distinguished kinsman, Elias Hicks. I am thus particular, as I write principally for my children, and do not wish that some peculiar circumstances, in relation to our family, should be lost.

Our progenitor, Thomas Hicks, appears to have been a native of Long Island, and I find from the journal, or writings of that faithful blacksmith, Samuel Bownas, who followed the Saviour in the path of humble industry, that when he was on a religious visit to Long Island, in 1702, he was sued at the law by the Episcopal priests, among whom was the apostate Quaker preacher, George Keith; and their party being at the

head of government, he was thrown into prison at Jamaica, for bearing a faithful testimony against the ecclesiastical machinery of a mercenary priesthood; at which time, Samuel says, an honest old man, his name was Thomas Hicks, who had been chief justice in the province some years, and was well versedin the law, came to visit me; and on my standing up to pay my respects to him, he took me in his arms, saluting me with tears, and thus expressed himself, "Dear Samuel, the Lord hath made use of you, as an instrument, to put a stop to arbitrary proceedings in our courts of justice, which have met with great encouragement since Lord Cornbury has been governor; but there has never so successful a stand been made against it, as at this time; the eyes of the country are so clearly opened by your case. Had, says he, the Presbyterians stood as you have done, they had not so tamely left their meeting-houses to the church. But that people had never so good a hand at suffering in the cause of conscience, as they have had in persecuting others that differed from them." "This honest man," continues Samuel, "as if he had been sent by Divine commission, by his discourse, raised my drooping spirits."

I think it is quite possible that there is a little too much vanity in mentioning here what dear old Elias Hicks once told me. He thought my father was more like this Thomas Hicks, than any branch of the family he ever knew or heard of, and I believe Elias further told me, that Thomas Hicks had nine sons, and that Colonel Isaac Hicks, my great grandfather, was one of them, and the same man that was on the jury at the time of Samuel Bownas' trial.

My grandfather, Gilbert Hicks, (my father's father) married the daughter of Joseph Rodman, of Long Island, a consistent, active member of the Society of Friends, and the young man, not being a member, the marriage, of course, was clandestine, which was a cause of sorrow to the dear old friend. Notwithstanding this, he could not be inexorable, for he was a Christian. He therefore received his daughter, with her husband, as his dear children, and thus addressed them, "I am old, and you are young, and would wish to be settled in life; I therefore propose, that you go into the new countries, [as Pennsylvania was then called,] and settle on a tract of land, of about six hundred acres, that I own, near the river Delaware, on the

Neshaminy creek, twenty miles east of Philadelphia, and as it is worth at least three hundred pounds, more than would be a just proportion of your share of my estate, you must give me a bond for that sum, on my executing a deed that shall give you a substantial title."

The proposition of the good old Friend, was acceded to by his children, and in the winter of 1747 and '48, they came on, and found a part of the land cleared, and a comfortable log house, where they were hospitably received by a family of the name of Vansant, and where my father was born, the twenty-first of the fourth month, 1748, (old style). After building for themselves a comfortable dwelling, the first thing they did, was to sell off two hundred acres of the land, to Lawrence Growden, for three hundred pounds, with which they payed their father, and found themselves snugly settled on a farm of four hundred acres of first rate land, clear of all incumbrance; enhancing in value daily, by the astonishing influx of European settlers.

Whether it was their wealth, or their intelligence, or both, they certainly appear to have obtained a respectable standing; for my grandfather received a commission from the royal government, as one of the justices of the peace for the county of Bucks.

Either a fondness for public business, or getting tired of the labor and care of so large a farm, induced my grandfather to sell his large farm of four hundred acres, and to purchase a small one, coming to a point, in the south-east corner of what was then called Four-lanes-end, (now Attleborough), of one hundred acres. Here he built a spacious brick house, that is still standing; and moreover, it appears, that having become wealthy, he devoted himself almost exclusively to public business, being promoted to the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. And now I shall record the circumstances of my grandfather's passing judgment upon two colored men, who were tried before him for some act that transported them to the West Indies, for life, as slaves.

Notwithstanding the evidence against them appeared conclusive, my grandfather had conscientious scruples as to the justice of the sentence. It appears that the voice of the spirit of truth, addressed to the ear of his soul, showed him plainly that he had better sacrifice his lucrative and honorable office,

and all the favor of the royal government, than pass the sentence of the law on the poor fugitives before him; a sentence that must separate them from all their nearest and dearest connections in life, and send them as exiles, to die by the hand of oppression, in a foreign land. But my poor grandfather was then basking in the sunshine of prosperity, increasing in wealth. He was a politician, he had been an office-hunter, and was now an office-holder, and therefore would not give up to the heavenly vision. The consequence was, that in the return of retributive justice, in less than seven years, he lost the object of his youthful affections, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children; and by continuing his attachment to his royal master, in opposition to the American patriots, whom he imprudently insulted, he was driven from his home, his country, and property, and from every near and dear connection in life, becoming an exile in a foreign land, where his days were suddenly ended by the hand of an assassin; and his property being all confiscated, his family was reduced to indigence, if not to penury. Such was the end of my dear grandfather.

Whilst he found an asylum with the British army at New York, my father paid him his last visit, and on parting, my grandfather gave his son his last advice, in a language like this, "You are a young man, and as you may be exposed to many temptations, my last and most serious advice to you is, never act contrary to your conscientious feelings; never disobey the voice of eternal truth in your own soul. Sacrifice property, personal liberty, and even life itself, rather than be disobedient to a Heavenly vision. I disobeyed this inward monitor, and am now suffering the due reward of my deeds." Such were the last words of my dear old grandfather to his son, on leaving New York with the British army, at the close of the Revolution, for Nova Scotia. My venerable father, at the age of four score, related the circumstance to me, in such an impressive manner, that I had no doubt that he wished it handed down to posterity. I therefore record it for our benefit, hoping that the lesson of deep instruction it contains, may be a warning to our youth, from falling into the fatal error of Esau, who sold that precious birth-right, for a mess of pottage, that he afterwards sought, with tears, but could not find.

My grandfather, Colonel Edward Hicks, (my mother's fa-

ther,) was a first cousin to the foregoing, and married Violetta Ricketts, of Elizabethtown, N. J., a high church woman. They had twelve children, my mother being the youngest. Her eldest sister, Mary, married Bishop Seabury, of New York.

Her two eldest brothers, William and Edward, I was told, by George Dilwyn, who went to school with them in Burlington, were, as he thought, the two prettiest boys he ever saw, and I think, he added, the best scholars in the school. But an American school does not appear to have been sufficient for all high churchmen, for I find by papers now in my possession, that uncle William was entered a student at law, in the Inner Temple, London, 1753.

By letters written by my uncle Edward, that I have lately been furnished with, it appears that he was an officer in the British army, and died, as it were, an untimely death, at Fort George, in the West Indies.

My uncle William, after all the pains that was taken to give him a great scholastic education, was heard to lament in a language like this, "Ah, my poor deluded parents, they have only been concerned to put me in possession of all kinds of sense, but common sense!" He was unfit to fill, with propriety, the social and relative duties of life, and notwithstanding he had warmly espoused the cause of the proprietors, and was such a favorite with the Penn family, that they put him into the Prothonotary's office, then the most lucrative office in the county of Bucks, his education had so fostered his natural pride and extravagance, that the want of common sense kept him poor, and, to add to his difficulties, his father, who was a merchant in New York, failed in his business, and became poor, no doubt from the same causes, that is, pride, extravagance and a want of common sense.

Having been furnished recently, through the kindness of Doctor Gordon, with several letters written by my uncles William and Edward, I have been led to compare them with letters written by their cousin Elias Hicks, who was brought up in the path of humble industry. They are inferior in every characteristic of good writing, and no marvel that it should be so, for mark the difference in their education. While the pretty boys and best scholars, as George Dilwyn called them, were going to high schools and colleges, those nurseries of

pride, indolence and effeminency, the bane of true republicanism, and most efficient contrivance of Satan, for the destruction of primitive Christianity, Elias was laboring hard through the day, at the useful and highly honorable trade of a carpenter, improving himself in the evening in useful knowledge, when others were asleep. The consequence was, the former, overwhelmed with pride, luxury, idleness and disease, sunk unnoticed, into an untimely grave. The latter arose from the path of humble industry, by virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity, to be one of the most dignified practical Christians, Christendom ever saw, and after living for more than four score years, passed out of time into eternity, to be joined to the spirits of just men made perfect, to the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven; and leaving behind him a savour, grateful to surviving generations; a name, I hope, that stands gloriously enrolled on the records of eternity.

My dear mother appears to have received, what I would call a bad education for a woman. She was brought up in pride, and idleness, and was the very reverse of a perfect woman, as set forth by the inspired poet, in the last chapter of Proverbs. It was such an education as was calculated to make, what the high church would call, a lady; a friend to kings and priests.

But the tremendous turnings and overturnings that took place in the time of the Revolution, produced a great change in my mother's family, and the success of the American patriots, in laying the foundation of the present excellent government, deprived the royal aristocrats of their lucrative offices, reducing our family to comparative poverty. But the afflicting dispensation appears to have had a good effect upon my mother, for she was brought by the sanctifying influence of the ever blessed *Truth*, to her Saviour's feet, to wash them with tears, where, I have no doubt, she was concerned in a *spiritual* sense, to beg of her Saviour to take her unprotected infant son into his arms and bless him. And from the best information I am in possession of, and which seems confirmed by the impressions of my mind, my precious mother, on her death bed, was fully convinced of the blessed *Truth*, as held by Friends. For I understood she requested that there should be no superfluity about her corpse or her coffin, and that there should be

no monument of any kind placed at her grave, which appears to have been complied with, for when I went into what is called St. Mary's church-yard, in Burlington, to look for her grave, I could not find it. This seems the more extraordinary, as she had been educated and brought up a regular member of the Episcopal church, and the rest of her family that had died, had been buried in vaults, in the high church style.

Thus ended the earthly pilgrimage of my mother, Catharine Hicks, on the 19th of the 10th month, 1781, in the 36th year of her age, in Burlington, N. J., leaving her poor little feeble infant under the care of her colored woman, Jane, who had been a slave in the family, and being left to shift for herself, took me with her like her own child, for my father was now broken up, having no home of his own, or any business by which he could support and keep his children together.

This colored woman, Jane, worked about among the farmers in the neighborhood of Four-lanes-end, or Attleborough and Newtown, for a living, taking me with her. Being at the house of a friend, by the name of Janney, at the last-mentioned place, where Elizabeth, the wife of David Twining, was in the habit of visiting, she noticed a poor sickly-looking white child, who appeared to be under the care of a colored woman that seemed cross to it, and was led to inquire whose child it was. When informed that it was the youngest child of her dear deceased friend, Kitty Hicks, that she had seen about a year before in its mother's arms, dressed in rich and gay apparel; her sympathy for the child and love for the mother, caused her to express herself on this wise: "Oh! that my husband was willing, I would take this child and bring it up as my own." My father was soon informed of this circumstance, and begged of her to take his poor little son as a boarder, which she agreed to do, with her husband's consent.

David Twining was one of the most respectable, intelligent, and wealthy farmers in the county of Bucks, having been chosen one of the Provincial Assembly, though an exemplary member of the Society of Friends. His wife, Elizabeth, was just such a woman as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs.

They had four daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, and Beulah, who was about fourteen years old. Sarah was mar-

ried soon after I was introduced into the family; of course, I was not well acquainted with her until towards the close of her life; and, whatever might have been her domestic foibles, she certainly appeared to me one of the most dignified women I ever witnessed upon a death-bed.

Elizabeth married William Hopkins, a plain, exemplary young friend of Philadelphia, and settled in that city. He died some years before his wife, in the house where they were married. Elizabeth died in New York, with a scirrhus or cancer in her breast. She was a respectable elder in the Society of Friends.

Mary and Beulah, being younger, were more like my sisters, and, indeed, they seemed to have adopted me as their brother in my infancy, and ever manifested a sisterly kindness. Mary married Jesse Leedom, a member of the Society of Friends, the son of a wealthy and enterprising merchant and farmer of Northampton. They are both still living, worthy Friends, but well stricken in years. Mary seems nearly worn out, and should I survive her, I shall have to say, I have lost the best friend I have in the world out of my own family. She was more like her mother than any of her sisters.

Beulah was the youngest, and possessed of more than ordinary powers. She was certainly calculated to be greatly good, but the improper indulgence of her eccentric self-will, threw her out of her orbit; and, instead of being a fixed star in the firmament of God's power, that shines with new accessions of glory, and brightens to all eternity, she was more like the comet that takes an eccentric course among the constellations of heaven, and shines, or rather dazzles, only for a moment, and then sinks into oblivion. Dear adopted sister, Beulah E. Twining, thy history, which would furnish materials for one of the most interesting pernicious novels, I wish to record in a few words, for the instruction of such young women as may be possessed of such superior advantages. She was the favorite or pet of her father, and transacted the principal part of his business; and the township library being kept in his house, she became excessively fond of reading, particularly *novels*, which, when her indulgent parents disapproved of, she took to her chamber and would read by moonlight. This act of disobedience to parents, soon led the wayward young girl to do another act that too often breaks up the foundation of rational

happiness in this world, obstructs the channel in which woman's most distinguished usefulness runs, and in *her* case, ended in litigation, confusion, and loss. She married a young Presbyterian Doctor, whose only recommendation was a handsome exterior, while there was nothing within to correspond with the pleasing appearance without, and hence the tie was too feeble to hold her affections, and she left him with the same self-will and determination in which she married him, and in direct opposition to the advice of her parents, and the order of the religious society of which she was a member. Her father dying about this time, left her a large estate, both real and personal. An application on her part for a divorce, brought on a vexatious and disgraceful law suit between her and her husband, which was only terminated through the management of a distinguished congressman from Connecticut, who advised her how to throw her cause into the Supreme Court of that State, and employ the eccentric but excellent Tappan Reeves for her advocate.

Notwithstanding the formidable opposition of her husband, she obtained her divorce at the expense of all her personal estate, and a heavy incumbrance on the real; and, with a broken constitution, a crippled reputation, and a wounded spirit, she returned like the penitent prodigal to her father's house; and entering the path of humble industry, by superior management of a superior farm, she soon payed off all her debts, filled with a degree of propriety the social and relative duties of life, as the head of a family, and became reinstated a useful member of the Society of Friends.

She was a sister I had reason to love; she was a friend in need, and therefore a friend indeed; and when she died in the 11th month, 1826, with the disease of her sister Elizabeth, I felt that I had lost one of my best friends; a loss, too, that was not relieved by any consideration of gain, for, agreeable to my advice, she left me not one cent of her estate, which has caused me frequently to rejoice, when I saw myself clear of that ravening wolfish spirit that too often attends the settling of such estates. I have been thus particular, as I wish to leave some advice to young women, touching some points of my sister's history.

And, first, I want to persuade them not to treat with disrespect the counsel of goodly parents and guardians, in the choice of books and company, for these generally form the

common mind of young people; and a young girl that will indulge her inclination to read novels, will soon be prepared toprefer bad company to good; and hence, too, many lovely young women, when they come upon the stage of life, enter the wide gate, and walk in the broad way that leads to the destruction of their peace and happiness in this world, if not in the world to come. Oh! then, permit me to beseech you with a fatherly affection, for the sake of your present and everlasting happiness, and the happiness of mankind, to take up the cross of Christ, and deny that cursed self that leads to disobedience to parents. Never, never, dear children, "pierce with sorrow that breast that has been your support in your infantile years." And I will say to such of my dear friends who fill the responsible stations of parents and heads of families, keep to the advice of our excellent Christian discipline, with regard to *the books* that your children read, and the company they keep. I think I have lived long enough to experience the advantages of such care, and to see the consequences of trampling such advice under foot, in the situation of too many Friends, whose children finally became their oppressors.

I now return to Elizabeth Twining, the mother of the women I have alluded to, whom I have already said was best described by the inspired poetry of the last chapter of Proverbs. She was certainly the best example of humble industry I ever knew for so wealthy a woman. It was this woman that it seems was providentially appointed to adopt me as a son, and to be to me a delegated shepherdess, under the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. She had the simplicity and almost the innocence of a child. Being deprived of her parents in her childhood, and left poor, she received no scholastic education, only learning to read after she was grown up; yet she read the Scriptures with a sweetness, solemnity, and feeling I never heard equalled. How often have I stood, or sat by her, before I could read myself, and heard her read, particularly the 26th chapter of Matthew, which made the deepest impression on my mind. It was there that all the sympathy of my heart, all the finer feelings of my nature, were concentrated in love to my blessed Saviour. It was then, in his spiritual appearance, as a quickening spirit, that he kindled the first devotional fire on the altar of my heart, a fire that was not extinguished even by juvenile infatuation, a fire that was rekindled about the

twenty-first year of my age, the light whereof led me to a Saviour's feet, whilst its genial warmth melted me into tears of repentance and love.

What an inestimable blessing to a child is a truly humble Christian mother. They are made use of by that blessed spirit embraced in the figure of the householder, set forth by that inimitable parable (see Matthew, the 20th chap.) when they do as my dear mother did, go early in the morning, at the third hour, and get the child to agree for the penny to go into the Lord's vineyard; then when the invitation comes at the sixth hour, as the rational being comes to maturity, the heavenly visitation is most likely to be effectual, as in my case. But where early impressions are neglected, the loss that children sustain is almost incalculable, for although all young men and women are called, it is at a time when the waves of youthful passion roll the highest and are the most turbulent, which nothing but the power of a SAVIOUR can still; but if he is not on board their little bark, how can he rise and still the storm; but if he is on board, the vessel cannot be lost, notwithstanding he may be asleep. Oh! then, the infinite importance of introducing children to a "Christ within the hope of glory."

I continued under the care of my adopted mother, as a boarder, until I was turned of thirteen; when my father finding himself disappointed in his prospect of making a great man out of a weak little boy, by scholastic learning or education, did the best thing that he could have done, by binding me out an apprentice to an industrious mechanic; for here the propensity to idleness, for which I had a natural turn, was necessarily counteracted. What a pity other parents and guardians do not follow his example. We should have more humble industry, and less pride, idleness, and covetousness: three of the greatest enemies to a republican government, and with dishonesty added to their company, the most formidable enemies of the Church of Christ. We should have more working men and good mechanics, and fewer priests and lazy ministers, whose consciences are seared as it were with a hot iron, having so little religious sensibility that they can live on the honest industry of poor silly women, *male and female.* We should have fewer lawyers, doctors, office-hunters, speculators, lecturers, conjurers, and merely professing Christians, which the primitive saints would have disowned, as busy bodies, that

work not at all, (see 2 Thessalonians, 3d chap. 10, 11, and 12 verses.)

I say, what a pity that parents and guardians could not see what my father might have seen, that the more scholastic learning is wasted on a weak boy, the bigger blockhead he will become. Whether he made this discovery or not, at that time, I must leave; one thing is certain, he was disappointed in my not taking learning, for he intended me for a lawyer, as he had made a doctor of my only brother Gilbert. But his ambitious views were baffled in us both, and our precious mother's dying prayers were answered. Gilbert took a religious turn, joined the Society of Friends, and became, what is a phenomenon in the faculty, a humble practical Christian, an honor to his profession, and an innocent upright man, that had a word of exhortation as a minister before he died.

My father might have succeeded more to his mind in the education of my only sister, two years older than myself, for she was put to a boarding school, and brought up in the gay world in pride and idleness. But, marrying a young man, who was in the path of humble industry, coming up on foot, she joined him in his journey, and they had advanced so far in the estimation of the people, that her husband had become high sheriff of the county; and she herself, according to his testimony, looking towards uniting with her brother, when, by a sudden and affecting death, her course in this world was stopped.

In the latter part of the 7th month, 1817, in the evening of the day, she had prepared supper, and stepped out to call her eldest son, a lad about six years old, who had become very fond of playing in a creek that ran near their dwelling, when she heard him cry for help. On running to the creek, where it was deep and the bank high, she saw him in the water, apparently drowning. A few feet up stream she crossed, and ran to his assistance. Her screams of distress alarmed her neighbors, and particularly her husband, who was writing in his office. When he came to the bank, six or seven feet above the water, and saw his wife and child in the deep below, he immediately jumped in to their assistance; but, being no swimmer, they were all three immersed together in a hole in the water, not more than ten feet wide and ten feet deep.

I think it is most likely my dear sister sunk soon after

getting into the deep water, never to rise alive, for she was within a month or two of her confinement. Her husband and child struggled longer, but were nearly gone, when a young man, about sixteen years of age, saved the child; and the dying father, as he was sinking for the last time, laid hold of a board that had been run into the water by a colored man, and by which he was drawn to the shore, nearly dead, and was with some difficulty brought to.

My poor dear sister's lifeless corpse was at last brought from the bottom of the deep hole, by the manly exertions of a sailor, but every attempt at resuscitation was in vain. Such was the tragical end of my dear sister Eliza Violetta Kennedy, in the fortieth year of her age.

At this sorrowful and affecting time I was sitting in a religious meeting, appointed for me at five o'clock in Rahway, between forty and fifty miles off in New Jersey. I dare not say I had an impression that something sorrowful had happened to me, but I think I recollect it was nearly a silent meeting, and I told the people that, for some reason or other, I had but little to communicate to them. And I very well remember that the friend from New York, that was with me, took me by the hand after the meeting broke, and said most emphatically, whilst his eyes were overflowing with tears, "Edward, what is the matter?" And I think that my prospect changed in that meeting, and instead of visiting a number of meetings in New Jersey, I concluded to come immediately home, and had I not been improperly detained at Kingston, I should have got to my dear sister's funeral.

There are two considerations connected with her sudden and afflicting death that are relieving, and they are: a hope that she was looking towards Heaven, and that she died in the highest exercise of the finest feelings of her nature.

Another pleasant reflection to me is, that the last interview we ever had was one of the most agreeable kind. I recollect she made some pertinent remarks respecting our having to give an account to an OMNIPOTENT SAVIOUR, who is Judge of quick and dead, for every idle word that we spoke. But, alas! different, very different was the last interview between her and our poor dear father. Hence the shock of her sudden and affecting death must have been of the most painful character.

Before I leave my dear father, I will just advert again to his strong predilection in favor of scholastic education. In order to introduce my views more fully touching that subject, especially as it relates to the Church of Christ, I shall refer to a paper, now in my possession, that was presented to our monthly meeting, most cordially united with, and recorded amongst its minutes, viz: "The committee appointed at last meeting to take into consideration the communication from the Yearly Meeting's committee, on the subject of schools, having met and conferred together, were united in believing that such information as was needful had already been forwarded to that committee in answer to their several interrogatories; and, if anything remained for the meeting to do, it was simply to give their views touching the important subject, for which that committee was appointed. Therefore, we are united in offering the following for the consideration and unity of the monthly meeting: 'When it pleased the infinitely wise JEHOVAH to manifest himself in the fulness, and present to a world of intelligent beings, a perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness in the person of his beloved son Jesus Christ; that blessed pattern was found walking in the *path of humble industry*, showing with indubitable clearness it was the only way to rational happiness in this world, and everlasting happiness in the world to come.'

And it is worthy of our most serious consideration and attention, that this great personage received no learning in the congregated seminaries of that day, although they were as common amongst the apostate Israelites as they are now amongst apostate Christians. This is confirmed by the testimony of the neighbors that knew him. 'From whence hath this man these things, or how knoweth he letters, having never learned?'

Before finishing the work his Heavenly Father gave him to do, he chose his immediate disciples from amongst the illiterate fishermen of Galilee, humble industrious men, who had no scholastic learning to depend upon. But while they had a single eye to their perfect pattern, keeping his commandments and loving *him*, he manifested himself to them, agreeable to his blessed promises, teaching them all things, and bringing all things needful to their remembrance; thus qualifying them to speak to the visited seed in a language they understood,

gathering them into the true fold where CHRIST, their heavenly Shepherd, fed them and caused them to rest at noon.

Thus it appears that the redemption of man, the most glorious work of the ALMIGHTY, was brought about without the agency of scholastic learning, its most dignified instrument not being permitted to have it.

This view taken in connection with the fact, that in none of his communications or sermons, or the exhortations or epistles of *his* immediate disciples, was human or scholastic learning ever recommended. This, we say, presents to our minds irresistible and overwhelming evidence against it, especially in its modern spirit, as advocated by a proud aspiring but fallen world. And, moreover, it appears clear to us that such scholastic learning was one of the principal agents of anti-Christ, by which he drew the successors of those sons of the morning from the simplicity of the truth as it was in JESUS, as he did the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth.

For, as early as the first and second centuries, congregated seminaries, or boarding schools, were set up, and the Alexandrian was so particularly distinguished for its popularity and power, as to become the principal source of that pride and ambition, which characterize an aspiring priesthood: furnishing that very learning that constitutes the lever of their power, and enables them more effectually to lord it over the *heritage*. And hence it was that a dark night of apostacy, or mantle of substantial blackness, eclipsed the glory of the militant church. In vain was raised the feeble voice of a Wickliff, a Huss, a Luther, or a Calvin; for, although they were instruments in the reformation, they too much depended upon the arm of flesh, scholastic learning, and such qualifications as were received in the Egyptian court, to be anything more than voices crying in the wilderness, or enlightened men like Moses, beholding afar off that land of rest and Christian liberty prepared for the people of God.

When the people called Quakers were gathered, the instrument that was made use of was a poor unlearned shoemaker and shepherd, the son of a weaver. He was found like his divine Master, walking in the path of humble industry, and like the illiterate fisherman of Galilee, he was qualified by the influence of the Holy Spirit to preach the everlasting Gospel; calling the visited children away from the Lo-heres

and the Lo-theres, to the kingdom of God within them, to an omnipresent SAVIOUR, a CHRIST within, the hope of glory, declaring that as 'CHRIST had come to teach his people himself,' they had no need that any man should teach them, save that holy anointing that teacheth truth.

Here was received the primitive Christian testimony against scholastic divinity, or *man made* ministers, and consequently against the schools that made them. Hence our early friends were led in the liberty and power of *truth*, to bear a faithful testimony against all such schools.* And when forming their discipline in relation to school learning, they only recognized as necessary the simple rudiments of an English education sufficient to fit them for business, leaving the study of what some might consider useful science, to the liberty individuals might feel in the truth, to pursue it by self-improvement. Further than this they considered superfluous, and consequently had a testimony to bear against it, and while they continued faithful to their 'plain way of living, and their plain 'honest' way of preaching,' they so shook the foundation of the church of anti-Christ, that the priests were ready to flee from their falling shrine, and bloody warriors to sheathe the sword for ever.

Then there were to be found walking *in the path of humble industry*, conscientious schoolmasters, blacksmiths, weavers, farmers, masons, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and broom-makers; such men as Samuel Bownas, John Richardson, John Woolman, James Simpson, John Churchman, and Elias Hicks, and many others that might be mentioned, who were frequently engaged or employed in giving Friends' children sufficient learning to fit them for business; whose example as well as precept turned many to righteousness, and who, no doubt, will shine forth in the brightness of the firmament as stars for ever and ever. *'But the fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?'* where are the bright talented youth of this day, the interesting children of Friends to be found? We fear not all walking *in the path of humble industry* as Christians under the care of pious parents and guardians, but too often at colleges and popular boarding schools, preparing to be lawyers, doctors, office-hunters, and office-

* By the context it appears that the author had more particularly in view *theological* schools.

holders; speculators in bank, bridge, steamboat, railroad, and canal stocks; money mongers, land jobbers, and teachers of the higher branches of fashionable learning, such as the dead languages, and even painting, a link in the chain of anti-Christian foibles next to music and dancing.

However consistent these things may be with the present state of enterprising, aspiring, restless, warlike America, they certainly form no part of the requisite qualifications of his followers who declared his kingdom was not of this world. And as such cannot fight, they cannot consistently sit in legislative bodies or the councils of the nation; or participate in their unchristian enterprizes, and, consequently, need no such learning to fit them for such business.

We want such conscientious men, as above named, to teach our country schools, and give our dear children sufficient learning to fit them for useful business, and such as will be content with a low salary. But, alas! they are scarcely to be found, for the reason above mentioned.

The exercise and travail of Friends in their Yearly Meeting capacity, as referred to by the communication now before us, we cordially unite with, believing Friends had nothing more in view until 1779, than the improvement of the rising youth in virtue, and *useful learning*, sufficient to fit them for business. But had the committee furnished us with extracts on the subject of education, from the Yearly Meeting as far in advance as 1810 or 1820, it would have manifested a very different spirit; a spirit that however ingeniously it intimates Jacob's voice, has proved that it had Esau's hairy hands; a travail and concern, beautiful indeed in theory, but whose practical consequence has been a serious injury to society, producing those *large boarding schools*, the too fruitful source of pride and idleness, and the nursery of that spirit that made such devastation among the flock and family of God in the primitive church; and of latter times has got into the Society of Friends like a wolf in sheep's clothing, and its effects are rending, devouring, and scattering the sheep on the barren mountains of an empty profession. For it appears clear to us, that ever since the institution of Ackworth Boarding School, in England, Friends have been rapidly declining from their first principles and practices in that nation. Ever since the setting up of West Town Boarding School, in Pennsylvania, such

schools as are recognized by our discipline have been neglected and are falling into decay, while the learning and wisdom of this world, which cherish pride and religious consequence, have divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel, to the everlasting disgrace and injury of many, causing the LORD'S humble faithful servants secretly to cry in the mournful language of the prophet: 'By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small.'

Notwithstanding we are so fully convinced that large boarding schools, or congregated seminaries, have always been inimical to the Redeemer's kingdom, we are not prepared to discourage such conscientious Friends as feel a freedom in the truth, to open schools in their own houses, not only for the accommodation of such members as may live at too great a distance, to attend our proper schools, but such children as are not members; thus making them little nurseries for the principles of *truth*, as professed by Friends.

But, in conclusion, we are prepared solemnly and seriously to declare that we fully believe that our society will never arise and shake itself from the dust of the earth and put on her beautiful primitive garments, never can have judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning, until ministers, elders, overseers, and all religiously concerned Friends who stand in the responsible stations of parents, guardians, and heads of families become more truly humble themselves, and evince their humility by being content with useful learning, sufficient to fit their children for such business as will furnish them with food and raiment to make them comfortable and decent. For while Friends take the liberty to run open-mouthed after the world in pursuit of superfluous wealth, their children must be like the world's people, having superfluous learning. Hence they must be sent to West Town, Princeton, or Haverford, where they can get the greatest education for the least money. Thus parents, for the sake of ease, popularity and gain, leave their children as the ostrich leaveth her eggs in the earth, to be hatched by the beams of the sun, and forgetteth that the foot of the passenger may crush them, or the wild beast may break them.

What will be the awful predicament of such parents and heads of families, when this query is put to them by the great Judge of quick and dead: 'What hast thou done with those lambs I placed under thy care in the wilderness of the world?'

Finally, dear friends, may we all be concerned to return to our first principles and practices, and to bring up the rising youth under our care, after the example of Him, who appeared amongst the children of men, in the character of the *humble carpenter of Nazareth*, that blessed pattern who was found walking in the path of humble industry, a path which will not only lead to the enjoyment of rational happiness in this world, but to glory, honor, immortality and eternal life, in that world that is without end.—AMEN."

I will now only add to the above remarks what I verily believe, and which has been renewedly confirmed by observation and experience in the last ten years of my life, that three great and powerful enemies, Pride, Idleness and Dishonesty, are laying the axe at the root of the tree of Liberty, and the tree of Life, and nothing will save the Church and State, but walking in the path of humbly industry, for humility will make our wants few, and industry will more than supply them.

Let, then, those who stand as the leaders of the people, no longer cause them to err—no longer destroy the way of their paths by selfishness, but return, like the master spirits of Greece and Rome, to the plough-tail, or path of humble industry. And let all ministers of the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST, follow the example set before them in the holy mount; then, like the carpenter of Nazareth, and fishermen of Galilee, they will be found at the work-bench, or the mending of nets. Then they can appeal, like the exemplary and heavenly minded PAUL, to the elders of their respective meetings, saying, "We have coveted no man's silver or gold, or apparel: yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to our necessities, and to them that were with us;" that we have taught you both by precept and example what we have received from the Lord Jesus, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I return again to my dear father, whose disappointment in his son's not being sufficiently learned for the law, induced him to bind me at the age of thirteen to a coachmaker, for seven years. But his attachment to scholastic education was embraced in the indenture that I should have one year's schooling.

In the Fourth month, 1793, I left my dear old adopted

mother in tears, and went to live with William and Rachael Tomlinson, at Four-lanes-end, now Attleborough.

They were young married people, comfortably established in the coach making business. William was in partnership with his brother, Henry Tomlinson, a man I very much loved.

My master was an example of humble industry worthy to be imitated. He led his hands to work and to meals, and only asked them to follow his example. Indeed I do not know that I ever saw him idle whilst he had a shop and business.

But the change was very great for a poor little weak boy, who was brought up thus far as a gentleman's son, to sit at the table as a boarder as long as he pleased, and had only to ask for what he wanted, to get it. Then to sit down quickly and eat such as was set before him, asking no questions, with a voracious set of men and boys, who seemed to eat for their lives, and rise with the master, was hard, and to go to work was still harder. And, as too often is the case at such establishments, both men and boys gave way to a kind of low slang and vulgarity of conversation and conduct, which came directly in contact with my respectacle religious education, and I, of course, become the butt of their insignificant wit. But the tenderness of my religious impressions too soon wore off, and, instead of weeping and praying, I soon got to laughing and swearing; and having what may be truly called a natural fund of nonsense, I soon became a kind of favorite with my shopmates.

In less than six months (I think) after I went to the trade, the establishment was destroyed by fire, and we were thrown out of the coachmaking business; and the tavern next door to where my master lived being vacant by the absconding of the landlord, he moved into it and continued there, if I am not mistaken, till the spring of 1795, when our shops were all completed, and we moved into a house adjoining them.

While at the tavern I served in the capacity of lackey, shoeblack, hostler, and bar-tender; too often exposed to the worst of company, to see that kind of conduct that debases rational beings below brutality, and blots out of their very nature all that is good and beautiful. And what increased the evil, it was the time of what is called the Western expedition, when there was a great deal of military parade and excitement. But in the midst of all this exposure the heavenly Shepherd, under

whose care a dying mother had left me, extended the crook of His love, and preserved me from gross evils, awakening at times serious impressions, particularly at the death of my mistress's first born child, a dear little girl that I had attended much, and for whom I felt a strong attachment.

I very well remember the tender sympathy, sorrow, and love I felt on the occasion, especially for my mistress, who appeared to be very solemnly and seriously impressed. Our feelings being similar, it caused a spiritual attachment or love, that has continued down to the present day, and I hope will extend beyond the confines of time into a never ending eternity. I think that my mistress was qualified to be such a woman as is described in the last chapter of Proverbs.

Although I was removed from the tavern when about fifteen, and employed steadily in the coachmaking business, I was unfortunately introduced to those places of diversion called cutting apple frolics, spinning frolics, raffling matches, and indeed all kind of low convivial parties, so peculiarly calculated to nourish the seeds of vanity and lies. Thus the garden of my heart was too soon overrun with those noxious weeds—licentiousness, intemperance, angry passions, and devilishness, which obstruct the growth of those precious plants of the Heavenly Father's right hand planting: virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, and godliness. Hence it was I entered the wide gate, and was travelling in the broad way that leads to destruction. But, oh! precious SAVIOUR, thou didst not forsake thy lost sheep, but left, as it were, the ninety and nine, and went after one that was astray. And I cannot express the gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise I often feel to my beloved SAVIOUR for *His* mercy and goodness to one of the least of his flock, for I was now from under the care of my dear adopted mother, and left by my father, as the ostrich leaveth her eggs; and my master never queried whither goest thou, but I was left to run all hours of the night, the door being open.

This appears to me to have been the most critical period of my life, when growing up from a boy to a man, and forming the channel in which life was to run, if not determining its everlasting issue.

And what increased the tremendous danger of a poor weak youth, was the free use of spirituous liquors; for it was then the ridiculous custom of those who got new carriages to treat

the hands with liquor, sometimes three or four gallons; and, during my seven years' apprenticeship, I do not know that there was a day when there was not more or less liquor about; but although I used it freely with my shopmates, through mercy I was preserved from forming the distressing artificial appetite of the habitual drunkard; for it appears that intemperance was not my besetting sin, and, therefore, I claim but little merit for my temperate habits; though I may say, what too few can say, that I have used no spirituous liquors as a drink in private, in company, or in business for near forty years, and but very seldom as a medicine.

But licentious lewdness was much more a besetting sin, and my preservation from ruin in this way appears to me as a miracle, for I certainly indulged in licentious thoughts till their corrupting tendency led to what was still worse, lewd conversation; and had I broken through the barriers of virtue, I have reason to believe, from the strength of my passion and the weakness of my resolution, I should have plunged into that vortex of dissipation that might have sealed my eternal ruin. But, oh! heavenly Shepherd, who sleepest not by day nor slumbereth by night, it was thy preserving power that saved me from this pit of pollution, to sing thy praises on the banks of deliverance. I am, therefore, not ashamed to meet any woman in this world, or in the world to come.

On this subject I would wish to say more, but am at a loss to find language sufficiently chaste and sufficiently forcible adequately to set forth what I feel. Suffice it to say I was introduced by lechers and debauchees into the worst of company and the worst of places, both in city and country. And what added to the danger of my being entirely lost to every tender Christian feeling, I had become a military enthusiast by reading the history of the warrior with his "garments rolled in blood."

Although I had scarcely reached my eighteenth year, the sound of war being heard in our land, I enrolled myself as a soldier, delighted with the martial music, and the feathered foppery of the regimentaled dandy.

Had I at this time obtained a commission in the army, I might have followed my companions to an untimely grave.

But in the midst of all this sanguine cheer, and streamers gay, when I had cut my cable and launched into the world, my SAVIOUR did not forsake me, for I was not a reprobate, therefore

he was still *in* me, and had only retired as it were to the hinder part of my little ship, and was apparently asleep. For when about the twentieth year of my age a terrible storm of sickness overtook me whilst on a frolic in the city of Philadelphia, and when my poor frail bark was sinking beneath the waves, I awoke my Saviour by my cries, and he arose and rebuked the direful disease that was ready to overwhelm my life, and I was again restored to health. Yet, notwithstanding all my promises to live a better life, such was my strong passion for music, dancing, and singing, that I was participating in all those amusements before I was able to leave the city, and ride home. Poor sanguine young man. Peter like, I was a swearer and a liar, but I was not yet ready, like Peter, to weep bitterly for sin.

My seven years' apprenticeship having expired when I was twenty, I hired as a journeyman with my old masters, Henry and William Tomlinson, and continued with them about four months, when I set up coach and house painting for myself in the place of my birth and apprenticeship; but such was my want of stability and almost every other qualification to fit me for business, that I am much astonished that I should have been employed. Yet I was employed and encouraged by respectable people, for the character of my family gave me a standing that I certainly did not merit, being in my own estimation a weak, wayward young man, susceptible of strong and tender attachments, especially to young women, of whom I had a number of favorites, and was excessively fond of their society. But they know and I know that we were innocent, and I continue to feel a brotherly affection for those who are still living.

In the fall of 1800 I went to work for Doctor Fenton at painting his house. He was a superior physician, a great mechanical genius, and to me a very agreeable and interesting man.

We soon agreed that when the weather got too cold to paint, I should come and assist him in making a new fashioned carriage. In the beginning of winter I went to live with him, and found a very agreeable home. His wife was one of those excellent women spoken of in the Scriptures, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." They had but one child, who was an interesting little girl ten or twelve years old. They were Presbyterians, but not sour Calvinists, and I went with them to their meeting.

One day the Doctor proposed to me, in his familiar way, that I had better join their church. And as an inducement, observed that he would then use his influence in my forming an advantageous marriage with a very rich and respectable elder's daughter, who was an heiress, independent of her father. Whether he was in earnest or not I must leave.

I think I told him that I had no idea that I would ever be worthy to join any religious society, but if I should think myself fit, I should join the Quakers. He expressed his astonishment that a young man of my turn would think of joining so simple and lifeless a people, and if it ever took place he should think that miracles had not ceased; making some further remarks unfavorable to Friends, which produced excitement and brought on considerable argument, ending, in all probability as such arguments mostly do, in both of us thinking we were right.

About a year before this contest with the Doctor, I had become acquainted, at a debating society in Attleborough, with John Comly and James Walton, young Friends from Byberry. John was considered a great scholar and a great speaker, and appeared to me a very plain, exemplary, and religious young man. James appeared equally exemplary, but, like myself, had no talent for public speaking. He was calculated for one of those excellent men, who are as sinews to the state, and pillars in the church, whose judgment and goodness of heart are more fruitful than their tongues.

These young men I have always thought were of great advantage to me; and making use of their sentiments and views, I think I was rather an over-match for the Doctor in arguments about religion.

I was now approaching my twenty-first year, and had left the volunteer company I belonged to, and was in fact under the preparing hand for a change. I had often serious and even sorrowful thoughts, when alone, and was disgusted with myself and all my conduct, though I could not find that I had ever done an act which, if published before an earthly tribunal, would leave a stain on my moral character in the sight of men. But I continued exceedingly fond of singing, dancing, vain amusements, and the company of young people, and too often profanely swearing when angry or excited, although my associates were more respectable than formerly.

In the latter part of winter I went to Philadelphia on horse-

back, and returned through a snow-storm in company with a young friend who has since sat by my side in meeting for more than twenty years in the station of an elder. I believe the young man was almost ashamed of his company, for I sung all the way home, besides stopping at several taverns to drink. Being wet, weary, and hungry, I eat a hearty supper and went early to bed. About midnight I was awakened with the same alarming symptoms I was attacked with a year before in the city, when I was only saved from death by a miracle. The thoughts of the promises I then made and broke, and inexpressible pain and distress produced a horror which I cannot describe. My friend the Doctor gave my body relief, but my mind was too solemnly impressed to be cured by any thing but a heavenly physician. From this time my appearance was somewhat changed from a sanguine to a melancholy cast, and my friend the doctor told me that my frequently sighing was indicative of the approach of a serious disease, either of body or mind, and would sometimes exercise his wit to rally me off.

I think I never went but once after this with the family to their meeting, and that was by the persuasion of a Methodist minister, a connection, on a visit. We went together in a chair, and sat in the Doctor's pew. I remember he joined with the singing, but I could sing no more in meeting. The becoming manner in which that man talked to me, is remembered with respect for him to the present day. His name was David Bartine.

I was now disposed rather to shun than to court young company, and spent my First days in rambling about by myself in solitary places.

In one of these excursions I found myself within reach of Friends' meeting at Middletown, and went to it, and though I had often been there, I do not recollect that I had been at that meeting since my serious turn. Be that as it may, I think I had a precious meeting, for I continued to walk five miles to that meeting every First day, while I lived with Doctor Fenton in Northampton.

About this time I was solicited to join a respectable young friend in carrying on the coach-making business in Milford, six or seven miles from where I then lived, and I went there to see the place, and make some arrangement. I mention this

to show the state of my mind. I think I wept nearly all the way there, and yet when introduced into the company of some very respectable young friends, who asked me to sing, I sung for them the greater part of the night, and then went weeping home next day. It was astonishing that in company I could not refrain from my wonted cheerfulness and vivacity, when by myself I was so serious as to weep and pray.

Soon after this I went to the city on some business, and met one of my old companions, who appeared to be pleased to see me, and told me that a mutual friend, who played well on the violin, had got a new one, which he played admirably. I went with him with some reluctance, but the delightful music soon raised my natural vivacity; and I attempted, in company with two partners, to go through with a country dance. Whether I went through or not I almost forget, but I know that this was the last time I ever danced. Leaving this place and passing down the street with a heavy heart, I was overtaken by one of my juvenile companions, and an old fellow soldier, a young man of superior talents but of profligate character. He was pleased to see me, and began to talk in his usual way, but soon felt or saw that something ailed me, for I was different from what I used to be, and he left me. After my return home I quit singing, and was brought into a strait about using the plural language, and found a difficulty in adopting the plain *thee* and *thou*. As to dress I had no trouble, for I always admired a plain dress for either man or woman.

I have often thought I should have got along better had I continued to live with the Presbyterians, for then I should have kept more to myself, and been with Friends at their meetings, and only occasionally at their houses. But living altogether amongst respectable, political, worldly-minded Quakers, and, above all, being treated by them with kindness and attention, was certainly too much for such a poor, weak, trifling young man as I was, and I think proved a serious disadvantage to my spiritual state.

On the 27th of the 8th month, 1801, I went to Milford to live, and to assist Joshua C. Canby, in the coach-making business, making my home with Samuel Hulme, one of those excellent men, who are a blessing to the neighborhood where their lot is cast, and an honor to the society to which they belong; a man whose cheerfulness and patience under the

heaviest afflictions, I never saw exceeded. I owe much to that dear friend for his many acts of brotherly kindness towards me, when a poor, weak, unworthy young man. This debt I have tried to discharge by endeavoring to do to others that which he did unto me.

John Hulme, the father of the foregoing and patriarch of the place, was a remarkable man. He had never gone six months to school, and had to support his parents, being very poor; yet he arose through the path of humble industry, to be one of the most useful and respectable men, in a civil point of view, in the county of Bucks; and one of the brightest stars that ever shone in the State legislature, since the days of William Penn. Soon after I went to live in the family, he appeared to be in a decline. I remember going into his room to see him, when he spoke to me in the most feeling and eloquent manner. He adverted to the days of his youth, when he was preciously visited by the light of eternal truth, saying in a language like this, "Oh! had I been obedient to the *Heavenly* vision, I would have been in a different situation to what I now am. Let, therefore, no possible consideration divert thee from following the Saviour in humble obedience." Yet this excellent man, after recovering his health and being elected to the Legislature, was, I fear, a victim to popularity, and nearly lost among the rocks and shoals of skepticism and intemperance. He had four other sons besides the one before mentioned, and it is worthy of particular notice that George, who, like his father, had the least scholastic education, and walked the most in the path of humble industry, turned out the most valuable man, whilst the youngest son, who had the greatest talents, the greatest scholastic education, and was least in the path of humble industry, turned out the poorest. He was my favorite—the confidential companion of my honorable, youthful proceedings in marriage, and one that I loved as dearly as a brother. Like his father, he was preciously visited with the day-spring from on high. How often have I seen the tear of tenderness and contrition trickle down his cheek. He certainly was designed to be greatly good, yet with all these advantages, like his father, he became a victim to popularity, and at last ruined by wicked and designing men. He was arraigned before one of the highest tribunals of the State, charged with a crime, which, if true, though many of his

friends, as well as myself, never believed him directly guilty, would have endangered his life, and made him a disgrace to his friends, and the society to which he belonged. Although acquitted by the court, he became as an underling in respectable society, that the swineish nature pursues with devouring ruin.

Ah! dear friend of my youth, I loved thee, for thou once possessed every thing that was lovely, and I am comforted in the impression that thou wast like the youngest son of his father, so beautifully spoken of in the inimitable parable of the SAVIOUR. If thou didst spend the visitations of thy youth in folly, thou couldst not satisfy the cravings of thy immortal spirit, with the spiritless husks and shells of empty profession, and as no man gave unto thee, thou didst look towards thy Heavenly Father's house. In the depths of humility he saw thee, when a great way off, and the darling attribute of mercy ran to meet thee, and fell upon thy neck and kissed thee, and clothed thy soul with the best robe of his righteousness, receiving thee into the Heaven of Heavens, to participate in the fruition of that joy which is over the sinner that repenteth, the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. Farewell, dear friend, on earth, but I hope to meet thy glorified spirit in "the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in Heaven."

Dear young man, whoever thou art, that may read this, I want thee to make use of the precious visitations of thy youth, like Jacob did, to make a covenant with that GOD that will keep thee and feed thee, and be a guardian angel to preserve thee, to a peaceable and happy conclusion in his everlasting kingdom.

Every young man and young woman is visited with the day-spring, or the day-star from on high; and this visitation is more or less like the vision given to the youthful patriarch. They are first humbled under a consideration of their sinful state, and that all sublunary things are at best but the portions of uncertainty, that must shortly know their time and place no more. They then feel longings after Heaven and holiness, when they see in the visions of everlasting light, the way from earth to heaven, in something like Jacob's ladder, whose seven steps are beautifully described by the apostle Peter, as "Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godli-

ness, Brotherly-kindness and Charity." On these steps they behold the messengers or angels, ascending and descending in the character of ministers and teachers of the everlasting Gospel of JESUS CHRIST. And under the same blessed visitation of light, they might see as certainly that there is another ladder, which reaches from earth to HELL, having seven steps exactly opposite, "Licentiousness, Ignorance, Intemperance, Impatient-anger, Devilishness, Covetousness, and Proud-ambition." On the steps of these two ladders stand the whole world of intelligent probationary beings.

It being settled as an eternal truth, that "in every nation, they that fear God and work righteousness are accepted with him," it is a perfectly rational conclusion that all who are virtuous, all who are faithful to the light they have, all whose temperance and moderation are dignified and rational, all who are patient and influenced by justice and mercy, all whose brotherly kindness leads them to do to others as they would that others should do unto them, all who have that heavenly charity, which thinketh no evil, that crown and diadem of the redeemed soul, let their name and profession of religion be what it may, are standing on that ladder which resteth on that living faith, that works by love and reaches from earth to the Heaven of Heavens. All that are licentious, all that are wickedly ignorant, all that are intemperate, all that are vindictive and impatient, all that are devilish, all that are covetous, all that are ambitious and proud, let their name or profession to religion be what it may, all stand upon some of the steps of that ladder that hangs upon earthly opinion, and reaches down—down, to a bottomless pit, into everlasting darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

If then my figure is correct, dear young people, the subject matter I have to submit to your serious consideration is of the most interesting and awful character. It is certainly a most pleasing and interesting reflection, that we have the inestimable privilege of rising out of the vanity of time, into the glorious riches of eternity. At the same time ETERNITY, if pleasing, is an awful, dreadful thought. Seek then, dear children, through the tendering visitations of eternal truth, an establishment in that faith that works by love—a heartfelt belief in that God that was manifest in the flesh,

justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received up into glory. That God that so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever should believe on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned, and this is the condemnation that light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil, for every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved." This is the doctrine preached by the dear Son and sent of God to Nicodemus. A standing doctrine that will continue to be true till the end of time. And in preaching to his disciples, he cautioned them most emphatically to "Take heed that no man deceive you by the Lo-heres and the Lo-theres, for there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs, and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before; wherefore if they shall say unto you, behold he is in the desert, go not forth; behold, he is in the secret chambers, believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Thus it appears that our blessed SAVIOUR declared that his second appearance, without sin unto salvation, would be like lightning. And this is in perfect accordance with another sublime and heavenly declaration, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." This view is conclusively supported by the apostle John, in the very first words of his excellent testimony, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. In *him was life*, and the *life* was the *light of men*." Be assured, then, dear young people, that the light which enlighteneth your souls is inseparable from the life of God in your souls. As the light gives sight, so the life gives sense, and makes sin exceeding sinful, and shows the need of a Saviour to save the soul from sin. This Saviour is seen in the

eternal Word that was in the beginning with GOD and is GOD. Oh, you that believe in this doctrine, keep, sacredly keep, your virtue, the first step of the ladder, it will lead to Heaven.

"The immortal never failing friend to man,
His way to happiness on high.
Guard then your thoughts; your thoughts are heard in Heaven;
There is a watchful spy; a formidable foe,
That listening, overhears the whisperings of your camp,
And all your purposes of life explores."

Do not be discouraged, dear children, if evil and licentious thoughts do come into your minds. The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, that will preserve you from the snares of death, and will be a curb upon these thoughts when the mind is driven by impetuous passions. Having become soldiers of the cross, you must now fight the good faith, and continue to follow the captain of your salvation, who has trod the steps of that ladder before you, which will certainly lead you into heaven. Being established upon the sure foundation of virtue, you will witness an enlargement of soul that will raise you to knowledge, even the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Being obedient to what you thus know, your light will so shine before men that it cannot be hid under a bushel, or under a bed. This will draw the attention of the people towards you, as virtuous, intelligent young men and women. Here is a snare and temptation, and you will need the instruction embraced in a saying of the Saviour, "Wo unto you when all men speak well of you." Dear James Naylor, who ascended and descended on this ladder, declared near his close that the "world's joy" murdered the divine life. I know what I say by experience, having suffered loss by being pleased with the attention and respect paid by poor weak mortals like myself. Oh! the need of humility and abasement of soul, which Christ only can give, and will give to all that ask him.

Thus, dear children, you will mount upwards upon the steps of temperance and patience, and your light will continue to shine forth as the brightness of the firmament, for you now have but one step to the highest state of perfection under the law-covenant,—a state realized by Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, and Daniel.

In every nation they that fear God and work righteousness

are accepted with him, and all such must love the Lord their God with all their heart, with all their soul, and with all their mind, and their neighbor as themselves. This embraces the perfection of that love our Lord alluded to when he said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." This is the highest state of perfection that man, as man, can arrive at. The apostle Peter was in the state of *a warrior*, when he drew his sword to defend the body of his master. But it is a step below the Christian state, and may be compared to the high mountain, where the Devil tempted our Lord with the riches and glory of this world, and where, alas! alas! he has too successfully tempted too many of his professed followers, and drawn them as the stars of heaven to the earth, and their descent has been a great discouragement to dear young people, who have just begun to ascend.

Having given the views that I think have been given me of the perfection of the first covenant, including the dispensation of John the Baptist and the outward appearance of Jesus Christ, I now come to the Christian dispensation which is a higher step of the ladder that leads into the kingdom of heaven. A kingdom that is not of this world—a kingdom whose subjects never did nor never can fight with carnal weapons; a kingdom that is set up in every immortal soul where *Christ* the Saviour is permitted to enter as a quickening spirit, and rule and reign triumphant; a kingdom where *Christ's* new commandment is received, and true brotherly kindness leads all to love one another as Christ loved them; a kingdom whose subjects never did and never can sue at the law, and if they are sued at the law, and their coat taken, they cannot contend for the cloak; but will give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow, they will not turn away, but rejoice to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again. For there cannot be such a thing as a *usurer* in this kingdom, and hence we understand our blessed *Saviour*, when he says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." This is the kingdom our blessed *Saviour* established when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world, but now is my kingdom not from hence." All that arrive at this state will become established in brotherly kindness and charity, the highest steps

of the ladder, and as pillars in the Lord's house, they go no more out, but, as kings and priests unto God, they sit upon *thrones*, as judges in spiritual Israel. This is the perfect Christian state, that dear George Fox believed was attainable in Christ, which was greater than any perfection in Adam, and from which there was no fall. This is the perfect state our Lord alluded to when he said, "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Now, dear children, fully believing this state attainable, I am concerned daily to press after it, as the mark for the prize of the high calling in *Christ Jesus*, and if I can arrive at this state I am sure of happiness in this world, and everlasting happiness in that world which is without end. And as the immortal, never-dying soul is created in the image and likeness of God, whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere; who is infinite in power, infinite in wisdom, infinite in goodness, and infinite in mercy; the soul immortal being clothed with an increasing portion of these infinite attributes, with an infinity of space for their exercise, must shine with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity.

But now come with me, dear youth, and behold the dreadful contrast on that ladder which reaches from earth to hell.

It is no chimera, it is no flight or picture of the imagination, it is an awful reality that the soul, created in the image of *God*, is a free agent and makes its own election. If it choses the way to heaven, to heaven it will surely go. If it choses the way to hell, to hell it will surely go. Beware, then, of the indulgence of licentious thoughts, or a licentious devil will surely possess the soul, and lead young men and young women to commit the deadly sin. They will then love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Then the devil of darkness will debase them below brutality, and blot out of their very nature everything that is innocent and beautiful. Here the devil of intemperance comes in, and hurries them down the ladder to the devil of impatience, whose vindictive anger marshaling the malevolent passions—jealousy, envy, hatred, and revenge—produces quarrelling, fighting, and murder. The poor soul, now arrived at a perfect devilish state, lifts up its eyes in Hell, being in torment. When the SAVIOUR descended into and suffered for this state, He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken

me?" When the apostle Paul, who declared he was crucified with *Christ*, was baptized into the same state, he said, "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." All that are dead in sin, are in this state, and unless they look to the light that still shines even in this dark horrible pit, from the countenance of a merciful Saviour, and obey his voice, they will continue to descend into the bottomless pit, and increase in wretchedness and misery to all eternity. But every poor sinner that will hear the voice of the Son of God shall live, for he has emphatically declared, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and the beloved Paul, in accordance with this, thanked God that the sinner was delivered from the body of sin and death, through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord*.

I could enlarge and say much on this awfully interesting subject, but I have already exceeded the bounds of brevity, and shall only notice the subtile operations of the two last of the seven devils, or evil spirits, that torment the soul of man in time and in eternity.

The five first already noticed—licentiousness, ignorance, intemperance, impatient anger, and devilishness—are called in the Scriptures unclean devils, from the fact of their producing the most unclean and abominable conduct. The two last, which are *covetousness* and *pride*, I shall call clean devils, because they go so well dressed and keep such respectable company, and are so highly esteemed amongst men, although a greater abomination in the sight of *God* than their predecessors, which is abundantly proved by the testimony of the SAVIOUR against the rich and proud scribes and pharisees, when He said, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you." Now, dear American youth, especially you that have had the inestimable blessing of pious parents or guardians, who have introduced you early to that ladder which reaches from earth to heaven, and through a renewed visitation of the day-spring from on high, have ascended some steps on your heavenly way, your characters have become pretty well established as virtuous, intelligent, exemplary young men and women, almost out of the reach of the unclean spirits, for licentious thought is restrained by the fear of the LORD, which as a fountain of light preserves from the snare of death;

but as you are now following the captain of your salvation, you must be tempted in a degree as *He* was. If you have become zealously united with any religious society, the devil will try to persuade you to command the stones to be made bread.

If I understand the spiritual meaning of this interesting figure, and I think I do,—when such young people that have been preciously visited, and the bread that comes down from heaven, which will nourish their souls up into eternal life, has been given them; they love it dearly while their hearts are soft and tender, but when it is withheld from them in the fast, which is as much a word of *God* as the eating of the bread, they *become* hungry, and for the want of keeping the word of heavenly patience, the evil spirit of impatience gets the ascendency, and they become restless and unsteady. If they are Quakers, they talk too much, and like to argue and dispute, running after popular preachers and lecturers, neglecting their business, and breaking their word, and get full of zeal for matter of opinion, while their hearts are as hard as stones, and their spirits as cruel as Turks. These command the stones to be made bread, and live upon it, and when a poor hungry child of *God* asks them for heavenly bread, they can only give them a stone.

Where any, whether Methodists, Presbyterians, or others, give way to this temptation of the devil, they not only manifest all the foregoing anti-christian traits, but they sing and make long prayers, preparatory to receiving the greater damnation. These, though they are evidently going down the ladder towards hell, the Devil raises them on to a high mountain, in their own imagination, where the glory and riches of this world are presented to them, and the Devil's powerful agent, *cursed self*, prevails, or persuades them to fall down and worship him; then if they can succeed in making money, and putting it out to usury, or in adding house to house, and field to field, if they are high professors, *especially ministers*, they will be followed by flatterers and fools enough to assist the Devil in placing them on the pinnacle of the temple, where their spiritual pride persuades them they are favorites of heaven, and their abominable presumption leads them to take a leap in the dark, with the vain expectation that the very an-

gels of heaven will bear them up; but, oh! fatal mistake—they fall and disgrace the cause of truth.

In the fall of 1801, I agreed with my employer, Joshua C. Canby, to work at the coach-making business, particularly the painting, for thirteen dollars per month, and he to find me my board and lodging, and give me every Fifth-day, from 9 until 2 o'clock, so that I might go to meeting, which was about two and a-half miles. I went to Middletown meeting. I had to walk, and, I think, for forty years, I have no recollection of missing a mid-week meeting, when I was well enough to go, and had I been as faithful in every thing that was required of me, I have thought I should have come out in the ministry, about the 22d year of my age. But I was unfaithful in little things, and therefore was never made ruler over much, and the impetuous waves of youthful passion, too often carried the weak, wayward young man out of the straight and narrow way, and greatly increased the difficulty of his probationary journey.

It seems unnecessary to say much, if any thing, about my business as a mechanic, for I think it has always been marked with weakness.

Early in the spring of 1803, I applied to the overseers of Middletown Monthly Meeting, to be received into membership with Friends. I was received with open arms, and the dear old Friends that were appointed to visit me, have left a savor of sweetness upon my mind. I love to think of them and hope to meet them in heaven.

On the 17th of 11th month, of the same year, I was married to Sarah, the second daughter of Joseph and Susannah Worstall, of this town, near neighbors to my father, and their daughter was the first object of my youthful affection, even whilst I was a child. I loved her with that love which an all-wise Creator has placed in every perfect nature and rational man, for a wise and good purpose, and she has conferred on me as much natural and rational happiness as any man ought to have in this world, and after a union of forty years, I am thankful in being able to say that I feel an increasing love for her, and a daily prayer that our immortal spirits may be prepared for the enjoyment of God in glory.

In the spring of 1804, we settled in Milford, living in a small house, for we were poor, and I had not wherewith to build or purchase, and better might it have been for us if I had not been persuaded to borrow money and build a house,

when I was not able to pay for it. This was the commencement of serious pecuniary embarrassments, and having learned from the things I have suffered, I am prepared to give or leave this advice to who ever may read it, when I am gone into the eternal world: NEVER GO IN DEBT—NEVER BORROW MONEY. BE HUMBLE—BE INDUSTRIOUS, YOUR WANTS WILL THEN BE FEW, AND YOUR INDUSTRY WILL MORE THAN SUPPLY THEM.

It would be as unnecessary as it would be uninteresting, to go into a detail of the discouragements and difficulties I had to pass through; suffice it to say, my debts and dealings brought me in contact with selfish men, and my want of capacity made me a kind of prey for them. This had a tendency to chafe and sour me, and I soon got into a state like the man in the fable, who got his neighbors faults and his own into a wallet, but in putting it on his shoulder he got his own faults behind and his neighbors before his eyes, where he could always see them. Thus I got to be a great talker, and a great fault finder, and, if I remember right, joined a debating society, read news papers, particularly the speeches of members of Congress, went to elections, talked politics; but keeping to meeting, Friends put me forward into an office I was unfit for; a mistake that Leah-eyed friends are too apt to make, to the great injury of the individual and the cause of truth. I was moreover a very zealous temperance man, and of course denounced every one, particularly Friends, who sold or used distilled spirituous liquors; for, a short time before I had built a house without finding one drop, and I believe it was the first that was built without spirituous liquor, in the lower section of Bucks county.

I think it was about this time that my orthodox faith was so strong that I trampled under foot both the gentleman and the Christian, in treating with rudeness and unkindness a distant relation of my wife, who was said to be a Deist, that had only come to pay us a friendly visit. I felt so exceedingly mad against him, that I thought if I had power, that I could whip him till the blood run down to his heels. In this state of mind I soon got tired of Friends, and thought of quitting them and joining the Methodists. I attended their meetings, and invited their ministers to my house, where their long prayers greatly annoyed my wife, who could have no unity with them.

Thus I went staggering along, still keeping my neighbors

faults in the fore-end of the wallet, and my own behind my back, till I met with a female Friend in the ministry, at the house of a particular friend of mine, where I was talking in my usual style, until I noticed a peculiar solemnity and silence in the countenance of the woman that alarmed me, and seizing the wallet, she soon turned it end for end. At the sight of my own faults I fled from her with precipitancy. Her husband followed me for some distance, affectionately requesting me to stop. But I went home resolving to talk less and pray more. And now having a better view of my own faults, I lost sight of my neighbors, for my own sins had become exceeding sinful, especially in solemn silent meetings, where I was often led to weep, and secretly and fervently pray that I might be restored to my heavenly Father's house, from which I had evidently wandered, and was squandering the heavenly living that was imparted to me, in selfish speculation and vain conversation. Meetings become more and more interesting, and I was glad when I could go to them. At a monthly meeting, when a case of difficulty was introduced, I ventured to speak a few words, which were so well received, that a goodly Friend, to encourage me, spoke too much in favor of what I had said, which hurt me, for it strengthened one of my greatest enemies—vanity. Oh! the mischief that has been done to poor, weak, visited children, by "silly women"—male and female—who are beautifully pre-figured by the singers after Saul and David; they ran me on a rock on which I was nearly lost forever.

And if I, so evidently deficient in learning, in talent, in eloquence and personal appearance, should be scarcely saved, as a miracle, a brand snatched out of the burning, what will become of some young ministers that have recently appeared among us, in possession of all these and almost every other qualification that can please a vain fantastical world. Alas! what have I seen in the last forty years? Young men and young women, like the foregoing, who have come out in society, and with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay, have cut their cable, launched into the world, and seemed to "fondly dream each wind and star their friend." But where are they? Alas! some have sunk downright. "O'er them, and o'er their names the billows closed." The morrow knew not they were ever born. Some few a short memorial left behind, like the flag floating when the bark's engulphed, it floats a moment and is seen no more.

I felt it my duty to extend some fatherly care towards two of the young men above alluded to. To one of them I wrote a few lines, and to the other I spoke personally at his own house, but they did not regard my counsel. When I mentioned a concern to the one I spoke with, that he should try to get upon the ground of the primitive saints, and referred to Paul's epistles, he soon let me know that he was much more edified with E. H.'s letters than Paul's, although not prepared to say they were better. And as this young man was a great admirer of the celebrated Doctor Channing, I did not recommend him to read CHRIST'S sermon on the mount, for if he had been equally candid, he might have told me that he would rather read the Doctor's sermons, which would have hurt me very much. I feel at times as if I ought to say something more to him, but really I do not know how to get at him, for it seems that either my own unskilful conduct, or the zeal of some other Peter, has cut off his *right* ear and he will not hear me. This same young man appeared to wish to argue on some inexplicable doctrinal point or subject when on a visit at my house. But I was not prepared to comply with his wish, and gave my reasons. I told him that I was an uncommonly dogmatical disputant, and being in my own house, I was tenacious of the character of a gentleman, and therefore would rather not. And besides, I had never seen much good come from such disputes, and we had better agree to disagree. I believe he thought I was afraid of him, or my opinions, or both. His dear wife seemed to be a good deal hurt, and thought that I did not appreciate the value of her husband. She is a lovely woman, and appears to possess, in the extreme, one of the most beautiful traits of a perfect woman,—she loves her husband to admiration. And should she be a silly woman at home, and add her song to the song of the silly women abroad, I fear the WO spoken by the SAVIOUR will rest upon her husband.

But to return to my narrative; in the spring of 1810, I attended our Yearly Meeting under considerable exercise. I was certainly in a tender state, and more disposed to silent prayer than vain conversation; for I had been in this state for some months, and frequently in meeting had solemn and awful apprehensions that it was my duty publicly to advocate the cause of CHRIST. But the fear of being deceived, and a sense of my own unworthiness, kept me back, and when meeting

b-oke up I would sometimes feel so weak and faint, that I could scarcely rise from my seat. But this Yearly Meeting, upon the whole, was a strengthening time to me, though I met with one thing that hurt me, and I mention it as a caution to Friends in the ministry. A minister invited me to dine with him, and I went. In the course of his conversation he spoke of a friend, that, he said, disturbed the meeting with his public appearances; and on one occasion some young man, who sat behind, struck him in such a manner as to cause him to drop upon his seat, when, says this ministering friend, in a light manner, he immediately fell upon his knees, and bawled out like a calf. The unfeeling manner in which he spoke of it, taken in connection with the fact that he himself had been in the street called strait, and so deranged that his friends had to chain him, seemed too much like taking a poor brother by the throat. It wounded my feelings very much, and I still hope I may ever be preserved from being influenced by such a spirit, and speaking in such an unfeeling manner.

The Yearly Meeting closed I believe on the evening of the 20th, and on the 21st I returned home. On the 22d being First day I went to meeting—a meeting ever memorable to me, because it was in that meeting I first gave up publicly to advocate the cause of CHRIST. I had suffered for disobedience to the heavenly vision, and an awful fear clothed my mind that this would be the last call I would ever have. I trembled, I wept, and kneeling I offered a few words in prayer or supplication. The meeting was evidently dipped into sympathy and feeling with me, for Friends rose simultaneously. It was but a few words that I could utter, and on taking my seat, I wept almost aloud. As soon as meeting broke I walked immediately out of the house, and went home, without speaking to any one; but, Oh! the precious tenderness, love, and joy that filled my soul. And for two or three weeks I loved every one I saw, whilst my heart seemed full of prayer for their present and everlasting welfare. With what singleness of heart, with what fear and trembling, I went to the next meeting in the middle of the week, and feeling as I thought the commandment to speak a few words, I did so, and felt my strength renewed; and on the next First day, feeling a similar concern, I spoke again, but was brought under a great fear lest I should burthen my friends, and was favored to be silent some weeks, and being

thrown into contact with the world and its concerns, I was tossed as it were upon the tempestuous billows, and not comforted except in the house of prayer.

Having for six or seven years felt it my duty faithfully to bear a testimony against the use of spirituous liquors, Friends were renewedly stirred up to engage in the concern, and in the quarterly meeting at Buckingham, the same year, 1810, a large committee was appointed to assist the monthly meetings, who were recommended to make similar appointments. In this committee I labored with Friends and others, to convince them that it was their duty to lay aside the use of this pernicious article as a drink, and as an article of trade.

About this time that eccentric, but most dignified minister of *Jesus Christ*, James Simpson, came into the neighborhood, and sent for me to come and see him at a friend's house. I spent the evening with him. He took me as it were in his arms as a father, and as long as he lived, which was a little more than a year, he continued to manifest the most fatherly and affectionate kindness. Notwithstanding he stood so high with Friends and others, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest ministers of his day, no memorial was ever prepared for him. Whether this omission was owing to his eccentricity, his distinguished honesty, or his great severity on spiritual wickedness in high places, I know not; but I am inclined to think it was owing to the latter, for some of the leaders of the people in Philadelphia, who had caused them to err, and were destroying the way of their paths, were sore, made so by his chastising rod.

Dear William Blakey, another precious father in the church, and who as a spiritual parent, nursed me in his arms in my spiritual infancy, was never memorialized by Middletown monthly meeting, for the same reason, for he was much like James Simpson, only inferior as a minister. But these truly valuable Friends needed no memorials issued in the dead letter from a monthly meeting, for I trust their names are gloriously enrolled in the records of eternity, and they have left a savor grateful to surviving generations, and as dear James Simpson, especially, was concerned to obey that commandment of the Saviour, "Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations," he was received into the never-

dying souls of many, there to remain till they meet in "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

My inward exercises and outward difficulties, occasioned partly by unfaithfulness, and partly by a constitutional weakness and want of capacity for business, frequently brought me into "the street called Strait." And the respectable old patriarch of the place, had probably discovered that I lacked the enterprise for such a citizen as he wished; and, moreover, being a little sore from the severe stroke I gave him and his sons for selling spirituous liquors indiscriminately, when I told them with a zeal somewhat like the lecturers of the present day, that a curse would attend their wicked traffic, and whatever they might gain over the devil's back, they would lose under his belly. And now having come out as a public advocate for the cause of *Christ*, that I would be less likely to tolerate his skeptical notions, I think he was quite willing I should leave the place; I therefore, towards the close of the year, sold our house and lot in Milford, intending to move to Newtown, where my father, my wife's father, mother, and other relatives then lived. In the spring of 1811 the time of moving drew near, and I had not been able to get a place to move to. Towards the latter part of the Third month, I went to Newtown, having heard that Abraham Chapman, a reputable and wealthy lawyer, talked of selling his house and lot on which he then lived. When I called upon him he gave me little or no encouragement. It was now but a few days till we *must move*, and I had left my wife in a great deal of trouble, and of course was deeply distressed at the thought of going home without any intelligence that would relieve her. But, after a sleepless night, I had to return with the sorrowful report that we had no home. I need not say that my poor wife, as well as myself, were most sadly distressed and discouraged. It was meeting morning, and nearly time to start, but I concluded not to go, for I thought I now must sink. I went to the shop to work, but when I saw Friends going to meeting it seemed to me, as though a secret voice had addressed the ear of my soul: Wilt thou now refuse to do what thou hast seen so clearly to be thy religious duty, because there appears some difficulty in the way? Is not he that has all power in heaven and in earth, able to open a way where there

appears no way? Go to meeting. I went immediately. It was rather late when I got there, and the meeting was pretty well settled. I had scarcely taken my seat and turned inward where prayer was wont to be made, when there was a tenderness and sweetness filled my soul as though all sorrow was taken away. I felt as I apprehended the commandment to kneel and offer something like a prayer or thanksgiving. It was a precious baptizing meeting, and during the solemn silence I heard the peculiar cough of my brother-in-law, at which I was a little surprised, as he told me that he could not come to meeting that day on account of particular business. After meeting was over he came to me with a smile, and informed me that he had good news. Abraham Chapman had come to their house that morning, and told them that he had thought much of me and my wife, through the night, and thought it right to sell us his house and lot, and board with us, and we might move in a week or two, and that he wished my brother to go to Middletown meeting, and tell me. This wonderful change and sudden transition from sorrow to joy, led to the conclusion that it was the LORD's doings and marvellous in my eyes. I went home from meeting with feelings very different from my feelings in the morning, and communicated this most agreeable intelligence to my dear wife, which raised her drooping spirits, and she seemed like another woman.

On the 16th of the Fourth month, 1811, we moved to Newtown, where at that time, comparatively speaking, every tenth house was a tavern, and every twentieth of bad report.

I think there were not more than about four or five families of Friends in Newtown and its vicinity, no meeting of Friends nor hardly such a thing thought of. No coach-making and very little mechanical business of any kind, for the people of the place seemed principally to depend upon the courts and the spoil of litigious contention. The lawyers, county officers, and principal men of the place, were mostly *free masons*, among whom religion and morals were at a very low ebb.

In the beginning of the 9th month, I went on business to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and stopped at Joseph Tatnal's, at Brandywine, who had married a distant relation to my father. I was treated with great kindness, and being unwell tarried the next day, and attended a funeral, where being brought under solemn exercise, I felt it my duty to speak a

few words at the grave. Next day being First-day, I attended the morning meeting at Wilmington. Not being an acknowledged minister, I was for taking my seat on the floor as usual, when some elderly Friends laid hold of me and forced me into the gallery. This was a new place for me; however, I thought it my duty to speak, and what I said seemed well received by the meeting, and I think it is not unlikely that that part of my communication that the people most admired was borrowed, for like too many young ministers, I not only borrowed other people's money, but their sentiments and language; and hence it was I passed, like too many others, for more than I was worth. In the afternoon I proceeded on my journey to the Eastern Shore, transacted my business, and returned to my friend Tatnal's, at Brandywine, where an elderly Friend told me what great satisfaction my discourse had given, and that he had heard an aged and respectable member say, that it was the greatest sermon he had ever heard, since Samnel Fothergill's. Here now was a sop calculated to send me out in the dark with the devil. I knew the dose was poison, but then it was so sweet. Had I listened attentively to the voice of the heavenly Shepherd, like our ancient friend Luke Cock, who, though a poor illiterate butcher, was a great preacher, and went up to London in the days of William Penn, and after preaching one of his great sermons, being in a perspiration when he sat down, William threw his cloak over his shoulders, when, says Luke, the devil whispering in my ear, "Luke thee has beat them all at preaching." But my good master, continued he, addressed my other ear, "Luke thee must not be proud, or thee is ruined." I say if I had attended to the voice of the heavenly Shepherd, I would not have suffered the song of a silly woman to have puffed me up with pride. But to be compared to Samuel Fothergill, was too much for such a poor, vain, trifling young thing as I was, and I think I returned home something like a head and shoulders higher than when I left. However, be that as it may, I was soon recommended as a Friend that had a gift in the ministry by Middletown Monthly Meeting, to the select quarter, and there acknowledged. This, I think, was in the 11th month, 1811.

In the 1st month, 1812, or perhaps it was 1813, I went to Philadelphia to attend the funeral of a relative, and it being

the time of their monthly meetings, when all the queries were answered, I thought I felt a freedom to attend them, and went to the North meeting on Third-day. It was a larger meeting than common, in consequence of Susannah Horne, from England, being there. After she had got through, I thought it right to speak, and I think it is not unlikely that the fear I felt on seeing myself surrounded by such an assembly, for I had taken my seat on the floor, and the self-confidence I had recently gained, threw me off of the right path, and I wandered a little too far, as was beautifully expressed by dear old Thomas Scattergood, in the last meeting. When about to take my seat, a rich, pompous merchant said, "Young man sit down, thy words have not the savour of divine truth." I sat down and was almost astonished that I should feel so calm and quiet, especially as my nature was so excitable, and this was the first rebuke I ever had met with. The meeting soon separated, and the women went into another apartment. I ought to have sat quiet, but I got up and went out of the house, and soon fell into darkness and confusion, and concluded to go home, but in passing up Key's alley, I overtook a plain old man, who told me not to be discouraged, it was nobody but William Sansom, and he was not worth minding. I immediately went back to the meeting and went up into the gallery, and took my seat with the ministers. I then sat facing my opponent, who was a very fine, handsome looking man, but I thought he looked a little alarmed at seeing me in that seat. When the second query was read, and its answer brought before us, the state of the meeting, I arose and spoke in substance as follows: "I feel a concern to make a few remarks touching the subject matter embraced in this query and answer. But before I proceed, it may be right just to notice a rather extraordinary circumstance that occurred in the foregoing meeting that may be the cause of some speculation, and as a stranger, inform the meeting who I am. My name is Edward Hicks. I am a member of Middletown Monthly and Particular Meeting, in Bucks quarter, and a member of the meeting of ministers and elders. Now if I have said any thing in the meeting for worship, contrary to the doctrines of the Christian religion as recorded in the New Testament, and professed by Friends, I stand amenable to those whose province it is to have a special care over me. But the *public* rebuke,

from a *private* member, I consider derogatory to the decency and order of society, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman and a Christian. Nevertheless, I am thankful I can state with sincerity, that so far from feeling any resentment, for such unkind treatment, I could embrace the dear brother in my arms in love, who may have verily thought he was doing GOD service." It may have been permitted in wisdom—unerring wisdom. I may have been wrong even in taking my seat where I did. I might have got wrong in my communication; be that as it may, I feel love in my heart to all, and would wish to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace," &c. As soon as I sat down, an aged minister, and native of Bucks county, arose and spoke in substance, "I believe it right for me to confirm the young man's testimony. I have known him from his infancy, and I know that he is not only a member, but a minister in good unity, and I hope that the disorderly treatment he has met with in this meeting, will be properly noticed by the overseers, and friends preserved from unprofitable conversation on the subject, and so forth."

Thomas Scattergood then spoke nearly in the following manner: "I rejoice, friends, that this matter has taken the turn that it has. I was sorry for the interruption, and felt much for the young man, who I saw was a stranger. I thought that he had got a little lost, and I was travelling with him in spirit, to find a safe landing place. But however wrong he may have been, he has now certainly confirmed his doctrine of the importance of love, by his example," then offered a little plaster for my opponent, by saying that we were all liable to mistakes, and that even Paul himself seems to have got a little wrong, when he spoke too precipitately to one in authority. But when he discovered his mistake, he said, "I wist not, brethren, that it was GOD's high priest." Several other friends expressed themselves in like manner, and their unity with me, and the meeting ended apparently with the best of feelings. And after meeting, Friends seemed as if they would have taken me by force, and made me king, and none appeared more kind and pressing for me to go home with them than William Sansom. I went, however, with my kind, humble friend, Abraham Lower.

This victory, in one of the largest, wealthiest and most respectable monthly meetings in the city, if not in the yearly

meeting, was too much for a poor shallow creature like me, and I was evidently too much elated. In the evening three of the elders called upon me. One of them was brother-in-law to William Sansom, and no doubt a little mortified that his brother had committed himself so as to be brought under the care of the overseers. This friend appeared to be sour enough to leaven the whole lump. They first began by finding fault with some expressions I used; particularly "eternal reason." I explained my meaning: that reason being the highest faculty of the soul, was the only recipient of the Divine light. The one I compared to the moon, and the other to the sun. As the light of the moon that shines on our earth, comes from the sun, so the light of reason, when *properly* used in promoting the cause of CHRIST, is an emanation from CHRIST, the eternal Son of righteousness, consequently eternal in its nature and everlasting in its duration. They seemed not disposed to be satisfied; I fear too much like the wolf in the fable, that wanted to quarrel with the lamb for muddying the water so that he could not drink, though the lamb was below him in the stream, and tried to explain to him the impossibility of his charge being true. The wolf referred to some old family quarrel, as a pretext to destroy the innocent. I do not wish to apply this in its fullest extent to these elders, but I verily believe they were wrong in coming, after what had passed in the monthly meeting. Be that as it may, I am sure I was not right in talking to them as I did, towards the close of our interview, for I had lost the christian spirit that I had in the monthly meeting, when truth bore away the victory, and they left me in a state bordering on despair.

I have thought that had I been of a melancholy complexion I might have been tempted to commit suicide, that dreadful sleepless night. I was now down low enough, and in the morning determined to go home. But an inward voice seemed to command me to go to Pine Street. This seemed to me terrible, for I had heard of Nicholas Waln and Jonathan Evans, and dreaded to come in contact with them; as though they were a lion and a bear. But to Pine street Monthly meeting I must go, and had any one, with Christian sympathy, met me on my way, and known the distressed state of my poor soul, they would have pitied me in their heart. At this meeting I took my seat in the gallery with fear and trembling. When I

thought it right to speak, and stood up, Nicholas Waln looked at me as though he would look me through, but I went on with my communication, to the relief of my own mind, and the satisfaction of Friends. In the meeting for business, when the third query and its answer came up, I made some remarks, using strong expressions, and whether it alarmed the old native of Bucks, who stood by me the preceding day, or not, I cannot say, but he immediately arose and informed the meeting who I was. When Jonathan Evans said the young man was an entire stranger to him, but he had unity with his spirit. "So have I—so have I," responded something like twenty voices along the galleries, and in different parts of the meeting. After meeting, Friends manifested great kindness, and I went immediately home, I think, upon the whole, substantially benefitted by the severe probation.

This incidental circumstance increased my danger, by giving me a notoriety and popularity I certainly never merited. Before this, when I went to Philadelphia, I could hardly find any other home than a public house; but now the greatest difficulty I had, was to know what Friend's house to go to, so many seemed to want me. Besides I unfortunately discovered that I had a higher standing amongst the respectable inhabitants of Bucks county, than I had expected, for some of them resented the treatment I met with from William Sansom, by a notice of it at the public coffee-house in the city.

In the spring of 1813, I laid before Middletown Monthly Meeting a prospect to travel as a minister, and obtained a minute expressive of the unity of that meeting, to visit the meetings belonging to Philadelphia and Abington quarters. The utmost extent would be something like one hundred and sixty miles.

I now come to that part of my narrative where I shall be under the necessity of recording some views that I think have lately been given me with great clearness, and will be in opposition to the generally received opinions among Friends and others.

In a retrospect of my past life, that part of it spent in travelling as a Gospel minister, which was not in accordance with the example of our most Holy Head, set before us in the holy mount, yields but little satisfaction; and I verily believe in every instance where I exceeded or went beyond his exam-

ple, I had better stayed at home. Paul was not altogether mistaken when he recommended the promulgators of the Gospel in his day, to follow his example and remain unmarried; but admitted there might be instances where it would be better to marry; such I conceive were embraced in another commandment of Paul's, and a testimony of the primitive saints: "Study to be quiet and do your own business, and work with your own hands that you may provide things honest in the sight of all men, and that you may lack nothing, for he that will not thus provide for his own household, denies the faith and is worse than an infidel." Hence it appears clear to me that the primitive Christians would have considered that every *young* man, who was a minister, as well as others that got married and brought the object of their love into the difficulty of raising a family of children, were bound by every principle of honor and justice to stay with them, and assist in the arduous work or business of bringing them up, and in making a reasonable provision for their comfort. How then can I justify a part of my own conduct, who, in addition to leaving my poor feeble wife, to struggle with complicated difficulties, borrowed my friend's money, promising to pay in a given time, with legal interest, from the date thereof, then started off a travelling as a preacher, to be waited upon, flattered, and fed upon the best my friends could provide for me, thus squandering other people's money, and idling away that time, that, in one sense, properly belonged to my creditors.

Now it would have made the thing better, if, like the honest, industrious Paul, I had worked at my trade a part of the time, so as not only to pay my own expenses, but to send something home to my wife, and to my creditors; but this old fashioned honesty has long been entirely out of fashion.

If then, I have so poor an opinion of some of my own conduct, connected with travelling as a preacher, what must I think of a brother, but a little older than myself, of whom, I think, it will be safe to say, that since he has been an acknowledged minister in the society, he has never done work enough with his own hands to pay the expense of raising one of his children as they ought to be. His first wife, if I am not mistaken, had to struggle with poverty, sickness and death, leaving a large family of helpless children, while he was absent travelling as a preacher. But even this dispensation of affliction, appeared

to be but little impediment in the way of his missionary labors, for in his travels he soon found another wife, twenty years younger than himself, by whom he had another flock of children, making in the whole somewhere between fifteen and twenty children. Now if he never worked enough with his own hands to raise one child, I wonder what the apostle Paul would have thought of such a man, if he had met with him, about the time he wrote his second epistle to the Thessalonians. (See the 3d chapter, from the 6th to the 12th verses.) Would not Paul have withdrawn from such a man, as a disorderly person? I think he would. But as this man does not belong to the same part of society that I do, perhaps I had better let him alone and confine myself a little more to my own conduct, and the ministers in unity with me. Suffice it to say what I verily believe, it would have been more consistent with the example of our blessed SAVIOUR, for him, as well as myself, to have staid more at home and attended more strictly to those social and relative duties, that characterize the practical Christian, and set a better example to some of those restless, roving ministers, who are in a fair way to split upon the same rock. Oh! that these could keep a more single eye to the precepts and example of JESUS CHRIST, who, although he could walk on the water, the utmost extent of his journey did not much exceed one hundred miles. And, oh! that they could especially consider that HE walked in the path of humble industry, for it appears clear to me that from twelve years old to twenty he was subject to his parents, and worked with his own hands, at the highly honorable and useful trade of a carpenter, and from twenty to thirty, his reputed father being dead, he continued the business for the support of his mother and her family. And during the three years of his glorious ministry, I have no idea that he spent all his time without working with his own hands, for his mother still claimed his care because she was poor, as to this world, and, like her son, had not where to lay her head; he therefore commended her in the hour of death to his beloved John, who, from that hour took her to his own home.

How few ministers, even among Friends, are willing to follow this high and holy example. How many there are that keep boarding schools, those nurseries of pride and idleness. How many are gentlemen dentists, and charge more for two or

three hours' work, than a poor carpenter could get for a week or ten days' hard labor. How many are living idly, on usury and oppressing the poor, so that many are almost ready to sink in the quicksands of despair.

I think there was one man who came from England about twenty years ago that professed to be the friend of *Christ*, and one of his ministers, yet he did not obey his commandments, nor follow him in the path of humble industry, for he worked not at all, but lived entirely on usury. Now which of the two characters did this man most resemble, the humble, industrious carpenter of Nazareth, or a rich Scribe or Pharisee, that would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he was made, make him two fold more the child of *Hell* than he was. "Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for you compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made you make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." From this awful declaration of the divine SAVIOUR, I conclude he was decidedly opposed to the missionary spirit of the Jews, because they made their proselytes worse. Now it appears from history, they were great travellers, and had founded settlements in every province of the Roman Empire, and had theological seminaries to disseminate their principles. Such was the state of apostate Judaism—such now is the state of apostate Christendom.

When God was pleased to manifest himself in the fulness, and present to a world of intelligent beings, that glorious personage called *Jesus Christ*, such was the light and power of his introduction into the world, that the angelic host proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest on earth, peace and good will to men." An emanation from this light and power drew the wise men from the east, to worship it. Even in its infancy, the gradual increase of this light and power was secretly operating upon visited souls, in all nations; for the time had come that the vision of the Lord's prophets, four hundred years before, was now to be fulfilled, "That the mountain of the Lord's house should be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations should flow unto IT." Hence it appears that this heavenly light, which was to enlighten the Gentiles, and be the glory of the Israel of GOD, was to draw all men to IT. This was the king, and this was the kingdom that all men were to PRESS INTO. And although

the *outward appearance* of this king, was the person of an illiterate, humble carpenter of Nazareth, who suffered the ignominous death of the cross, yet his fame in the short space of three years had so spread throughout the whole Roman Empire, that Tiberias Cæsar proposed that he should be enrolled among the Roman deities. No marvel, then, that the drawing cords of *God's* love to a fallen world, in this extraordinary personage, should have drawn devout men from every nation under heaven to Jerusalem, the city of a thousand prophecies, and the theatre of action, where the most awful and tremendous tragedy was acted.

I have travelled considerably in several States of the Union, and once into Canada, and I now verily believe for the most part —with the exception of my Canadian journey—it had been better to have done as I think others had better have done, learnt the subjection of my own will at home, endeavoring to be a consistent Christian minister, a loving and faithful husband, an affectionate father, saying daily to my children, in the silent but powerful language of example, "follow me as I follow CHRIST;" in a word, filling up with propriety all the social and relative duties of life that constitute the crown and diadem of a perfect man, and in order to this essential attainment to a perfect gospel minister, followed my blessed Saviour more steadily, in the path of humble industry. I should then have never needed the assistance of my friends in a pecuniary way, a circumstance that has been the greatest yoke of bondage upon my Christian liberty, caused the most sleepless nights and wearisome days, and, in a word, the most heartfelt sorrow of all the sins I ever committed. And O, young man, especially a minister, who may read this, take my advice, NEVER GO IN DEBT—NEVER BORROW MONEY. But if thou doest, be sure to exert thyself to the utmost in the path of humble industry to pay the utmost farthing; remembering that no man or woman can ever become the child of God, much less his minister, whilst they trample under foot with impunity, Justice, one of his divine attributes.

If I had my time to go over again I would try strictly to obey the advice in our excellent discipline, and so scrupulously live within the bounds of my circumstances, that if I earned but twenty cents per day I would live on ten or fifteen. Oh! this borrowing money and then borrowing again to pay the interest, or leaving it unpaid until the avaricious monster, usury, comes upon the poor debtor with accumulated ruin.

With what distressing discouragement I have sat in some of our large meetings and counted the heads of my creditors, till I found myself sinking in the quicksands of despair. But oh! in the depths of humility, I looked to a Saviour. Like Saul of Tarsus, in the street called Strait, I fervently prayed. A merciful Saviour heard my prayer, and sent his good Ananias to remove the scales from mine eyes, and a way was opened where there appeared to be no way, and I was plucked out of the horrible and overwhelming flood that was carrying me to destruction, and placed on the bank of deliverance, where I have sung the praises of my dear Redeemer; and oh! that I may continue to ascribe to Him, and to Him alone, thanksgiving and praise for ever and ever. I will here give my views of the instruments of my deliverance.

I think the concern first originated with dear S. W., a lovely minister of the everlasting Gospel, who communicated it to her father, perhaps while she lay on her death bed. Doctor J. W., of Buckingham, was a man who embraced in his character the happy compound of the gentleman and the Christian. His philanthropic soul prepared him immediately to communicate the concern of his dying daughter to two of my most particular friends, who entering in to it most seriously, like Ananias came to me, saying that the *Lord Jesus* had sent them, and that they believed it to be their religious duty to assist me. Having the fullest confidence in their high and holy profession, I opened myself by degrees to them, when they adopted the plan of applying to some of my rich relatives in New York, who most kindly advanced liberally to them, especially I. H. and S. H.

I am certainly under great obligations, as they acted, I hope, in obedience to Christ's commandment, "Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." So they are received into my heart, or never dying soul, and while memory remains, not only they, but their children's children, shall be had in grateful remembrance. Many other dear friends manifested great kindness and sympathy.

I. H. died soon after my acquaintance with him; but his brother S. continued his kind correspondence for near twenty years, and what is remarkable, in no one instance, that I can recollect, did he ever intimate that I was under the least obligation to him. Ah, I wish I could say so of all others. But

I must add that one of the two dear friends that first came to me in the street called Strait, to enquire after me, manifested the same noble, disinterested spirit; but he is now gone to the eternal world, and I hope to meet him amongst the ransomed in Jacob and the redeemed in Israel.

Dear cousin S. H. is also dead. He died on the 12th of the 10th month, 1837. I was on board the canal boat near Pittsburgh, in company with his brother V. and his wife, on our return from Indiana at the time.

It being one of the most remarkable circumstances of my life, I will simply state the fact to the best of my understanding.

On the night of the eleventh and twelfth I was quite unwell, having travelled hard the preceding day in order to take the boat at Pittsburgh. I doubted then, and still continue to doubt the propriety of that journey, and my spirits as well as my health were suffering. But on the morning of the 12th, my poor dejected soul was preciously visited with the quickening presence of my blessed Saviour, when the spirit of prayer flowed like that river which proceeds from the threshhold of the throne of *God*, and spreads through the heritage of his *Son*, unlimited as eternity;—and as my manner of devotional exercise, when thus favored, was, and still is, to pray fervently for myself first, that my faith and love for my blessed Saviour might be increased, that I might be more and more dedicated and preserved to do his will, and then those who are the nearest and dearest to me in the circle of my acquaintance—hence my wife and children and nearest and dearest friends, especially those that are sick and suffering; and then the mind being thus quickened and made fruitful in the house of prayer, secretly supplicates for the suffering seed throughout the world. Whilst thus solemnly engaged, when I came to my dear cousin S. H. I felt something like an awful pause, and a small still voice seemed to address the ear of my soul, saying, "He has gone to the eternal world." I cannot find language that possesses force sufficient to describe my feelings. Suffice it to say I was almost as certain that he was dead, as if I had heard it from a special messenger sent to inform thereof. We had heard on the evening of the 10th, by a letter from New York, that he was sick, and when we arrived at Lancaster, being detained in consequence of some deficiency in the line, cousin V. soon came to me with a Philadelphia paper in his hand, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, saying,

in broken accents, "here it is, brother S. is dead." V.'s communication scarcely moved me, for I was prepared for it.

As an American merchant, he had few equals; and perhaps none stood higher in England and on the continent of Europe. His wife died a few years before him, a tender, lovely woman. In them I lost two of my best friends.

Having been led off of the regular channel of narrative, and wandered a little into peculiar and favorite views respecting missionary travelling, I must return again to 1813.

Soon after my first travelling as an acknowledged minister, I was evidently slipping into the popular current, when another severe shock was permitted to come upon me. I was still a member of Middletown Monthly and Particular meeting, where there were three or four other ministers, and living as near Wrightstown, then the largest meeting in the quarter, and no minister there that was able to attend, I consulted some of our elders as to the propriety of my attending that meeting, as way should open. They encouraged me to attend to the concern, and I went, where I was placed at the head of a very large meeting.

The almost peculiar kindness of friends and others was fanning my native vanity into a flame, while a secret conspiracy was forming in the select Preparative Meeting of Middletown against me, and which broke out in the next sitting of that meeting. I have thought it originated with two ministers who had the seeds of orthodoxy—jealousy and envy—then in them. They made use of my dear old father, William Blakey, as a kind of catspaw. It was a distressing time, and I think I defended myself more like a soldier than a Christian. The select meeting, composed of about ten or twelve men and women, were almost equally divided, and if I remember right broke up somewhat confusedly, and upon the whole it was rather a disreputable concern. My good old spiritual father was so hurt with his own conduct, and that of some others, that his son told me he could neither eat nor sleep till he had another interview with me, which took place at the house of an elder, in the absence of the two orthodox ministers above alluded to. Here the father and son were reconciled, and he continued his fatherly affection as long as he lived. But the treatment I had met with—notwithstanding I might have deserved it—and the evident derangement in the unity of Middletown meeting, almost overset me.

I thought I was now done forever, and seemed almost disposed to sink into a gloomy melancholy, when it seemed impressed upon my mind to leave them and go to Wrightstown altogether. My wife uniting with me, we spoke for our certificates of removal. The overseers expressed their sorrow that I was going to leave them, and my few opposers tried to stop my certificate by such improper measures as ended in their own trouble of mind.

About this time the settlement of a Friend's meeting in Newtown was much talked of. The courts of justice were removed and the public buildings were vacant. There were by this time several families of Friends in the town and its vicinity, and a considerable number in the country round about; but they belonged to three different monthly meetings, Wrightstown, Middletown, and the Falls. Of course the application to hold an indulged meeting for worship in the old Court House, which was rented for that purpose, on first and third day mornings for six months, was made to all three of those meetings. The request was granted, and committees appointed to have the care thereof for six months, from the 1st day in the 4th month, 1815. This was the beginning of Newtown meeting. At the expiration of the first six months the application was renewed for six and twelve months more, and before that expired, application was made for a *preparative* meeting, to be a branch of Wrightstown monthly meeting, and permission to build a new meeting house. After meeting with some opposition, it finally received the sanction of the quarter; and here I would pleasantly notice what I have often pleasantly, and I hope innocently told. Our opposers, though few in number, tried, as a last subterfuge, to alarm the Quarterly meeting, by stating that the Quarterly meeting would become responsible for any expense that Friends of Newtown might please to go to, if they granted them permission to build. As spokesman for my friends I arose and addressed the meeting in substance as follows: "Friends of Newtown ask no pecuniary favors of Bucks quarterly meeting or any other meeting. We are willing and entirely able to build the house ourselves. We only want the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." What constitutes the peculiarity and singularity of this declaration, the man that made it was perhaps not worth one cent if his debts were paid. But I was present when seven rich Friends pledged themselves to build the house.

I will here advert again to the causes of my pecuniary embarrassments.

In addition to a constitutional weakness, I quit the only business I understood, and for which I had a capacity, viz. painting, for the business of a farmer, which I did not understand, and for which I had no qualifications whatever. I verily thought then, and still think, *farming* more consistent with the Christian, and was willing to sacrifice all my fondness for painting. But it would not do, for notwithstanding I worked hard, I went behind hand daily. The cruel moth of usury was eating up my outward garment, soon to expose me a poor naked bankrupt; for my father, who I thought had given me forty acres of land in the vicinity of the village, altered his mind and took it from me, leaving me with only twenty acres, for which I had given eighty-six dollars per acre at public sale, and which I had to sell for forty dollars. Thus ended my farming speculation.

If the Christian world was in the real spirit of *Christ*, I do not believe there would be such a thing as a fine painter in christendom. It appears clearly to me to be one of those trifling, insignificant arts, which has never been of any substantial advantage to mankind. But as the inseparable companion of voluptuousness and pride, it has presaged the downfall of empires and kingdoms; and in my view stands now enrolled among the premonitory symptoms of the rapid decline of the American Republic. But there is something of importance in the example of the primitive Christians and primitive Quakers, to mind their callings or business, and work with their own hands at such business as they are capable of, avoiding idleness and fanaticism. Had I my time to go over again I think I would take the advice given me by my old friend Abraham Chapman, a shrewd, sensible lawyer that lived with me about the time I was quitting painting; "Edward, thee has now the source of independence within thyself, in thy peculiar talent for painting. Keep to it, within the bounds of innocence and usefulness, and thee can always be comfortable."

The apostle Paul exhorted the primitive believers to be content with their outward situation, even if they were slaves, and the primitive Quakers seemed to manifest the same spirit, only choosing, as Paul says, their liberty the rather. As to the calling or business by which they got their living, Thomas Elwood informs us a particular friend of his was a barber, and followed

dressing noblemen's heads. And from my own observation and experience, I am rather disposed to believe that too many of those conscientious difficulties about our outward calling or business that we have learned as a trade to get our living by, which are in themselves honest and innocent, have originated more in fanaticism than the law of the spirit of life in *Christ Jesus*.

Being forced as it were to return to painting, though with spirits and constitution somewhat impaired, friends and others most kindly patronized me, and the county and township officers gave me a considerable number of directors or index boards to paint, which to me was a profitable job. But working too steadily, day and night, whilst my bodily health was delicate, brought on an affection of my lungs, with all the symptoms of pulmonary consumption. In this situation the Heavenly Shepherd in mercy and goodness laid upon me a concern to travel, first to the South in the spring, and in the autumn to the North, in New York and Canada. In these journeys I rode near 3000 miles on horseback, which I am disposed to believe was the cause of changing the nature of my complaint from pulmonary to long consumption or chronic cough.

As a short account of my Northern journey may be interesting, I will try to state some facts, (though I have told some of the anecdotes so often that perhaps, being a painter, I may have added to them a little fresh color at times.)

I left home on the 4th of 9th month, 1819, in company with Isaac Parry, an elder of Abington quarter, and Mathias Hutchinson, an amiable young man of Bucks quarter, and travelled through the northern part of Pennsylvania and the western part of New York State. Our first meeting in New York State was at Bath, the county town of Steuben. We arrived in the evening, and put up at a very respectable tavern.

When my friends consulted the landlord and some of the chief men of the village as to the propriety of having a meeting in the Court House next day at eleven o'clock, they entered cheerfully into the concern, particularly a Doctor C., and notice was given. I have but little recollection as to the size of the meeting, but my impression is it was a dull, lifeless concern on my part, and did not add any thing to the advancement of *truth*. But it appeared that my friends and others thought differently, and the Doctor was quite astonished that I should

have prepared a sermon so suitable to the congregation, in so short a time. But when he was told that it was neither studied nor prepared, his astonishment increased wonderfully. The greatest difficulty we had was with the landlord, who refused to receive any pay for our entertainment. But after stating that our principles led us conscientiously to pay, he very reluctantly received pay for our horses, and my two companions, but refused positively to receive any thing for entertaining the preacher.

Our next meeting was a monthly meeting, held at Farmington, Ontario county. It was composed, I think, of seven preparative meetings, and lasted from eleven o'clock until sundown. If I remember right, it was an interesting meeting, and conducted with a good degree of harmony. From this meeting notice went on nearly a hundred miles towards Canada, to the meetings in the new settlements. Notice was likewise given of our being at Farmington on First day, in consequence of which much people got together, and I fear I preached too much. Notwithstanding, it was thought, even by my friends, to be a great meeting. But if I remember right, our *Saviour's* language might best describe my labors: "The kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force."

We had a meeting on Second day evening at Rochester, sixteen miles on our way, after which I saw and felt the symptoms of an approaching storm among Friends. A minister and his brother seemed disposed to cavil about speculative doctrines. Next day we went to Raga, about twenty miles in a new settlement, and put up at the house of the principal man, who was a justice of the peace. The meeting was appointed at three o'clock, about which time Friends and others assembled, and it is said I was led to speak of man, in his unredeemed state, being as much disposed to fight as a dog, and that it was even possible that when those animals get to fighting, that their masters would follow their example, and after degrading themselves to the level of the brute, would manifest the spirit of the Devil, by sueing at the law. I have no recollection myself what I said, but I was told by my friends afterwards that the magistrate with whom we dined, and one of his neighbors, had been fighting in consequence of their dogs fighting, and were then at law with each other.

We had meetings at Shelby, Hartland, Stateland, and Roy-

alton ; and travelled mostly on the ridge road, as great a curiosity almost as the Falls of Niagara, and turning to the right and left into the new settlements, either between Raga and Shelby, or Shelby and Hartland, we passed through a new small town or village, on the ridge road, called Sandy Creek; where the yellow fever was more destructive according to the number of inhabitants, than it ever was in Philadelphia or New York. It was about noon, and we stopped at the first tavern, where the landlord had just breathed his last. We went to the next, which appeared uninhabited. The third had taken down their sign, and were too sick to give us a dinner. We then saw a man we took to be a miller. He appeared to be a walking corpse, as yellow almost as saffron. He told us nearly all the people of the place were either sick or dead, and we would have to go about four miles to the next tavern, where we might get dinner.

Our meetings at Hartland and Royalton are distinctly remembered—the first for the remarkable favor of the divine presence, which melted us all into tenderness and love. The second was remarkable for an extraordinary person that attended it. As soon as I arose to speak, a man kneeled, and remained on his knees, in perfect silence, if I mistake not, till I finished my communication, when he took his seat, and after a solemn silence, arose and addressed the meeting, in an eloquent, solemn, and affecting manner; stating the difficulties he had met with, and the great distance he had come, which I think was more than twenty miles, to attend that meeting, and thankfulness he felt for the favor. As soon as meeting ended, he went, as I thought, right off, without speaking to any body; and I did not understand that any one knew him, or from whence he came, or whither he went. His looks were those of a superior man, but his clothing was very indifferent.

Next day we crossed the Niagara at Lewistown, and ascended Queenston Heights, and rode seven miles to the great Falls; where, putting up our horses and speaking for our suppers and lodgings, we went to see the mighty wonder of the world. Since we left Rochester we had an addition to our company of a young man who was travelling for his health. On returning from the Falls to our inn, being cold and wet, we requested to have fire in our room; but no notice was paid to our request. The landlord was from home, and had left a young man to su-

perintend his business, who appeared very sour. This, with the bad language we heard in the house, made us feel unpleasant, and to increase our difficulty, our fellow traveller, who was a native of Vermont, began to manifest a warlike spirit; and even our friend I. P. appeared to be much displeased, whilst he walked across the room and talked of not putting up with such treatment, but of going to Chippewa, where he had been advised to go. In this dilemma I proposed trying kind words, for the wise man says it will turn away wrath; and as the young man came by us, I said, pleasantly, "young man, art thou an Englishman?" He answered very short, "No, sir." I added, "what countryman art thou?" "I am a Swede." "Ah," said I, "that will do; the Swedes are the most hospitable, honest people in the world, and I trust this young man will not contradict his national character." This I spoke loud enough for him to hear me, and the change it made in his conduct towards us was astonishing. He made us a fire immediately, had us an excellent supper, waited on us politely, and gave us the best room, and perhaps the best beds; in which, with the roaring of the Falls and the shaking of the house, we were soon sung and rocked to sleep.

My Green Mountain companion was quite disposed to rally me, saying Pennsylvanians talked about Yankee tricks, but what should he call my management of the Swede?

On our way to Young Street, more than a hundred miles in the interior of the Province, in the afternoon of the first day's journey, we travelled on the margin of Lake Ontario, and the deep dry sand tired our horses, as well as ourselves, so much that we had to put up at night at a poor little tavern near the outlet of Burlington Bay; and to increase the inconvenience many people were there fishing at the outlet. We were all very tired, but our friend I. P. was almost overcome, being too heavy a man to travel on horseback. While supper was preparing, an inquisitive man asked me where we were travelling? I told him to Young Street. He asked if we were going to buy land? I told him no, we were going to visit our friends. He then asked if there were any preachers among us? I told him there was one, and looked towards Isaac Parry, who sat with his eyes shut, apparently taking no notice. There was something peculiarly solemn and dignified in his appearance, and the man looked at him apparently with awe and respect; then went out

into the bar-room, and, if I remember rightly, appeared to be talking in an under tone about the Quaker preacher, which, exciting their curiosity, there was considerable whispering and peeping about the doors and windows. Isaac appeared to be unconscious of what had taken place, and after supper, feeling refreshed, he walked out on the bank of the lake, and noticed particularly the quiet and respectful manner in which the fishermen carried themselves towards him. This little manœuvre of fixing the character of a Quaker preacher on by far the most dignified person belonging to our company, appears to have operated in our favor; for we were treated with kindness and respect, and had the only two spare beds in the house, the rest sleeping as they could on the floor.

On our way from Young Street to York, we were advised to call and stay a night with an old man whose wife was a member among Friends. When we arrived at the place—it was a dark day in the latter part of the 10th month—every thing appeared gloomy about the premises; and to complete the black picture, when we went in the house, the whole family appeared dressed in black, and nothing like Quakerism to be seen or felt among them. However, they received us with something like the good old English hospitality. The old man, who seemed to plume himself on being of the same age of King George the Third, had received this asylum for his secret services during the Revolutionary War. And I, too, soon had reason to suspect he was the very man that led or conducted the blood thirsty General Grey to the massacre at Paoli. Any one acquainted with my prejudices against the English, might conclude I was not very comfortable; but had they seen the poor old man hugging me, when he was told by Isaac Parry that I was the grandson of his good old tory friend, Judge Hicks, they would have been quite disposed to join my friend Isaac in the enjoyment of this scene.

Next morning we started as soon as it was light for York, to meet our young companions, who had gone on the night before. We found the old man up, with his bottles of brandy, &c., insisting upon our taking a morning dram with him; but we declined his superfluous hospitality, and the grandson of an old tory was truly glad to escape another embrace from this patriotic subject of his Britannic Majesty.

On our way to Young Street we met with a Methodist min-

ister, who knew but little of Friends; but, finding we were on a religious visit, gave us an invitation to have a meeting in a new house near where he lived, that was used by different societies. When we arrived at Young Street, and were making some arrangements for appointed meetings, this place was fixed upon to be on First day afternoon, at two o'clock. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the minister's house until one o'clock, and found no body at home but children. However, we soon found a good barn, and plenty for our horses. The minister and his wife were at meeting, which was within sight, but did not return till near two o'clock. The man who had insisted upon our coming to his house for dinner seemed pleased to see us, but I thought his beautiful wife looked cross at us. However, she soon got us a dish of tea and something to eat, while her husband sung and talked. For my part I was so distressed about the meeting I could neither eat nor talk, much less sing, and therefore walked by myself towards the meeting house. It was then after the hour appointed. When I got to the house, there was no person there. It was cold, and the wind and snow were driving through the weather-boards. I do not know that I ever felt more wretched in a meeting house. After a while the people began to assemble in a scattering manner, whispering to each other, while I was the object of all their eyes. My friends, with the Methodist and his pretty wife, also came, and we tried to get still, as far as example would go, but they were strangers to silence. Notwithstanding there was something like a pulpit, I took my seat on the end of a bench, where I continued to sit, with my mind apparently stripped of every thing that was good, with a prospect of being silent, to which I soon became resigned, and was thankful that I could bear my testimony silently to the ever blessed *truth*. Under the influence of this precious quiet, I heard the word of command to stand forth in the midst, and stretch out my withered arm, and I soon felt the restoring power of the Gospel. The people began to groan, and even shout. One man near me, I was told, cried out passionately, "Oh Lord, Jesus Christ, seal instruction upon our souls! Halleluia!" I tried to persuade them, for my sake, to try to be still, and let their groanings be like those the apostle spoke of—too big to be uttered. I was led to speak of the rights of women—that they were one in Christ with men, and entitled to equal privileges, and that I

had heard the Gospel preached by them, in greater sweetness and power, than I had ever heard from the lips of man. There was a precious silence covered the meeting, which seemed only interrupted by the suppressed weeping of some of the women. After the meeting ended, our kind Methodist friend took me by the hand and said, in substance, "Dear brother, you ought to preach that sermon a dozen times over. Why we have been contending with our women about their right to preach." This man appeared to have the same besetting sin with myself—he was too light, and talked too much. But his lovely wife appeared quite changed, and could not talk much.

After this triumphant meeting, we rode four miles to the best tavern on the Dundas Street, where we spent the evening most agreeably. The next day, if I remember right, was a day of too much lightness, and of course the meeting we had in the afternoon was rather dull and insipid. Alas! how difficult it is for me, whose besetting sin is lightness and vanity, to keep sufficiently humble, or, as Dear William Dewsbury expressed it in his sermon 1688, "When I have done the will of the Lord, wait in silent patience for the blessing of preservation." But instead of this, how often have I, after a favored meeting, taken the jewels of Christ, and put them upon cursed self, and thus played the part of a spiritual harlot. And is not this the fatal rock on which popular preachers split, and ruin themselves, and scatter the flock of Christ? Are they not, too often, more concerned for their own reputation as preachers, or the reputation of the society to which they belong, than they are for the salvation of the people to whom they profess to be sent.

We had a number of meetings in Canada, and all I can say of them is, than when ever I was stript of my own covering, and clothed with the covering of this holy Spirit, or when, like the apostle, I knew nothing but *Jesus Christ* and him crucified, I preached the gospel, and the people were edified or comforted. But when ever I put on an old patched garment, part of which was borrowed, and strutted into meeting with my second hand finery, or knew so many pretty texts of Scripture by heart, as not to want to know *Christ* to be the resurrection and the life, my preaching was vain and the people's belief in it was vain, and like priest, like people, all remained in sin agreeably to Paul's doctrine, "Except Christ be risen, our

preaching is vain, and your faith is vain, and you are yet in your sins." Ah! dear, precious Paul, I wish I could feel that holy fear that thou didst, when thou wast concerned to keep cursed self under, lest while thou wast preaching to others thou shouldst become a cast away.

We crossed the Niagara river at Black Rock, near the outlet of Lake Erie, and it appeared to me our lives were in jeopardy in consequence of the violence of the wind and water. The next day we arrived at Batavia, the county town of Genesee, where dwelt Joseph Ellicott, the wealthy agent of the Holland Company. It was said that he was a member of our society, although he made no appearance of a Friend, and less profession. We arrived in town a little before noon, and put up at a good looking tavern, near Joseph's house, and my friends Isaac Parry and Mathias Hutchinson, went to see him. They told him that Friends of Farmington had requested them, if they got to Batavia, and should think it right to have a meeting, to call on Joseph Ellicott, who was a man of influence, and would give them such assistance as they should need, and that they were in company with a ministering friend of Pennsylvania, who wished to have a meeting to-morrow morning, being First day. He answered them as roughly as Joseph did his brethren in Egypt, saying in substance, "If you have plenty of money and want to buy land I am ready to wait upon you, but as for meeting business, and preaching I know nothing about it; and, besides, our court house is undergoing a repair, and we have no place to hold a meeting, and it would be pretty high to keep these people waiting till Monday, to attend to your business." I think it is quite likely my friend Isaac felt a little as he did at the Falls of Niagara, when he gave him something like the following short but spirited answer: "We do not wish to put thee or anybody else to any trouble or inconvenience, and are only sorry that Friends of Farmington, should be so mistaken in their man. We will therefore bid thee farewell, and pass on." My friends then arose from their seats to depart when the old man replied in substance: stop, stop, this won't do, you are not going to throw the responsibility of the concern on my shoulders. I can't submit to it; I must see if the Methodists can't accommodate you; they like preaching as well as any." "What is the preacher's name?" My name was then mentioned, and by this time I think his carriage was ready for

him at the door, and he was off, notwithstanding it was snowing, with a promise that he would call on us directly.

My friends returned to the tavern, but did not inform me at that time, what had passed, only that Joseph Ellicott was coming over to see me directly. And soon came into the room a very large man, with a white head, and a blue cloak, and asked for me. I arose to speak to him and he shook hands with me, and very kindly asked us all to come and dine with him. I acknowledged his kindness, but informed him that we had spoken for our dinners, when we put up our horses. He said we might leave our horses, but we must come with him, and he would make it all right. We went, and were treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness. This man appeared to be one of the better sort of hypocrites, pretended the worst, and failed at the bottom. He intended to do all he could for us, while he was carrying himself so roughly. He had ordered his carriage for the purpose of going to the trustees of the Academy, and to the schools, and to a Methodist minister, that held meeting that evening, to get him to speak of a Friends' meeting, to be held at the Academy next morning, at eleven o'clock. All this appears to have been done with a promptitude and decision, characteristic of a perfect man of business, before he invited us to his house.

Next morning the old man evidently manifested anxiety about the meeting, more especially when he saw so many respectable people going, and he spoke to my friend Isaac Parry to tell me I must preach that day; it would never do to disappoint so respectable a congregation. Isaac of course told him he could not comply with his request. The poor old man sighed heavily, and appeared under great exercise, frequently whispering to Isaac, "Do you think he will preach? You must tell him he must." We went to meeting. It was large, and composed of the most respectable inhabitants, and I am afraid that it was only the personal pronoun *I* that preached. That is, I am afraid I did not preach *Christ Jesus* the *Lord* and myself a servant for Christ's sake; and what seems to increase my fears the old man was mightily pleased, and complimented me too much, which to me is pretty strong evidence that he was not essentially benefitted by what was said. However, my friends thought we had a good meeting.

After dinner we left the kind old man, and went towards

Farmington, taking a meeting in our way with a people that called themselves *Christians*. It was held in their meeting house, and was what we Quakers would call a good silent meeting, but I believe the people were a good deal dissatisfied.

I think we were at another monthly meeting, at Farmington; and had several meetings in the neighborhood, and on our way to Scipio, where my friend Isaac Parry was taken sick, with something like the fever we met with on the Ridge Road; and I have always been sorry that I parted with him, although he soon got well enough to ride home.

I had now no other companion than Mathias Hutchinson, an amiable, and, I think, excellent young man, whose kindness, attention and sympathetic feelings, I hope I shall ever remember with love and gratitude. After having several meetings in and about Scipio, we went to Skaneateles, to the house of a superior woman, a widow and minister, where we spent a very agreeable evening in company with her worthy old father-in-law, a highly esteemed elder, from the neighborhood of New York. In some of the conversation of this excellent man, I thought I saw and felt some of the premonitory symptoms of the sorrowful separation that was about to take place in society.

Next day this accomplished woman and her son, went with us as far as Manlius, twenty-four miles, where we had a meeting appointed in a Methodist meeting-house, for next day at ten o'clock, which was the darkest morning I ever saw. I think, if I remember right, we had two or three candles on the breakfast table, at nine o'clock, in a room with three fifteen light windows. I am rather disposed to believe that our meeting was a poor concern, for the worthy woman kept silent, and my sermon was of such a character that I have reason to fear it was either an *old one*, or a *borrowed one*, for the Methodist minister asked me for a copy of it as soon as meeting broke up. We parted with our kind friends, they returning home and we proceeding on our journey, wishing to get to Eastern quarter, something like two hundred miles, near the State of Vermont.

After travelling from among Friends for two days, we found by pushing on pretty smartly, we might get to a Friend's house in the evening. We got there about eight o'clock, the night being cold, windy and dark. We saw light in the window, and called so loudly as to make them hoist the window, and ask

who was there. I answered we are weary strangers and Friends that have been travelling amongst "yes sir," and "no sir," and we wanted to find something like "thee." Whether it was the pleasant manner in which we introduced ourselves or not, we certainly were treated with great kindness and hospitality. My friend and I had agreed, before we got to the house, to try these yankee Quakers' hospitality, by not letting them know that we were travelling on a religious visit: hence, their questions having a direct bearing to that point were avoided with a careful reference to the truth.

Having rode near forty miles, through cold and wind, we were soon so sleepy as to retire to rest. I can never forget the motherly kindness of that dear old woman Friend. Next morning being the first of the week, we asked if there was not a Friends' meeting somewhere on the way towards Albany. They said Milton meeting was about eight or nine miles on that way. Before we left these kind Friends they found out our business, and wanted to send somebody with us, but we were not willing to put them to that trouble.

We did not get to the meeting until after it was gathered, and went in quietly and sat behind the door. We had scarcely got settled before a good old man that sat at what is called the elbow of the preacher's gallery, arose and preached to us with propriety and consistency. Soon after he took his seat a younger man that I had noticed, whose countenance was marked with intelligence and unflinching courage, arose and spoke with energy and feeling. This man was once called Captain Corey, an officer in the late war. A short time after he sat down the meeting closed. As we were near the door, we were the first out, and went immediately to our horses, intending to go on to the next tavern to dinner. A man that I had noticed next to the old preacher came to us, and kindly asked us home with him to dine. We tried to excuse ourselves, stating we were in a hurry to get on towards Albany. But he would take no denial, asking us our names, and from whence we came. When I told him, he said "Art thou that Hicks that was in the western part of our State two months ago, and went into Canada?" When I told him I had been there about that time, he said, "I thought so when thee came into meeting. Why did thee not come and take thy seat?"

We went home with this kind elder and took dinner. Soon

after several friends came in, and among the rest the late Captain Corey. We spent the afternoon and evening very agreeably, and notwithstanding my friends think me a great talker, I had reason to believe I was a mere child compared to the descendants of the New England Puritans.

Next day a kind friend, who had offered, went with us twenty miles to Saratoga, and the next day we crossed the North River and went to Easton, having a worthy elder of Saratoga with us, who took us to the house of his brother who was a minister, and his wife an elder. In the evening some allusion was made to a new doctrine, some where preaching, that there was no devil. I observed, I think in substance, that the doctrine of devils was to me somewhat dark and difficult. I thought I should be willing to have it explained by persons of age and experience, more especially as I was young and did not wish to hold unsound doctrines. The old minister undertook a kind of explanation, that rather increased the difficulty, and went to show how careful we should be not to talk on subjects of this kind without being under the influence of the great head of the Christian church, who said to his disciples, "Without me ye can do nothing." I was sorry and hurt in beholding that ravening spirit that was then secretly dividing in Jacob, subsequently to scatter in Israel.

Next day attended the select quarterly meeting. I am am afraid sullenly silent. Next day the general quarterly meeting, pretty much in the same way, which I think was rather a poor preparation for the youth's meeting, or meeting for worship, where I spoke at considerable length, and some might have thought it was a great meeting. But my present impression is, that my preaching was too much like a half baked cake, and the people that fed on it like Ephraim, when he fed on wind. Next day there was a very large gathering of people at the same place, in consequence of the funeral of a respectable Friend. I spoke again and if I remember right there was more light and life.

At this quarterly meeting I met with an extraordinary old Friend, in the station of an elder, that lived in the State of Vermont. Several circumstances he related I shall never forget. One of which was, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

He said he became acquainted with a respectable man, that

lived about twenty miles from him, who was in extensive business, and a Justice of the Peace. In a serious conversation with this man, the man told him that he must candidly acknowledge he did not believe in Christianity, not so much because of the contradictory propositions and paradoxical difficulties it embraced, as the spirit and conduct of its most devoted advocates. He did most seriously wish to believe, but could not act the hypocrite and say he believed when he did not. The old elder said he felt love in his heart for this man, and great concern that he might be convinced of the blessed truth, as it is in Jesus, and one might he awoke with a solemn impression that it was his duty to go and see him, and that he would be furnished with a message of love and encouragement for him. He arose early and went to the man's house, and found him engaged in much business, with much company. As soon as the man saw him he spoke to him kindly, and expressed how glad he was to see him. The old elder said he sat silently in his office for some time, in great poverty of spirit, and under some discouragement at the difficulty of having a suitable opportunity. He got up and walked out by himself. I think he told me that it was in the short dark days of autumn, and he was thinking of returning without relieving his mind, when he heard a noise behind him, and turning, he saw the man coming to him, who thus addressed him, "Mr. R., I know not why, but I was particularly glad to see you, and thought perhaps you had some special business with me, so I excused myself to the company to give you an opportunity." The good old elder, having been emptied of himself, spoke, I trust, as the believers did on the day of Pentecost, with other tongues, as the spirit gave him utterance. The tears rolled freely down the man's cheeks, and when the old man had done, the man added, "I thank you, I thank you kindly, Mr. R.; I hope I shall remember your message of love to advantage." They then shook hands most affectionately, and the old elder returned to his own home in peace, in possession of the legacy a Saviour gives all his faithful disciples, "My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."

This was an elder worthy of double honor, a practical Christian, that was the instrument of saving that which was lost, for a few days after, this man was taken sick and died, and on

his death bed he expressed his great thankfulness to the *Saviour* of his soul, for the message of love and encouragement he had received through his faithful servant.

Oh! that all that profess to be elders in the church of *Christ*, would go and do likewise; how much good might be done. How infinitely, infinitely superior is such a course of conduct to that general course pursued by the leaders of the people in all societies. How much of that cold, hard-hearted cruelty, that characterized the officers of the Inquisition, has marked even the conduct of too many ministers and elders among us, enabling us to furnish the world in the beginning of the nineteenth century, with a miniature likeness of those cruel, vindictive controversies of what is called the darker ages.

What Friend can look upon the page of history at the Arian, but more especially the Nestorian contest, about inexplicable doctrines, and not behold a likeness of our own spirit and conduct, as large as life, and that, too, in an age celebrated for "march of mind," and intellectual improvement. What would we Quakers not have done, could we have commanded despotic Emperors, and powerful armies, in our late disgraceful controversy? Would we not, instead of imprisoning a few that dared to open the way, into their own grave-yard in the city of Philadelphia, have cast thousands into loathsome dungeons, or made them expiate their crime on the gibbet? Would we not, instead of commanding such to be silent, whose speech was unpleasant to us, have cut out their tongues, like the Arians did the orthodox Catholics? Would we not, instead of turning those with whom we could not unite out of meeting, have banished them into exile, as the Council of Antioch did the Nestorians, from all that was near and dear in this world, there to end their days? Would we not, instead of entering the houses of our brethren and sisters, to fasten on them the anathema embraced in our ecclesiastical consures, entered as a committee from the Holy Inquisition, to carry them to be broken upon the wheel, or to suffer the awfully cruel torture of the rack? Some of my friends, especially Orthodox, may be disposed to charge me with supposing an extreme case, in order to cast severe reflections on them, and that they never would have gone to such extremes. *True*, they never would, because they never could; and may we not thank the divine goodness, which or-

dained "*the powers that be*," as exercised under our mild and excellent government, for our preservation?

The Jews verily thought, had they lived in the days of the prophets, they would not have persecuted them. But our *Saviour* told them that they were the very children of them that slew the prophets, and would fill up the measure of their fathers, which they undoubtedly did, as soon as they could make use of the secular power. But don't let my Orthodox friends conclude that I want to fasten the persecuting spirit exclusively on them. No, no. I have seen too much of it coming from the opposite quarter, even from too many of my friends, who have adopted the Arian speculation. Indeed I have some reason to conclude that had some of these been such powerful potentates as Genseric and his son Huneric, who, it is said, cut out the tongues of some of the Orthodox in Africa, they would at least have so mutilated my poor tongue, as to prevent me from pronouncing the word "*Saviour*," when I applied it to *Jesus Christ*. For I was once opposed by one of them publicly, in a large meeting for worship, on First-day in a Friends' meeting house, and he broke up the meeting in confusion, declaring that *Jesus Christ* was no *Saviour*. I acknowledge that it was said this man was partially deranged, but it was likewise said the greater part of the meeting was of his opinion. Be that as it may, the most discouraging part of this circumstance, was the preaching of a very dear friend of mine, in the quarterly meeting a few days after, who took for his subject the very same text of Scripture that the violent Arian or Unitarian took to to prove that *Jesus Christ* was no *Saviour*, and handled it too much in the same way for my peace, for I was now in a difficulty, let me take which horn of the dilemma I would. For if my friend had heard of what had passed in the same house a few days before, and what my opposer had said, which I have reason to fear was the case, it was but too evident to me that he was prepared to unite with him, and if he had not heard and delivered what he did from Divine authority, then I was all wrong, and had been for more than thirty years in preaching the doctrine of *Paul*, that *Jesus Christ* came into the world to save sinners. I was greatly discouraged, and my Arian opposer triumphantly sat through the quarterly meeting for business, although he was not a member of Society.

Do not let my Orthodox friends rejoice at this, and conclude that their charges against us are true, for I can assure them that we have a large and valuable body of Friends, that are neither Arians, Unitarians nor Trinitarians, but firm believers in the plain, emphatical testimonies of Holy Writ, that *Jesus Christ* was more than a man, and more than a prophet, and are willing to risk their eternal all upon this immutable foundation, with the primitive Saints and primitive Quakers.

But it has been a marvel and astonishment to me, that some of my friends that I certainly ought to prefer before myself, appear to have gone off in an opposite direction from the ground taken by those sons of the morning, and if the Orthodox or Trinitarians, as has been said by an eminent minister, are going full gallop towards Rome, I may take the liberty to say that the Unitarians appear to be on the long trot to Constantinople, and, I fear, think very little more of *Jesus Christ* than what the Turks do; and therefore, as respects too many of them, the Orthodox charges were but too true. But the Orthodox were like Polyphemus in the fable, strong, but blind, and I may add, bigoted. Hence, they fell into the same error that has characterized them through the varied ages of the church, opposing a thing which they deemed wrong, in a wrong spirit. Hence, the unintelligible wrangling among us, about inexplicable doctrines, while cursed self led the violent contest, trampling under foot justice and common decency, in pursuit of exclusive possession of the *name* and *property* of the once respectable Society of Friends.

I have rambled again from my path of narrative, and almost anticipated a subject that I had intended to try to speak of with care and perspicuity.

After Easton Quarterly meeting we went to Troy and were there on First-day, and went from thence to Saratoga quarter, which was the next Fourth and Fifth-day. If I recollect right my own spirit and conduct was pretty much the same that it was at Easton, only I had improved in one important qualification of a consistent Quaker—I was more silent. After this meeting we went west, as far as Cooperstown, taking meetings as way opened; and then, returning towards the North River took the meetings on both sides as far down as Newburgh. Of these meetings, I can say but little more than what I have already said of other meetings. When I was sufficiently stript

of cursed self, and brought in the depths of humility to wash my *Saviour's* feet with tears, I trust his gospel was preached, and the people were solemn and tender; but when self got the ascendancy, and I became impatient, unwilling to wait for the glorious resurrection of Christ within, the only hope of glory, concluding like the unwatchful servant that my *Lord* delayed his coming, I found I was in a disposition to smite my fellow servants, and was drunk with a confusion of cogitations, I fear I too often, like Saul, applied to a witch, to raise something that might resemble the anti-type of Samuel, which, instead of producing peace, increased the confusion and ended in condemnation.

About the first of the year 1820, we left Newburgh, setting our faces towards home, and arrived in the evening of one of the coldest snowy days I ever travelled, at the house of kind friends, who had everything to make us and our weary horses comfortable. Indeed we found many such valuable friends in this journey, and however such idle, shackling, gad-about ministers as myself, may preach against worldly-mindedness, and, with our fanatical charity send to perdition too many that are concerned by honest industry to make comfortable provision for their families and friends, we are at the same time, ourselves, some of the greatest spongers on their hospitality, and when our carelessness and extravagance has embarrassed our circumstances, the first to apply to them for help. Here we met with that remarkable man and consistent Quaker preacher Thomas Titus, and although nearly ninety years of age, he appeared to shine as a fixed star in the firmament of God's power. He was there on a visit and weather-bound. We were mutually glad to see each other, for I loved him as a father, and he embraced me as a son. I said, remarkable man, for he and his truly pious wife have lived together for more than sixty years, and she never really sick; but feeling a fear that she should not be able to sustain sickness unto death, with Christian patience, fervently prayed she might die easy, which was graciously granted, and she went off apparently in a sweet sleep, without suffering a pang, and if I am not mistaken, his own case was very similar. He was further remarkable for being beloved by every body.

Next morning we parted with this excellent old man, and the worthy family that had made us so welcome and comfortable, and pursued our journey homeward, through the south-

western part of the State of New York, and the north-eastern part of New Jersey, and in four days I arrived safely at my own home, and found my family well, for which great favor, I trust, I felt a thankful heart.

In about a month after, I left home again, to finish my visit; having my very dear friend, James Walton, for a companion. We went to Long Island, and visited all the meetings belonging to Westbury quarter, and had several appointed meetings particularly at Rockaway, near the sea, where there was no Friends' meeting. My distinguished kinsman, Elias Hicks, who had been with us at nearly all the meetings on the Island, and Samuel Parsons, a man conspicuous among Friends, and still more so amongst the Orthodox, with several other valuable Friends, were with us at this meeting. It was held at the house of my relative, Jacob Hicks. A hireling minister who lived eight or ten miles off, hearing that there was a preacher by the name of Hicks, who was not so hard on the priests as Elias, came to this meeting. He came late. I was speaking when he came in, and did not see him, or think of a priest being in the house. It is said I was led immediately into an exposition of the text, or saying of the *Saviour*, that the publicans and harlots would go into the kingdom of Heaven before the priests and their satellites.

Dear old Elias, who wrote me a great many letters, wrote me one about that time, in which he alluded to one of the principal causes of the division, as well as to the meeting at Rockaway. I will here insert an extract. "My dear Edward Hicks: having thee often in remembrance of late, with feeling and affectionate sympathy, I was induced to take up my pen, and commence with thee in this way, especially since the return of our mutual friend and kinsman, John Hicks, who informed me that he was favored with some of thy company on his way from his western journey, by whom I learned thou wast still on the alert, and closely exercised in guarding the frontiers from beasts of prey, or such as are seeking, by hidden and indirect means, to make an inroad on the borders of Zion, and at some seasons the warfare rises so high as to resemble fighting with beasts of Ephesus. This view of the subject corresponds with my present allotment. Nay, more than beasts, or creatures that range in darkness, has thy poor Elias to struggle with, to wit:—false brethren: and still

worse yet, for had I nothing to war with but rational animals, that walk and work in darkness, and false brethren that walk and work behind the screen, all their force would scarcely interrupt my quiet; but there is another kind of troublers that are not easily described, but are comprehended among our weak and ignorant brethren, who know very little but what they have obtained through the medium of education and tradition, and being brought up in an orderly way, and possessed of but little vivacity, they are kept in an orderly walk; this being agreeable to their common nature, and by which they make a goodly outside appearance, although they are nothing but flesh and blood without, so many of these are little else within. But as these keep up this natural orderly walk, they get oftentimes raised to eminent stations, such as overseers and elders in society, without any qualification, but an orderly outside appearance, and some of these grow wise in their own eyes, which prevents them from seeing and knowing their own ignorance. These fixing themselves by tradition to a certain point, are immoveable, like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, and then if anything is opened that does not tally with their creed, let it be ever so great a truth, and clothed with the clearest demonstration, they immediately cry out against it as a new thing, a mere novelty, and conclude the author an heretic; and these place themselves in a situation not to be taught, for they have shut up the avenues through which they might be improved. Now one of these is more difficult to deal with than all the out-door walkers in darkness, compared to beasts of Ephesus, and the in-door false brethren, for the latter have discretion enough to know when they are beaten and vanquished, but the others have not; yet their ignorance makes them appear sincere, and that places them in an immoveable state, and although entirely incorrect, yet, in most cases, they seem placed beyond any means of remedy. To be clear of all such troubles, would be a real cause of rejoicing.

"Some of us here away have found it our duty to endeavour to convince our Methodist bretheren and sisters, both within and without society, that Heaven and Hell are not at so great a distance as they imagine, and that they are not confined within walls or limits, but are every where present where there is either man or woman, who by their works have become fitted to enter either. For as *Jesus* tells us, who knew well what he said, that the kingdom of *God* was within us, so

when the soul enlists under his banner and gives *God* the whole rule and government, there that soul is in Heaven. For Heaven is not a place so as to be distinct from another, but it is the real state and condition of the soul in which its heaven consists. So, on the contrary, if we will not suffer this man to have the rule over us, like some formerly, but will cast him out and set up a kingdom of our own, which is the kingdom of Satan, and suffer the man of sin and son of perdition to take the whole rule and government, there then is that soul in Hell, which is also a state and not a place.

"But this some of our Methodist friends, in society as well as out of society, cannot admit, because it disappoints them, as *Jesus* did the Jews, when he took away their outward located Heaven, and put an end to all their noisy rejoicing. So these are very unwilling to give up all their noise and shouting, and all their hallelujahs, and glory, glory songs, and barter them away for the peaceful abodes of Paradise, where all the delightful songs, and heavenly anthems of glory are heard and distinctly understood, through the unbounded regions of this holy and happy abode, without the least expression of a vocal whisper.

"We had a very good meeting at Rockaway, when thou hadst to make an experiment by putting the hireling priests, and soldiers, and sailors in a bag, and shaking them, to see which would first come out. And indeed there is a great similarity between them, as they all fight and war for money, or pecuniary reward. Take away their wages, and they would all alike desert the cause.

"In much love, to thee and thine, in which my wife and daughter E., joins, I rest thy affectionate friend,

ELIAS HICKS."

Having been led to bring into view in a particular manner, my very dear friend, and record an extract from one of the many letters I received, it may be right in this place, to make a few remarks respecting him, more especially as he has been and still continues to be, the butt of Orthodox persecution.

I will not pretend to say that Elias Hicks was entirely clear of those extremes to which eminent men are liable, in the heat of controversy, and the tenacious defence of some favorite speculations; if I did, I would set him above some of the greatest men that ever lived. The apostles themselves, though

strong and powerful in the Christian faith, had their weak side, and Tertullian, one of the highest stars in the second century, was led into a foolish extreme, by the fanatical notions of Montanus; while Origen, acknowledged by all to be the brightest luminary of the third century, did immense mischief to the cause of primitive Christianity, by his extreme attachment to the Platonic philosophy, scholastic divinity and human learning. Therefore, it is among the possible circumstances that dear Elias was led to an extreme in the Unitarian speculation, while opposing the Trinitarian, then increasing among Friends, and now almost established among our Orthodox Friends. But I have no recollection of ever hearing him in public testimony, and I have heard him much, when his speculative views or manner of speaking, destroyed the savour of life that attended his ministry, or gave me any uneasiness. But I have certainly heard to my sorrow, too many of his superficial admirers, that have tried to copy after him, pretending to wear his crown, without knowing any thing of his cross, make use of the naked term, JESUS, both in public and private, till it sounded in my ears as unpleasant as if coming from the tongue of the profane swearer; and on the other hand, I have been pained to hear the unnecessary repetition of the terms, *our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, from those I verily believed Elias's bitter enemies, especially the English preachers, and have scarcely a doubt that they were substantially breaking the third commandment. And I will now add my opinion fearlessly, that Elias was wrong in entering into that quibbling controversy with those weak Quakers, alluded to in his letter, about the marvellous conception and parentage of *Christ*, a delicate and inexplicable subject, that seems to have escaped the particular attention of what we call the darker ages, to disgrace the highest professors of the nineteenth century. But however wrong he might have been in this case, the conduct of his antagonist outraged every thing like the gentleman or the Christian, in furnishing his enemies with copies of his letters, after they had agreed mutually to disagree and quit writing, and honorably return to each their respective letters. Hence, the establishment of the charge against Elias Hicks, in the opinion of the Orthodox, that he denied the miraculous conception, which I shall endeavor to refute by the following testimony. I very well recollect, a

short time after the controversy alluded to, I was walking with Elias, in the time of the Yearly Meeting of New York, when he told me seriously and confidently by ourselves, that he had never doubted the truth of the Scripture testimony, as recorded by Mathew and Luke, respecting the miraculous conception; that he thought the figure would be incomplete without it, but that he had felt a freedom to try the foundation of such Friends, whose belief he suspected to be founded on mere tradition, because their superficial faith would be too easily overturned by the subtile Deist.

We may imagine and surmise different causes for the unhappy revolution among Friends, when the real and substantial cause is prefigured in the revolution that took place in Israel, in the time of Samuel the prophet, who was one of the beautiful types of the Son and sent of God, and who was Divinely commissioned to anoint Saul, a meek, humble young man, to be a king among the *Lord's* people, and the Lord was with him as a teacher, agreeably to his promise, "The humble he will teach of his ways, and the meek he will guide in the path of true judgment." Thus taught, Saul judged it right to exterminate all the witches and wizards, that deceived the people, out of the land. Such characters, probably as are now comprehended in the impostors, and deluded votaries of anti-Christ among the priests, psychologists, magnetizers, &c. This righteous act on the part of Saul, made him an object of love and respect among the people, and the silly women sung after him that he had slain his thousands. Listening with too much pleasure to their song, raised him a head and shoulders above his brethren, and being puffed up with pride and self-consequence, the *Lord* left him, and held no more communion with him, taking the kingdom from him to give it to David, who was meek and lowly of mind. Thus left, Saul became the victim of malevolent passions, jealousy, envy and superstition, which now being added to his pride, prepared him for acts of violence, weakness and deception. Hence, his repeated attempts to kill his innocent rival, and final application for instruction to the witch of Endor.

I am aware that some of the wise of this world, but I cannot say prudent, have manifested a disposition to turn this passage of Scripture into ridicule, while to me, it is full of instruction, which I shall endeavor, with Divine assistance

to give in its application, to the subject now under consideration.

The analogy between Israel of old, under the outward law covenant, and the Israel of God, under the inward gospel covenant, should ever be kept in view by the Christian. The first was a national community of corporeal beings, with an outward law and ceremonies, outward rewards and punishments, an outward land of promise, and an outward Saviour, which was the glorious manifestation of God in the flesh. The second is a communion of rational immortal souls, created in the image of God, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, and people, with a spiritual law, written in the heart, and placed in the inward part; spiritual rewards and punishments, a spiritual land of promise, and a spiritual Saviour, even the eternal word, that was "in the beginning with *God*, and is *God* over all, blessed for ever." This is the church of Christ, the Christian church, militant on earth. Such of its members as are designed for kings and priests unto God, are especially anointed with the holy oil, and thus prepared to be messengers of glad tidings, that will bind up the broken heart, and proclaim liberty to the captive soul; and as the terms messenger, and angel, in this sense are synonymous, so they are commissioned and sent as Christ's angels, to gather his elect from the four winds under Heaven. These were, and still continue to be, the light of the world, a light that cannot be hid under a bushel. These will become more or less distinguished, according to their gifts, and consequently more or less the objects of adoration and praise, which, if they listen to, and are pleased with, like Saul with the singing of the women, they lose that humility and meekness, inseparably connected with the holy anointing, and fall from heavenly places in *Christ Jesus*, and, like Saul, become the slaves to jealousy, envy, and hatred. But in order to keep up their honor among the people as preachers, they apply to the anti-type of the witch of Endor, that cursed serpentine self, that has been playing the harlot, though adorned with Christ's jewels, which completes the deception, while it feeds them with the beast that was like unto a calf, and ends in self-condemnation and destruction. These are fallen angels, and, if they do not, in the depths of humility and self-abasement, apply to Christ to restore them to Heaven, they are

in a fair way to become devils incarnate, that cannot escape the damnation of hell. Hence the propriety of the Saviour's severe strictures upon the priests, and hence too we may understand the reason why ministers are the authors of those bitter contests, and unintelligible wranglings, that have been a disgrace to the Christian religion.

Now I greatly fear that there have been, and still are, too many such ministers among Friends, and that this has been the principal cause of the late unhappy if not disgraceful separation. Had some of us only known, what we might have known had we dwelt in the light, that the little popularity with which we were so mightily pleased was of a mushroom character, "raised without merit," it might then have been "lost without crime," and our standing in society like water would have soon found its level. But the silly women continuing to sing after some of us, we felt very comfortable till the music was devoted to the praise of Elias, and the song to him become much louder and longer; then, like Saul, we began to throw our javelins, and the women seeing what was self-evident, that Elias was not only a greater preacher than the rest of us, and that he did (what is a rare thing among us) practice his own doctrine, continued to sing; and Saul and Abner tried to comfort themselves for a while with the assurance that his followers were few, and like the three hundred that went after David, were poor men; that they could not pay their debts, and that their scolding wives made them unhappy at home. Yet this was the beginning of one of the most important revolutions in Israel, and of the reorganization of the government on more substantial premises, while Saul fell upon his own sword on Mount Gilboa, and Abner by the hand of Joab, with this lamentation, "Shall the sword devour for ever? know thou it will be bitterness in the latter end." Oh! that the Sauls, Abners, and Joabs, among the belligerents in the Society of Friends, would learn heavenly wisdom before it is too late, and obey the command of the blessed Saviour, "Put up thy sword into its sheath, for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

I will now try again to return from my eccentric course to the path I intended to have kept to. My dear friend James Walton having left me in New York to return home, my kinsman Valentine Hicks joined me in a visit to Purchase Quarter,

and we attended all the meetings I believe to the satisfaction of Friends, and others that attended; but all I can remember is, the meetings were large, and I suffered with sickness.

I think it was at the Yearly Meeting this year that the great effort was made to establish that ecclesiastical head of aristocracy, that ruined the Christian republic in the second century; and the analogy is so striking, and the coincidence so remarkable, it may be right for me to give a concise statement.

About the year 170, if I am not mistaken, the seven churches in Asia were independent of each other, governed by their own discipline, and only bound together by the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, when a proposition was made originating with some of the Grecian bishops—a scripture term for overseers—and mostly senior ministers, to establish this great head, which was called by them a synod, but by the Latins, a council. It was to be composed of delegates from all the seven churches. It was ingeniously proposed and carried through, as such innovations generally are, by chicanery and cunning; for when opposition to influential characters is attended with danger, the timid are too often silent, the multitude believe and imposture triumphs.

About the year 170 of the Society of Friends, as an organized body of Christians, raised for the special purpose of reviving and preserving primitive christianity, both as respects doctrine and discipline, the same proposition was made to the seven Yearly Meetings on the continent of America, by senior ministers, two of whom were remarkable for their sophistical eloquence, and throwing their javelins, like Saul, at such as they considered rivals.

When this proposition was made to our Yearly Meeting, by the two ministers last alluded to, the timid saw the danger but were silent, and the multitude were about believing, when one of the most imprudent junior ministers arose and addressed the meeting in substance as follows, "If the proposition to establish this head of aristocracy is united with by this meeting, it will ruin the Society of Friends. 'A people that the Lord Almighty has raised by his own invincible power and signally placed his name amongst them,' will then 'become only the transient glory of a couple of centuries,' when it was designed in the councils of infinite wisdom they should 'be

the joy of the whole earth.' Then the only repository of that primitive republicanism laid down in the heavenly doctrine of Jesus Christ, and embraced in their simple but evangelical discipline, will fall into that vortex of anti-christianity that has engulphed all other reformers from the church of Rome. I am therefore decidedly opposed to the proposition, and sincerely wish Friends to make a solemn pause before they approach any nearer the crumbling brink of ruin." These remarks, though expressed in a rough, incoherent manner, forming a striking contrast with the foregoing speakers, arrested the current in favor of the proposition, and alarmed its distinguished advocates, who immediately had recourse to one of those political manœuvres that too often characterize the eloquent orator and cunning artificer, when determined to force conviction in favor of some favorite scheme. Hence an appeal to the sympathies of the people, in the most persuasive eloquence, expressing a hope that the meeting would now see more clearly the importance of the salutory restraints contemplated in the proposition, and a joy was expressed, that the day had dawned when the Society of Friends would be prepared to unite with a concern that had for its object the proper appreciation of age and experience, and the establishment of the authority of the church upon a firm and substantial foundation. The imprudent Friend, who by this time might have been thought rather impotent by some, replied in substance that he was differently circumstanced from the Friends who had last spoken, that while they *hoped* he *feared*, and whilst they *rejoiced* he *sorrowed*. He feared that if the spirit that had dictated this proposition should gain the ascendancy among Friends, it might be productive of more immediate suffering than it produced in the primitive church, when it opened a door by which the enemy entered, and made great devastation in the flock and family of God. For under the benign influence of the mild and generous government of the United States, Friends, as American citizens, are tenacious of their civil and religious rights, and will not, like the poor Friends in Ireland, suffer them to be trampled under foot with impunity. Hence a division in Jacob and a scattering in Israel must ensue. He sorrowed at the affecting scene that would be likely to follow, when husbands and wives, parents and children, brethren and sisters, must be separated; and the

nearest and dearest friends turned into the most implacable enemies, and the exclamation of the world's people, respecting the people called Quakers, entirely changed, "See these Quakers how they hate one another."

I will not pretend to say that these were the identical words which were spoken, I only come as near as I can recollect.

The proposition was not united with by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and, if I am not mistaken, New York, Ohio, and Baltimore rejected it. Thus the principal head of the beast, that the beloved John saw in heavenly visions, come up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, received a wound, or was rejected for that time, by the society of Friends in America. But the wound that this head received, did not appear to be of a deadly character. It was soon healed, for it was found rearing itself again, in our Meeting for Sufferings, in the form of a creed, which being likewise rejected by our Yearly Meeting, the beast assumed its leopard appearance—for we must remember that the beast which John saw, was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the paws of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion—hence the variety and beauty of our theological writings, and verbal arguments, in the form of sermons; our increasing restless state, with the carnivorous cruelty of the leopard; while the discipline was laid hold of as a sword, and wielded with all the weight of the paw of the bear, and the redoubtable English lion thundered out its excommunications against Elias Hicks, Edward Stabler, John Comly, and others, though more than one half of the Society went with the latter.

Can any one acquainted with the history of the Church, question the propriety of the view I have taken, in relation to the synod, or council established over the seven Churches in Asia, being the principal head of the beast that John saw rise out of the sea of confusion and darkness. If any do, I refer them to the spirit and conduct of the council of Nice in 325, the council of Alexandria in 430, and the council of Ephesus in 431. Mosheim himself, although a prejudiced priest, has to acknowledge that the transactions of these councils will appear to the candid and equitable reader, in the most unfavorable light, as full of low artifice, contrary to all the rules of justice, and even destitute of the least share of common decency. Such, then, was the head or aristocracy, established in

the *one hundred and seventieth* year of the primitive church, that sapped the foundation of all its republican principles, and opened a wide door to the spirit of apostacy. And I verily believe the same evil genius was embraced in the proposition offered or made to the Society of Friends, on the continent of America, about the year *one hundred and seventy* of their existence as an organized body. Is not the coincidence remarkable? I do not wish to be understood as casting reflections upon those Friends who verily thought they were doing *God* service; I trust they were as sincere as Saul of Tarsus, and I only wish, like Saul—or Paul—they may pray to that Saviour who has pricked their consciences, and thus witness the scales to be removed from their eyes.

At a Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders, held at Buckingham, I had the first clear view of the *policy* and *management* of those Friends who were about turning the two great committees of care, that were to preside over the concerns of society, during the recesses of the Yearly Meeting, into this head of aristocracy. It came out in a discussion that took place about a minister recommended by Buckingham Monthly Meeting. A wealthy, and of course respectable, elder, said he thought the time was at hand when a Monthly Meeting would have no more business with recommending a minister, than a Preparative Meeting had with the business of a Monthly Meeting. That is, they would only bring forward the name, and the Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders would recommend or acknowledge the minister.

I thought I saw clearly now, what was going on; or if I may be permitted to make a parody of a part of one of the prophet Ezekiel's visions—I had seen something like the image of jealousy, that provoked to jealousy. I had met it several times in the entry, and I now saw, I thought, through something like a hole in the wall, what the ancients of Israel were doing in the dark, notwithstanding the thick black cloud that seemed to rest upon them. And, subsequently, I think I have seen the other abominations spoken of by the Lord's prophet. I have seen the womanish weakness of our society, quarrelling, fretting, and weeping, about they know not what. I have seen ministers and elders of a religious society, whose distinguishing doctrine is the supremacy and pre-eminence of *internal* over *external* evidence, turn their backs upon the Lord's tem-

ple and altar, within them, and set with their faces towards the East, worshipping the greatest luminary in the first and second heavens, the scriptures of truth, that never were nor never will be the *primary* rule of faith and practice, to a real substantial Quaker.

I return again to Buckingham Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders, and the democratic remarks I made in reply to the respectable and wealthy aristocrat, which offended him sadly. After meeting I went to speak to him, not thinking how I had hurt him, and was perfectly astonished to find him in something like an hysteric fit. His countenance was pale and distorted, and showed evident marks of great excitement; exposing him much to his disadvantage. I told him I did not desire to offend him, and was very sorry; but he would not be satisfied with such acknowledgement. So I had to leave him, with a heavy heart, and seek relief from one of our oldest elders, who told me that he did not think I had said any thing that ought to give him offence, and that if it pinched him, let him bear it. This man never forgave me, I fear, until he came on his death bed; when I have reason to believe he did, and I hope to meet his glorified spirit, where angry passions cease to trouble, and the tossed and weary soul is forever at rest. The next day he came to me and acknowledged that he was wrong, in suffering himself to get in such a passion, but that I was wrong also.

After what I had seen, I felt it my religious duty to lay before the next Quarterly Meeting, held at the Falls, a proposition, that that meeting should request the Yearly Meeting to institute a strict and serious enquiry into the standing of the Meeting for Sufferings; for there was reason to fear that it was becoming a dangerous aristocracy. From this time some Friends considered me as a suspicious, if not a dangerous character, and the respectable elder that I offended at the select meeting at Buckingham, called on me; and I have no doubt it was well for me, and him, too, I was not at home, for when men that are constitutionally choleric, turbulent, and haughty, meet under excitement, they mostly make bad worse.

I think it was in the winter following, that I was engaged with other Friends, in visiting the families of our Monthly Meeting, and while from home on this service, my shop was burned down, with all its contents, and, in a few days after-

wards, I was taken sick, and perhaps I was brought the nearest to the gates of death, I ever was. I very imprudently continued with Friends in the service, a day or two, with a chill and fever, and the last house I went into, I fainted as soon as I entered the door, and for six or eight days I was delirious. The friend of the house, being skilful, bled me immediately, and at the same time sent about five miles for our family physician, and my wife. My dear adopted sister, Beulah E. Twining, brought my wife in her carriage, and my dear son Isaac, then a boy of eight or nine, begging so to come along, they brought him also. Doctor Plumly was a man who was considered very skilful, but quite an enthusiast, pronouncing from the first my case desperate and incurable, and I believe always said, as long as he lived, that I was raised by a miracle, for some special purpose.

The only thing I remember at the friend's house, was my son sitting, holding my head and weeping. Next day they brought me home, in a carriage, and I can remember hearing the wheels on the bridge, and I faintly remember when they carried me into my own house. I am afraid I shall be tediously particular, because of something that was thought by some rather remarkable. During my delirium I spoke of the rotten state of a certain Bank whose credit then stood very high. One of my physicians being a director of said bank, was made to marvel a little at my saying I saw men secretly at work in the dark, and some of them with plain coats on, in a fraudulent and clandestine manner, which must end in the failure of the institution. But it was still more marvellous, that this prophecy in a delirium should be fulfilled in less than a year, by the disgraceful bankruptcy of that anti-christian nursery of usury.

Credulity and superstition are disposed to make mighty wonders of such circumstances, when this, as well as many others, may be explained on rational principles. The cashier of this bank died a short time before I was taken sick, and sent for me, about ten miles, the night before he died. I found him nearly gone, but he could speak so as to be understood to be concerned about the bank. But feeling it my duty to hold up something of more importance to him—salvation through *Jesus Christ* the only *Saviour*—I discouraged his concern about the bank, and he said no more. But after his death, I

could not help thinking that there might be something wrong about the bank, that he wished to disclose to me as a particular friend. With these impressions I was taken sick, and it appears reasonable that I would express in my delirium something about it.

When I came to myself I remember I was very much concerned for fear I had made use of profane language, having been once a profane swearer, and was truly thankful when I was told I did not.

I cannot feel altogether easy to omit a little matter, that is of great importance to me. One of my daughters, about 7 or 8 years of age, seeing and feeling the distress manifested by her mother and elder sisters, would go aside with her Bible, and read, and no doubt pray. She would then come to them and say, I think father will get well, for when I am reading there is something seems to tell me so. O, that dear children could be more encouraged to read the Scriptures and pray, for the fervent effectual prayer availeth much.

About this time I had been visiting the meetings in Philadelphia. On First days I remember they were very large, the houses could not contain the people, owing to the excitement and unsettled state of society, and not to my preaching. But I understood they manifested great concern for me, during my sickness, and I am certainly under obligations to many dear friends in that city, for their great kindness to me, a poor unworthy brother, and indeed the interest, attention, and kindness of my neighbors, rich and poor, still makes my heart overflow with gratitude.

In the spring of 1822, I visited the meetings and some of the families of friends of Baltimore, and tried to reconcile or settle a difficulty that had arisen among them about their grave yard, but found that the strong man armed was not to be bound, or cast out, but by a strength that I did not possess. I therefore had to give it up.

I thought Friends manifested a weak, unsettled state, by running after a popular English clergyman, and joining him in Bible Societies, and so forth. Being led to speak against Ephraim's idols, I gave offence, and received an unfriendly letter from a female elder, who afterwards acknowledged to me that she was wrong. Nevertheless, I found many valuable friends in that city, at the head of which I placed that happy

compound of the gentleman and the Christian, Evan Thomas; a prince in our Israel, and a pillar in the Lord's house that went no more out.

On my return from Baltimore, having a companion, our lives appeared to be in great jeopardy, by the steamboat coming in contact with a schooner in the dark, about ten o'clock at night, and at the widest part of Chesapeake Bay. The concussion was tremendous, and the alarm and confusion awful. The captain of the steamboat was a prudent man, having his lights burning, and shewed great presence of mind, and kindness to the captain and crew of the schooner, who appeared to have been asleep, having no light. I can never forget the passionate and affecting prayer of the captain of the schooner, and my sorrowful impressions, when I heard his son, about two and twenty years old, was drowned. The principal injury our boat received was the loss of six or seven paddles out of one of the wheels, which, retarding our progress, we did not arrive at the place of destination till daylight. Our horse and chair being on board, we proceeded on our journey, by the way of Wilmington, to Philadelphia.

At New York Yearly Meeting in 1822 I sat near G. W., a minister from England, who manifested a sociable familiarity, and expressed a wish for a further acquaintance with me, inviting me to dine with him, but I thought it best to avoid a particular interview, fearing that his blunt honesty of expression and my hot-headed Americanism coming in contact might make bad worse.

I have no recollection of any thing particular occurring at this Yearly Meeting, yet it must have been obvious to a serious observer of the signs of the times, that there were too many Friends like recruiting officers, trying to enlist soldiers, to strengthen their respective armies, and perhaps it was at this meeting, that Joseph Whitall took the bounty, and enrolled himself among the enemies of Elias Hicks and his friends; and his faithfulness in serving his party has been such that his name ought to be handed down to posterity.

I will here relate a circumstance touching my dear old friend Elias that perhaps is but little known. It was told to me by our cousin Willet Hicks, and goes to show that the exercises, trials, and sufferings of great and good men, have been somewhat similar in all ages. The prophet Elijah was brought into

serious exercise, trial, and suffering, when pursued by a combined force, consisting of the friends of false prophets, and apostate Israelites, led on by an extremely wicked woman. Strong and powerful as this good man had been, when wielding the sword of the Lord among Jezebel's mercenary hirelings, clear as was the ocular demonstration of divine power when he called down fire from heaven on the Lord's altar, conclusively convincing the true Israelites that God was on their side, he was comparatively weak when he sat under the juniper tree, in the wilderness, requesting to die, saying, "It is enough, now O Lord take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers." Quite similar was the situation of Elias Hicks, after a select quarterly meeting held at Westbury, as related by Willet, who said in substance, that he got information in New York, that a number of Elias's old friends had combined with the English, and perhaps led on by the redoubtable A. B, intended to make a formidable attack on him, at the quarterly meeting of ministers and elders next held at Westbury. The day before said meeting he went up to Jericho, and told Elias what he might expect. But the old man was not willing to believe him; could not think it possible that these friends, with whom he had had such sweet union and communion from his youth, should now turn against him. In the morning Willet said he told Elias's wife, who was an elder, that he wished her to go to meeting with some other friends, as he intended to take Elias in his carriage. At meeting his enemies appeared in battle array, as Willet had predicted, and as Elias never turned his back upon an enemy, something like a drawn battle was fought, when, as it often happens, especially in religious contests, both sides claimed the victory. Be it as it may, Elias was wounded, and as soon as he got in the carriage and the glasses were put up, he threw himself back and wept like a child, uttering a language like that of the Lord's prophet. I trust he was comforted, as Elijah was, by an holy angel. In his cousin Willet, at least, he found a steady sympathising friend. On the next day in the general quarterly meeting he appeared strong in the Lord.

Having exceeded the bounds I had prescribed, I must hasten to a close, and pass over many things that might be interesting to some, only mentioning such circumstances as seem connected with the separation in society.

A minister I have alluded to, in speaking of the party that was formed against me in Middletown Preparative Meeting of ministers and elders, now removed to another State, was visiting our meeting on the morning of the day of our Monthly Meeting, held at Makefield. Not knowing that a stranger was to be there, I was exceedingly worried with pretty texts of scripture that I might preach upon. I say worried, because I consider it a temptation, the activity and contrivance of the woman to be thinking and preparing pretty passages of scripture; and should a concern be got up to preach in this way, it would prove to be only a mock gospel.

When the minister had got through his service, I spoke in substance as follows, after alluding to my temptations on the way, "that I considered the Quaker preacher that brought his text from the Bible with him to meeting, made up to preach from, was worse than the hireling who brought his studied sermon, because he was a hypocrite." After the meeting had proceeded to business, the minister rose, and informed the meeting that the reason why he had not brought a minute, was owing to a mistake of the clerk, and then went on to speak of the severe attack that had been made upon him. When he sat down, our dear friend William Taylor, whose name I shall always refer to with love and respect, spoke in substance as follows, "that the Friend need not make himself uneasy about not having a minute, that he was glad he was with us." I united with my friend William, and we passed on quietly. When meeting broke, one of our elders came to me and expressed his astonishment that the minister should have taken offence at what I had said, for he should never have thought of such a thing, had he not fastened it on himself. Another elder, who was better acquainted, said he had expected he would kick. I was told afterwards that a nephew of this minister said he could always tell what his uncle was going to preach if he could only look over his shoulder whilst reading the Bible, before he went to meeting, and I have little doubt that he brought his text if not his sermon with him that morning.

Notwithstanding I was a silent, and sometimes sorrowful observer of the affecting scene, I was at times a little amused at the art and ingenuity of our English ministers, in trying to fasten on Elias and his friends the denunciations embraced in Peter's prophecy of the rise and progress of priestcraft. See

2d Peter, chap. 1, ver. 1, 2, 3. This favorite text they would apply to Elias Hicks and his friends with great dexterity, while they pronounced the words "damnation" and "destruction" with the violence of an inquisitor.

Ann and George Jones, with a strong force of Orthodox Friends from Philadelphia, attended our quarterly meeting held at Middletown, bearing down apparently every thing before them. I remember they threw out of our select meeting a recommendation of a minister from Buckingham Monthly Meeting, and one of the orthodox ministers exultingly declared that he saw Satan falling as a star from Heaven. The general quarterly meeting endorsed their satisfaction with the company of George and Ann Jones, with but one dissenting voice, and that honest Friend, as Willet Hicks called him, was John Miller, Jr., a Friend that ought to be remembered and respected by Bucks quarter for his steady, consistent and unflinching faithfulness. He boldly informed the meeting that he had no unity with the company nor labors of Ann Jones.

The signs of the times, as respects the Society of Friends, were now of a serious character. Their Jerusalem was no longer a quiet habitation, and their tabernacle was falling down; their cords were growing loose, and their stakes about to be removed, and where the glorious *Lord* had appeared to them, as a place of broad rivers and streams, the gallant ships and gallies with oars kept up a confused noise of war.

The English Friends spread themselves over the continent, and wherever they went they separated husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and the nearest and dearest friends. And I think I may add with safety, that in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting the division was so far anticipated, that the ecclesiastical machinery for disowning which had operated so successfully on poor Friends in Ireland, was transported to America, either to be set in operation here, or to be a pattern for a new machine that might better suit this country. Lawyers were feed, and civil officers employed. Such appears now to have been the movements, especially of Orthodox Friends, preparatory to the expected struggle at the Yearly Meeting of 1827.

In the latter part of the second month of this year, John Comly came to see me. I had just received an anonymous letter, wherein the writer mentioned that he had dreamed that

he was in a very large field, which had been planted with corn that had come up, and grown some six or eight inches, but a severe frost had come on it, and it was wilting down. In this large field he thought he saw me very industriously at work, trying to hold up the corn or make it stand straight. He said he thought in his dream it was such a pity for me to be spending my time to no good purpose, that he tried to persuade me to give it up and leave the field. But he said he thought I answered, I was determined not to leave the field until I tried to save some of the corn. This is as near as I can remember the substance of the letter which I afterwards found was written by a singular man, and a man of learning, not a member of our society. This letter I shewed to John Comly, when he remarked in substance, that the letter appeared to be significant, and might bear a construction of some importance. However, there was one thing appeared to him certain, that society was in danger of being scattered, and that something ought to be done immediately to preserve and keep us together, and that he wished to consult with some friends, as to the proper steps to be taken, for if he was not mistaken, the next Yearly Meeting would be an eventful, if not an awful time. That he had no idea that it would be best to contend much with the party that seemed determined to rule, and bear down every thing before them, but to prepare for a peaceable and quiet retreat.

Finding that John was under great discouragement, I thought to cheer him up a little, by telling him that he reminded me of Lucian in the Roman Senate, when Cæsar, with a powerful army, was approaching Rome to destroy the last vestige of the republic; referring to the dreadful struggle that they had made for liberty, and the terrible destruction of the lives of men, "he confessed his thoughts were turned on peace, and it was time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind; that it was not Cæsar but the Gods he feared." And while I certainly ought to prefer the peaceful and Christian-like spirit of John Comly, I was too much like Semphronius, another Senator, whose voice was still for war.

A day or two after this, Bucks Quarterly Meeting was held at Wrightstown, at which was Elizabeth Robson, and, of course, a number of her Orthodox friends. I have no recol-

lection of what she said. I only know that the meeting would not endorse her certificate, and that I made what the Orthodox called a flaming speech, consisting of false statements and downright lies, and in substance was as follows: "From the best information I am in possession of, Friends are on the decline in England, and there must be a cause for this effect. That if I was not mistaken in my information, there was, at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, seven hundred meetings of Friends in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and now they would scarcely number four hundred, and many of them are mere skeletons, as is abundantly confirmed by Samuel Smith and Sarah Harrison. Samuel says he was at two Quarterly Meetings, one of them consisted of twelve men and boys, and the other of eight; and Sarah speaks of one still less. Now there must be a cause for this sorrowful effect, and if I am not mistaken the cause emanated from the British hierarchy, that dark, strong hold of anti-Christ, whose deluded votaries, like Balac, taught the children of Israel to partake of things sacrificed to idols, joining Bible societies, Missionary societies, and other popular institutions set up in the self-will of man; in consequence of which I fear there has been a decline in our religious meetings in the kingdom of England, at the ratio of more than two meetings a year, for the last hundred years. And happy would it have been for Friends in America, could that evil genius that is producing such sad effects, have been kept on the other side of the Atlantic. But alas! it has not only landed on our shores, but found a residence in our populous cities, where there is fulness of bread and abundance of idleness, and if I am not mistaken in my impressions, is now forming in the dark a piece of ecclesiastical machinery, which, if suffered to go into full operation, will sap the foundations of our religious liberty. Let then the descendants of the worthy companions of the excellent William Penn, stand firm as Christian soldiers in defence of the sacred boon, religious liberty, purchased at the expense of the blood and sufferings of their honorable progenitors." Such was the substance, if not the very words, that were spoken, which offended the Orthodox, and alarmed my dear friend John Comly.

Next day Elizabeth Robson had an appointed meeting at Newton, which was attended by a number of her friends. After

meeting, I went and spoke to her, and something like the following conversation took place. I said, "Will Elizabeth Robson go home with Edward Hicks and take some dinner?" She replied, "I understand Edward Hicks is very much opposed to English Friends." I answered, "Edward Hicks professes to be a Christian, and consequently, ought to be a gentleman, and treat English as well as American Friends kindly, especially at his own house; come and see." She replied, "If Edward Hicks professes to be a Christian and a gentlemen, I confess I am at a loss to reconcile his false statements yesterday." I said, if she would convince me that I had made statements which were not true, I would make a public acknowledgment, but until she had done so, I must be indulged in believing I was correct. Christopher Healy said, he did not see how I could make any acknowledgment that would satisfy Friends, for my false declaration was made in so large a Quarterly Meeting. Elizabeth said, that one thing I said was undoubtedly false; that Friends in England were members of missionary societies. I asked her if they were not members of Bible societies? She said they were, and she gloried in it. I then told her, that I had always understood that those two societies were so inseparably connected, that to be directly a member of one, would be indirectly a member of the other; for the one furnished the books, and the other the men to spread them abroad. Elizabeth said there was another statement which I made that was not true; I said Friends in England were on the decline. I told her if I was wrong in that statement, I was indebted to her countryman, Thomas Clarkson, for the mistake, for I understood him to say that Friends in England were on the decline, and he was sorry for it. When Elizabeth seemed disposed to doubt my word, I told her I would bring the book and she might see for hrself. Her friend seemed willing now to end the controversy by taking her away.

I do not entertain a hard feeling towards Elizabeth Robson, and am far from wishing to charge her with acting unlady-like. She no doubt believed she was right, but was deficient in information.

Her companion, Bartholomew Wister, was not so fortunate in his disposition, but like Peter, (considering me as an enemy to the outward person of the SAVIOUR,) he waxed wroth and tried to cut off my right ear, or in other words, destroy my

character as a man of truth; saying at the time, as he stood behind me in a supercilious, sneering manner, "there, don't lie," "dont lie;" and afterwards posted me as a public liar. But I humbly trust that, like Peter, he was reproved by the Prince of Peace, and ordered to put up that sword he then wielded, in its sheath, and is now with Peter in the mansions of everlasting light and love.

B. W. was the son of dear John Wister, of Salem, N. J., a prince and father in our Israel, and an elder worthy of double honor.

John Comly, having no hope left of the preservation of our Yearly Meeting from being scattered and peeled, but according to his peaceable plan, pursued his prospect as truth opened the way, he being a minister in good esteem, and was no doubt the instrument made use of by the head of the Church, to secure that peaceable retreat and re-organization that saved the great body of Friends, constituting the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, from being scattered to the *four winds of heaven;* and however abused and misrepresented he may be by the Orthodox party, if ever truth triumphs over delusion, his name will stand upon the pages of the history of the Society of Friends, inseparably connected with the blessing of the peacemaker. Meanwhile the English and royal Americans —among whom the names of Jonathan Evans and Samuel Bettle should stand conspicuous—were pursuing a policy as cold and as cruel as the British cabinet or administration of 1775, when that illustrious statesman, William Pitt, charged them with extending their cold cunning traffic to the shambles of the German despot, and cruelly hiring the merciless Indians to set them as bloodhounds on their Protestant brethren, endeared to them by every tie that could sanctify humanity. So these English and American Quakers, I fear, were trafficking the funds of society, for the services of the most distinguished lawyers—those ravens who will croak the loudest for those who can give them the most of their favorite food, money. These hirelings, together with the hireling priests, that I shall allegorically call the bloodhounds of religious persecution, appear to be the formidable auxiliaries, employed by Orthodox Friends, to prosecute and persecute their Quaker brethren and sisters, endeared to them by every tie that ought to bind together the professors of Christianity.

The eventful and afflictive Yearly Meeting of 1827 arrived, and although I had been opposed to any thing that might lead to a division in society, still hoping there was unity enough in the meeting to preserve it, I saw on the first sitting of the meeting of ministers and elders, to my great sorrow, that it was a hopeless case, and told John Comly so immediately after the meeting adjourned.

I will now quote that powerful ecclesiastical historian, John Lawrence Mosheim. "The prelate that ruled the see of Alexandria at this time was Cyril, a man of a haughty, turbulent, and imperious temper, and painfully jealous of the rising power and authority of the Bishop of Constantinople." The elder that ruled the select Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia at this time, was Jonathan Evans, a man whose constitutional character was exactly answerable to the above description, and was as painfully jealous of the rising popularity and influence of Elias Hicks and John Comly, and having pledged himself to his party to carry through their favorite measure of getting a committee of their own, he did it with a violence that prostrated the common order and decency hitherto observed in those meetings. This committee of ministers and elders was to act for them, like the grand jury in our courts of justice. They were to find the bill of indictment for heresy, against every minister and elder that was not of their party in the Yearly Meeting; and another committee appointed in the general Yearly Meeting—which, by the way, turned out to be pretty much the same Friends—were to go down to all the Monthly Meetings, clothed with the executive power of the Yearly Meeting, for disowning, by which the anathema they had prepared was to be effectually hurled at the head of John Comly and his friends.

Hence the miniature likeness of the man and measures that triumphed at the third general council of the Church held at Ephesus, A. D. 431. After referring the reader to the account of this Yearly Meeting, given by James Cockburn, I think myself happy that I can contrast the spirit and conduct of John Comly, and his friends, who met at Green street, Philadelphia, at the close of this Yearly Meeting, with John of Antioch and the other eastern Bishops, for whom Cyril had refused to wait, when they met at Ephesus, and pronounced against him and Memnon, the Bishop of that city, who was *his* creature, as

severe a sentence as they had thundered against Nestorius. I say, I think myself happy that I can state the fact that Friends that had met at Green street, thundered no anathemas against their Orthodox brethren and sisters, pronounced no severe sentence against Jonathan Evans and Samuel Bettle, but only gave forth an humble exposition of the causes that led to the step they had taken; embracing a mild remonstrance against the proceedings of the late Yearly Meeting, with a view to its re-organization through its constituent branches. And wheresoever the precepts and example of Jesus Christ are loved and obeyed throughout the Society of Friends, this important step taken by Friends at Green street, will be told as a memorial of them; and had they kept to the Christian meekness that they then manifested, putting no confidence in the arm of flesh, feeing no lawyers, entering no courts of justice, only when compelled by law, and when dragged there by their enemies—had they kept to the example of their blessed Saviour, having nothing to do with the political concerns of the kingdoms of this world, carefully avoiding all the unsettling speculations and popular delusions that have distracted society—they would have stood now as a city set on a hill, that could not be hid; and thousands of the precious visited lambs would have left the barren mountains of empty profession, and flocked as doves to the ark of the everlasting covenant, ratified by the blood of a *Saviour*, whose arm, as the great antitype of Noah, would have been put forth for their reception; while their enemies, like the followers of the redoubtable George Keith, might have afforded a richer harvest for those preachers for hire, and diviners for money, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame. But alas! how I have been discouraged to see my dear friends continue so unsettled, even after the storm had subsided, ready to catch at every bubble floating on the surface, blown by any and every conceited speculator, even of the most trifling cast.

The first of it I noticed was so many Friends that were honorable farmers, and useful mechanics, wanting to be doctors; purchasing a patent right for twenty dollars, and, after reading a few books a few weeks, undertake their new mode of making money, by trying experiments on suffering humanity.

Now it grieved me to see, as I did in my own neighborhood, a plain Friend, and practical farmer, getting a sulkey with a

steaming box and long whip, and go cracking Doctor along the road. And to cap the climax of absurdity, he fell into the abominable Nicolatian practice—leaving his wife, the object of his youthful affection, the mother of his children, and taking a young woman in her place, plunged into the abyss of ruin in property and character, and I fear body and soul.

Another amiable Friend, who then lived in this town, a useful and ingenious mechanic, caught the same restless mania, and would be a Doctor in spite of all I could say to him; and in one of his unfortunate experiments upon a neighboring young woman, she died under the operation, which so incensed the people against him, he sold out and left us; and within the last year I was invited to meet with his neighbors, who assembled to attend his remains to an untimely grave, and sympathize with a distracted widow and helpless children.

Yet these and such as these, were, and are, encouraged in their folly by Friends of high standing, ministers and elders. Indeed, one of our elders told me, in substance, that the first of the two alluded to above, was so great a Doctor that he never lost a patient.

I am certainly not prepared to condemn the Thomsonian system of medicine, for it may be, for aught I know, the best; but as a believer in the religion of *Jesus Christ*, whose design and end is to make us consistent, reasonable beings—as a patriotic American citizen, who sincerely desires the present as well as the everlasting welfare of my fellow creatures—I feel it my duty to bear a faithful testimony against such abominable presumption and ignorance.

As to the old established system of medical practice as it *now stands among us*, I verily believe it to be one of the greatest impositions among Christians, and in the lower section of Bucks County, is worse than priest-craft. Instance their influence over silly women, male and female, in every family where they attend; instance, too, their influence over our lawmakers, so as to have their wages secured, if the miller, the butcher, the storekeeper, shoe maker, and even the very nurse, gets nothing; instance, too, their influence in so changing the customs of society, as to monopolize a species of surgery, that, taken in connection with their enormous fees, ought to furnish a monument to their shame. But what can we expect from a set of hard hearted unbelievers, as I verily believe they are,

taking them in the aggregate; for the very manner in which they are educated and prepared for their business, is calculated to destroy all the finer feelings of a virtuous youth.

If one half of what I have heard of young Doctors be true, from what I have known myself of both young and old, I would sooner follow a son of mine to his grave, with an unshaken evidence that he had died a true believer in Jesus Christ, than to follow him to the study of medicine in its present unchristian form.

Yet these are the men who are called upon to be our companions in a dying hour, when our souls as well as our bodies are agonizing in their pain, and the strong and tender ties of natural affection are to be broken, attended with all the fearful apprehensions of an after state; when the sun, the moon, the stars, and every constellation of heaven, is sinking into everlasting obscurity—yea, the very heavens themselves seem rolling together as a scroll, and eternity presenting to our view; when of *all other times* we need the Christian's sympathy, the prayer of faith and living aspiration, by which the humble, tender-hearted, childlike disciple anoints our poor sin-sick souls—we are surrounded by a set of consulting Doctors, as selfish, hard-hearted, and I fear as cruel, as the witnesses to the dying agonies of a suffering *Saviour*. And should we, like him, cry out, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" we can expect nothing from such attendants but vinegar mingled with gall.

And as if the great Author of Nature was not sufficient, with the assistance of his noblest and loveliest work-women, for their own business, tyrant custom shamefully introduces these men into the presence of our wives, our daughters, and our mothers, at a time when they seldom want more than the protection of their Heavenly Father, and the sympathy and assistance of their female friends. And what aggravates this ridiculous custom, after their shameful attendance and partial assistance for an hour or two, they have the effrontery unjustly to charge and accept from five to fifty, and even a hundred dollars; while the poor woman that has endured the toils of a wearisome day, and had scarcely closed her eyes on her humble pillow before she was called to the assistance of her neighbor, spends the whole night in the most assiduous attentions, and would feel herself insulted if she was offered moneyas a compensation for her kindness.

I know just such a woman now in our borough, whose meritorious usefulness makes her worthy of double honor, and were it not for awakening those mean, insignificant passions, *jealousy* and *envy*, I would record her name, in hopes that it might be handed down to posterity. But suffice it to say, she is a Deborah indeed, a mother in Israel, a blessing to the neighborhood where she lives, and an honor to her family and friends.

Ah, dear, lovely woman! I sincerely wish she had a more efficient advocate for her rights, and a more powerful and availing redresser of her wrongs; but she has my little mite, which I can assure her comes sincerely from the very bottom of my heart.

One more statement of unpleasant facts about these Doctors, and then I hope I will be done finding fault with them.

Some of them profess to be religious, and I fear too often enter the sick room consummate hypocrites—manifesting in their address suavity and tenderness, while cursed self is coldly calculating how much money they will make out of their patient, which is proven from the enormous bills that are too often produced to the executor or administrator, by which the poor man's widow and children are in one sense robbed—while at the same time, the religious Doctor can support a hireling priest or keep a forte piano.

They profess to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the humble carpenter of Nazareth, and prove themselves hypocrites by their practice, in which they neither obey his precepts, nor follow his example. I read that he told his disciples to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; but I never read that he commanded them to make money out of suffering humanity. I read of this heavenly physician doctoring in the family of a very rich Roman military officer, but I never read of his sending in a bill of two or three hundred dollars, but understand from the Scripture, that he was amply paid by the Christian faith and humility manifested by the centurion, and gave him the following receipt in full of all demands—"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." I read of Peter and Paul performing divers cures of inveterate and afflicting diseases, and relieving poor suffering men and women, but I always understood from the Scriptures of Truth—or what some call "the Word of God"—they did it without money and without price,

and ministered to their own necessities and them that were with them, by the labor of their own hands.

I will now ask those Doctors that profess to be Christians, especially members of the religious Society of Friends, whether they can find an argument in the Scriptures in their favor; that is, in favor of *making a mercenary concern of relieving the sufferings of their fellow creatures,* that would not equally support a hireling ministry—and whether the two professions, as respects the practice of both Doctors of divinity and Doctors of medicine, are not a great imposition upon society, and call loudly for reform? "Hireling ministry," said H. G. O., while mayor of the city of Boston, to my friend J. F., "is the greatest curse and darkest cloud that hangs over christendom." "It is contrary to my interest," says Doctor Belville, late of the city of Trenton, one of the greatest physicians in the United States, to my friend S. C., "but you may depend upon it that we Doctors are the greatest imposition upon the public, and are shamefully living upon poor, weak, credulous people." The late Nicholas Waler, an eminent lawyer, and afterwards an eminent minister of the Gospel, declared in a public meeting held in London, "that the priests, the doctors, and the lawyers, were the deceivers of mankind." Seeing, then, that men of the greatest knowledge and experience, unite with the illiterate mechanic, that priest craft and doctor craft are shameful impositions upon Christians, and a sad evil in the land, I will offer for the serious consideration of Friends and others, the following proposition, as a remedy or prescription for the disease:

Let all Christian parents, guardians, and heads of families, consider themselves as delegated shepherds, under the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, charged with the care of a flock of lambs, in the wilderness of this world, and for whose present and everlasting welfare they are in a certain degree responsible, and will have to answer it before the tribunal of final judgment. This awful consideration will beget a religious concern to bring their children, even in their infancy, to *Christ,* that *he* may lay *his* hands upon them, and bless them, answerable to the concern of those parents we read of in the New Testament. This can most assuredly now be done by praying to *Christ,* as an omnipresent Saviour, a quickening spirit, that hath all power in heaven and in earth, and has promised and

will undoubtedly fulfil it, "Whatsoever you ask in my name, I will do it." This *name* is the *power* and *quickening spirit* of all fervent and effectual prayer. Such as are thus exercised will be kind, affectionate, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, and be the happy instruments of kindling on the altar of the child's heart, the same devotional flame that glows within their own breast.

Thus the dear rising youth of America may be brought into the true sheep fold, and hear the voice of the Heavenly Shepherd, who has promised he will give unto them eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of his hand. "My sheep they hear my voice and follow me, but the voice of a stranger they will not follow." Hence the next generation of men and women will see through the sheepskins upon those ravening wolves, a proud, pompous, mercenary priesthood will sink undistinguished into the common mass of the people, and this dark cloud and curse of christendom be seen no more for ever.

Let the present rising generation, both male and female, be well educated in *useful* knowledge, to fit them for useful business, and let all scholastic learning that is merely *ornamental* be dispensed with, and substitute in its place the substantial parts of the science of medicine, particularly anatomy and botany. Let this be taught by competent male and female teachers.

It can give but little satisfaction to tell our poor suffering fellow creatures about *metaphysical abstractions.* But to be able to tell them concerning their *physical structure,* how fearfully and wonderfully they are made, and what part of their complicated system is disordered, occasioning their suffering, and that there is a remedy provided by a merciful Heavenly Father and physician, in the inexhaustible resources of the mineral and vegetable productions of the earth—is an attainment worthy of our pursuit.

This important knowledge being instilled into our dear children at school, will ripen when they come to maturity, and when they enter upon the stage of active life, to mingle with their elder brethren and sisters in the social and relative duties, they will come forth as William Penn said of George Fox, good neighbors, good physicians, and consistent Christians, all of God Almighty's own making. Or in other words, those noble, rational beings, both male and female, that the Great Author

of nature hath endowed with the requisite qualifications for physicians and surgeons, will take their proper places in society and shine as stars; while the children of avarice and the nurslings of pride and ambition, will be compelled from necessity to labor with their own hands, undistinguished in their respective channels of usefulness.

Then, in every neighborhood, there will be raised up a sufficient number of such physicians and surgeons, both male and female, that would enter the house of sickness and affliction like good neighbors do now, with the tear of Christian sympathy in their eyes, and the noble, benevolent spirit of the Gospel in their hearts; spirits that would be wounded in the house of their friends, were money offered them as a compensation for their services, and should even the selfish thought steal into their heart, they would turn it out as a temptation of the devil.

I am glad I can speak experimentally of such kind neighbors. Some eight or ten years since, my family was afflicted with sickness. My wife was a cripple in both of her hands, my son and three daughters were sick, two of them sadly so. Indeed one of them was so nearly gone that there was scarcely a hope of her recovery left. Ah, it was then I could appreciate the value of those noble women, who are a blessing to every neighborhood where they reside. With what tenderness and devotion did they attend upon my poor sick daughters, by day and by night. There was one young woman, whose name I can never recur to but with feelings of love and gratitude, a name that I would record, were it not that there were so many like her, who may see this account and be tempted to feelings of jealousy, that great destroyer of female happiness. It was then I saw what our Lord embraced in one of his sayings, "There are last that shall be first, and first last;" out of four brothers-in-law, that lived no great distance, the younger—a strong powerful looking man, with his constitutional fondness for fun and frolic marked in the lines and configuration of his face, often called to offer his services, and I can never forget that dear brother the morning we thought one of our daughters was near her end. His strong masculine countenance was melted into more than female softness, and something like the angel of mercy and goodness reflected from the tear that stood in his eye, while his manly bosom heaved with sympathetic

feelings too big to be uttered. This man though he made no profession of religion at that time, gave abundant evidence that he was influenced by brotherly kindness, one of the highest perfections of a Christian. I would rather have such a man to nurse me, when sick, and help me when not able to help myself, than any other kind in our neighborhood. Such men as these I have known in every place where I have lived for forty-five years; and many of them *poor men*, who have to maintain a large family by the labor of their own hands, after working hard all day, would be sent for to go many miles to sit up with the sick all night, because of their superior skill, attention, and kindness. These men would feel themselves insulted if they were offered money for their services.

Now I want physicians and surgeons made of such men as these, and such women as were before alluded to, who are benefactors and blessings to their fellow creatures. And this in the way I have proposed, appears to me to be the only means that can break up effectually the shameful imposition of doctor craft, which in its present form and practice is a disgrace to the cause of Christianity.

I am now glad I can record some honorable exceptions to the above severe strictures on Doctors.

Whilst my family was sick, my wife was anxious to see Doctor Parrish. I wrote him a few lines touching the affliction, stating that one of my daughters appeared near the gates of death, and mentioning the particular desire of my wife to see him. About this time I understood he received a message from Joseph Bonaparte, then living at Bordentown, that he wished to see him also, and for which visit I have no doubt the ex-king of Spain would have cheerfully paid him one hundred dollars. But I further understood that the Doctor informed the rich potentate, that it would be inconvenient to attend him at his residence, but if he would come to Philadelphia he would wait on him. Such is the impression I have received. But when Doctor Parrish received a message from his poor friend, he came forthwith thirty miles, and after comforting and encouraging my afflicted wife and children, by his peculiar sweetness and suavity, I say *peculiar* because sincere, I took him aside to pay him, when he made use of a language like this, "No, my dear friend, I cannot take thy money. It was not money induced me to come, *but sympathy and love*

for thee and thy afflicted family." Ah, my dear friend, whoever thou art, who may read these sayings of Doctor. Parrish, let me tell thee they embrace the very thing I want. I want a great many just such Christian doctors as Doctor Parrish, with this great improvement upon their characters, they shall carry on carpentering, merchandising or farming, for the honorable support of themselves and families, so that they can do unto every Christian brother and sister as Doctor Parrish did to me and my afflicted family, that the blessed kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ may be established in the heights of civilized America, and the darling attributes of mercy and goodness exalted above all the hills of cursed selfishness and pride.

I rejoice that I can produce another redeeming case in the character of Doctor Isaac Chapman, late of Wrightstown, in the county of Bucks, Pa., whose meritorious example as a physician is worthy to be recorded. I am aware that he was no friend of mine, having, in our Quaker revolution, enlisted in the Orthodox ranks, and was of course taught by his leaders to view me as a heathen man and a publican. But God forbid that I should be influenced by that mean, pitiful bigotry, that would deprive him of his due, merely because we differed in Quaker politics. Doctor Chapman was a worthy man, a faithful guardian to the orphan, and an upright protector of the widow. But his moderation in his charges to the rich and the poor during a long and extensive practice, has no parallel. I shall only state two cases out of the many I have known.

A very rich man's daughter married a respectable young man in Philadelphia. Some short time after their settlement she came on a visit to her father, and was taken sick with an obstinate lingering fever. Doctor Chapman attended her nearly three months, riding four miles twice a day a considerable part of the time. When she had recovered so as to be able to remove back to the city, her husband called on the Doctor for his bill, not doubting but what it would be fifty or sixty pounds. He had brought that sum, but what was his agreeable surprise when the Doctor produced his bill calling for only twenty dollars.

The other was a poor man that Doctor Chapman had attended in his family for nearly fifteen years, and the poor man had become alarmed in consequence of hearing of the enormous

bills of other Doctors, and having saved ten dollars, he met the Doctor in the road, and gave it to him. The Doctor at first refused to take it, but the poor man insisting upon his taking it as part pay, he consented; but observed at the same time he thought it was too much, but he could hand him the change. Some days after, the poor man met the Doctor again, when the Doctor handed him five dollars and a half change, out of the ten: charging only four dollars and a half for fifteen years' attendance on his family. Now, dear Doctor, whoever thou art that may read this, go and do likewise, that thy name may leave a savor grateful to surviving generations.

I have wandered so far from my path I hardly know how to find my way back, or at what point to start again. I believe I started from the path of narrative after some of my dear friends who had run wild after the Thomsonian system of doctoring, and having overtaken them, I do not wish to upbraid them with their folly, for I do not doubt the honesty and sincerity of their motives; but I would try to persuade such as have left the path of humble industry, for this new mode of making money out of suffering humanity, to return to it again as soon as possible; for the *path of humble industry will be found to be the path of the just man, whose increasing brightness will lead to present and everlasting peace;* and I think that some who may read this will be prepared, having learned from the things they have suffered, to take the above advice.

Yes, there are too many valuable Friends that have suffered by running after new things; and I have noticed that when Friends give way to unsettlement, they hardly know when to stop. Now their medical speculation seemed to prepare the way for a morus multicaulis speculation, and whether it was the losses and crosses attendant on this wild scheme, bringing many into the bondage of debt and difficulty, which led them into sympathy for the poor slaves—or whether it was their fine patriotic feelings; certain it is, that many of these Friends were prepared to embrace, and did join, the *political abolition* speculation. I wish here distinctly to be understood, that I make use of the word or term *political*, to distinguish between the present *abolition mania* and the *sober, serious testimony* against Slavery, recognized by the Society of Friends. It led the political abolitionists to open their meeting houses to lawyers and lecturers, which led many to still greater weakness,

even a kind of head philosophy, by which they undertake to account for all the peculiar exercises of the soul, by particular protuberances on the head. Now ministers and elders professing to believe in this, and going about feeling young people's heads, grieves and discourages me. But to cap the climax of absurdity, and show what ridiculous inconsistency Friends are running into, too many Friends profess to believe in a system of deception called animal magnetism, and are actually encouraging men who are going about operating on poor weak little girls—I suppose at an age when the peculiar state of their *nervous* system answers their diabolical purpose.

Now I cannot help looking upon this deception with *anger;* being grieved not only at the hardness of the conjurers' hearts, but the cruelty of parents, in letting their dear little girls be so shamefully abused. If this is suffered to go on, I should not be surprised, feeble as my hold on life is, to live to see with sorrow too many of our dear young women ruined, and virtue, honor, and even common decency, trodden under foot with impunity.

When the Jesuits, those great deceivers of Catholic christendom, commenced their operations, they began by teaching children, but ended in teaching princes; and nothing but a providential interference prevented them from putting civil and religious liberty into a common grave.

I hope there are but few Friends that have run into this sad extreme, but there are many who are running after the other bubbles. Indeed, some of the best Friends belonging to our Monthly Meeting, were caught by that rattle and conceit called morus multicaulis, and two of them acted so Christian like, that their conduct ought to be recorded.

One of them was a worthy, exemplary elder, and the other a young married man, with a lovely wife—a sweet preacher—and an interesting family of young children.

The elder was a farmer and a renter, and thinking to make something, he laid out a hundred dollars in mulberry trees, and when they were at their perfection for market, another very clever Friend bought them, and gave his obligation to the elder for seven hundred dollars, payable in nine months. Before the money was due, the bubble bursted. Some time after the nine months had expired, the elder called on his friend with the obligation for seven hundred dollars, and see-

ing him look dejected, he said very pleasantly, "don't be discouraged, I have not come to insist upon thy fulfilling thy promise. But as thou art a rich man and I am a poor one, I thought I would propose to thee to pay me the one hundred dollars I payed for the trees—I will then give thee up thy bond for seven hundred and lose all my labor. Here was practical Christian feeling.

The other was a young Friend who was a hatter, that like the dear primitives studied to be quiet and mind his own business, and work with his own hands, so that he walked orderly towards them without and lacked nothing; but he was in debt for his house and lot, and had to pay usury to a money-monger. This sometimes discouraged him, and being a little melancholy, one day this money-making gipsy, morus multicaulis, came singing into his shop, and her song was so musical about making a little money so easily and so honestly, to pay the debt on his house and lot, that in spite of his better judgment, he bought a small parcel of mulberry trees and planted them on his lot. When they were ready for market, the son of a wealthy Presbyterian elder, brought up by his father an honorable carpenter, in the path of humble industry, whom the priests and their satellites persuaded to go to some eastern college to study idleness, arrogance, and speculation, preparatory, perhaps, for holy orders,—bought our young friend's trees for three hundred dollars, and gave his note for the money, payable in nine months. But the bubble breaking, as in the other case, our young collegian fled, and our friend wot not what had become of him. But it appeared in the sequel that this young Presbyterian had had too good an education, under the care of his excellent father, in the path of humble industry, to be entirely spoiled, even by priests and colleges, for he went to sea, and being diligent and faithful in his business, saved money and came back like an honest man to pay his debts. Calling on our friend he said, "Charles, I have come to pay you part of that money I owe you, and renew the obligation, and if it takes me fifteen years, if I live, I will pay you every cent." Our friend went and got the note, and holding it in his hand, thus addressed him in substance: "Dost thou think I could take money from thee, for which thou never hadst a valuable consideration? No! poor as I am, I would suffer anything rather than act so dishonestly." So saying, he put the note in the fire.

See what an honorable Presbyterian and an honest benevolent Quaker can do. I sincerely wish that all Presbyterians and Quakers, were influenced by the same noble, generous spirit. The partition wall which divided the Jew from the Gentile, would be thrown down, and the children of God gathered into one, "That there may be one God and his name One."

I now return again to the Spring of 1827. The Orthodox, consisting of the English and Royal Americans, having, as they supposed, gained the ascendancy in the Yearly Meetings, appeared in full force at Philadelphia quarter, carrying all before them. But at Abington, the same week, they were totally defeated after a contest of nearly seven hours. At Concord, Salem, Western, Shrewsbury, Rahway and Southern quarters, they had to retreat. At Caln and Burlington they were the strongest, and came over to old Bucks, flushed with victory and confident of success.

I can never forget Bucks Quarterly Meeting, held at Buckingham, in the Fifth month, 1827, especially the meeting of ministers and elders. It was to me a distressing, indeed I may say, an awful time, for I felt the weight of the responsibility that rested upon me, as the only minister belonging to Bucks quarter then present, that the anathema of ecclesiastical censure was to be hurled at, or, in other words, the only victim branded as an infidel, and marked for certain disownment, and the importance of sustaining, with decency and dignity, the contemplated shock. In the agony of my feelings I prayed most fervently, and was comforted with the words of the blessed Saviour, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death, tarry ye here and watch with me." I remembered that these expressions were used by the blessed *Jesus*, just before he was arraigned before the Orthodox Israelites that composed the Jewish Sanhedrim, and I thought it a blessed privilege that a worm of the dust, as I was in comparison, should drink of the cup of suffering a *Saviour* drank of. Whether it was this opening or what it was that stayed my mind, I must leave, while I acknowledge with thankfulness, I was willing to suffer patiently for about seven hours.

I might have fared worse had it not been for my dear friend Abraham Lower and Samuel Noble, for a great deal of time was spent by Orthodox Friends in trying to get them out of the meeting. The distressing altercation drove our tender

friend William Taylor, from the table, as clerk, to the select quarter, and several other valuable Friends, like him, left the house; so that the contest on the part of Friends of Bucks quarter, had to be sustained principally by six elders, and one minister, with the assistance of A. Lower and S. Noble.

I think it right to record the names of those elders whose conduct on that day was so Christian-like; to wit:—Thomas Carey, Benjamin Smith, Issac Buckman, Joseph Briggs, Jeremiah Mahan, and Samuel Swain. I have no recollection of an act or saying of either of these Friends that was not in perfect propriety. If there was any impropriety of conduct I would rather charge it to myself, though I feel no comdemnation for any thing I said or did. Our dear friend, Stephen Comfort, was with us that dreadful day, but being under peculiar depression of spirits in consequence of the distressing illness of his truly valuable brother Samuel, I do not remember his saying any thing.

At the general quarterly meeting next day, Friends arose in the full majesty of their strength, and Orthodoxy was defeated at every point, and that in the shortest time I ever knew the meeting to hold. All their written and verbal communications were rejected, and the remonstrance of the representatives against the proceedings of the late Yearly Meeting, signed by twenty-two out of the twenty-four, was read and united with.

Notwithstanding this apparently signal victory, the battle had to be fought over again three times. First, in the Monthly Meeting immediately succeeding the quarter; secondly, in the next Quarterly Meeting, held at the Falls, and thirdly and lastly, at the Monthly Meeting in the Ninth month, which completed the separation, and the Orthodox lost all but the books and papers belonging to the women's meeting at the Falls, and the privilege of holding their meetings in that meeting house.

Having brought into view two dear friends, Abraham Lower and Stephen Comfort, valuable ministers, I feel it right to record a brief memorial of them, more especially as their respective Monthly Meetings have never noted them. Though they are dead as to the outward man, they still live in my mind. Dear Stephen, I loved him affectionately as a Christian brother in Christ, and verily believe, although a great sufferer, *Jesus* loved him as his own and "loved him to the end;" granting

his immortal soul an admittance into those glorious mansions, where the morning stars join in singing hallelujah, and all the Sons of God forever shout for joy.

Dear Abraham may be said, in the language of Scripture, to have been a valiant man. Living in Philadelphia where he was exposed to Orthodox intolerance, some of the last years of his life, he seemed almost always to be in arms or in action. Hence his resemblance to Joab, that valiant captain and faithful friend to the house of David, when the house of Saul was rejected in the counsels of infinite wisdom; and if he had failings, they were somewhat like those of Joab, whose violence and zeal caused him to slay with his spear, what the king's mercy would have spared. This man, like his friend Stephen, has never been noticed by his Monthly Meeting, for what cause I know not. One thing is certain, there have been those who have been highly memorialized, that had not the courage or decision of character to show themselves where such men as John Comly and Abraham Lower, in the begining of the revolution, stood with their lives, as it were, in their hands; and I am sorry to say, I verily fear there are some now among us who are assuming a commanding position, and heading a party, who appear to me to be going off from Friends, that at the trying time before alluded to, stood behind the screen—or perhaps like the bat in the fable, hovering over to see which would be the strongest side, Orthodox or Friends, and, if this was the case, I do not wonder they are now to be seen flying in the dark, catching and carrying off so many of our youth, that like the insects of a summer's evening, are gamboling in the twilight. But when they receive the due reward of their deeds, it will be like the aforesaid bat, they will be rejected by both sides.

After the monthly meetings in the 9th month, 1827, Orthodox Friends got their ecclesiastical machinery organized, as they supposed, exactly to suit the latitude of the United States, and commenced disowning, preparatory to carrying out the advice of their great lawyers, in a regular and systematic prosecution for all the property. This ridiculous farce, for I can call it by no better name, rouses my indignation, and I cannot help looking back upon their conduct, I hope as our *Saviour* did upon rotten hearted professors formerly, when he was grieved for the hardness of their hearts; for the hearts of such must be hard, who are coldly pursuing a malignant, un-

just plan of operations, that has for its object, all the injury they could possibly inflict. I may be in a wrong spirit, and express myself in unpleasant terms, for I confess I never had any thing so to try me as the *cold*, supercilious and insulting manner in which they entered our houses, assuming a jurisdiction over our families. I confess I got angry, and perhaps, like Peter, drew my own sword and cut off their right ear.

In the Monthly Meeting of Makefield, of which I am a member, there was but two obscure families went off with the Orthodox. Not one of our select members went with them, so that they could not hold a meeting. Yet these two families, consisting of two youngish men and their wives, with a few small children, were considered all sufficient, agreeably to the wondrous power of their ecclesiastical machinery, to disown a large Monthly Meeting, and lay down and discontinue two large meetings for worship, and take several thousand dollars worth of property in direct opposition to every principle of justice and equity.

I will here present the proceedings of Makefield Monthly Meeting, in relation to the few Orthodox that left them, as a striking contrast to their unkind and unjust proceedings against us. After waiting five or six years and finding their conduct would occasion some difficulty, we united in the following testimony, which was placed upon record.

"In the 9th month, 1827, J. B., C. B., M. B., S. B., M. B., and M. J., went off and left us, and uniting with others that acted in a similar manner in other monthly meetings, setting up separate meetings, both for worship and discipline, thereby dissolving their connection, and resigning all their right in our religious society; and although we can have no unity with their proceedings, nor consider ourselves in any way accountable for their conduct, or those minor children under their care, that have decided on going with them, nevertheless we cannot for conscience sake make use of the discipline as a sword to pursue them, hoping they are influenced by sincere and conscientious motives, and as free, intelligent beings they have an equal right with ourselves to the enjoyment of religious liberty. We therefore feel most easy to make this record of the fact, leaving them in the hands of a merciful and most gracious Being, sincerely desiring their present and everlasting welfare; standing ever disposed, not only

to compromise or settle as respects property on the great principles of justice and equity, but should any of them become convinced it was their duty to return, to receive them with joy into the bosom of our religious society."

Indeed, it appears to me that the English and Royal Americans, would have rejoiced in the destruction of Friends' meeting at Newtown, and have been glad to take our meeting house, and put it in possession of the *original* owner of the land, and see him convert it into a cocoonery, or steeple-house; for this man, though a descendant from one of the most respectable families of Friends in Bucks county, was disowned for getting married by an hireling priest, and then did one of the worst things, I think, he could have done for his standing in this world, if not in the world to come, by turning against the friends of his honorable father, and his own best friends, and joining the Episcopalians—Friends' greatest enemies; who have taken more of their property—more of their liberty, and more of their lives, than all other societies put together. For a proof of this charge, I refer the reader to Sewel and Gough's history, and to the bitter attack upon Friends, by an Episcopal clergyman, in the Doylestown paper, in 1837, over the signature of "Americus."

Having given a sketch of the hostile spirit of Orthodoxy, against our meeting, I will state a few facts, as relates to the attack of the same spirit upon the poor preacher.

Their first open attack was upon my public character, part of which they embraced in a declaration from the Yearly Meeting of 1828, in which they labored to destroy it, by trying to make me out an infidel, and an unbeliever in the great doctrines of Christianity. This they had a right to do, if they really thought so, for my public character is certainly a kind of public property; but they were sadly mistaken, even in this, for the public mind in the little circle in which I moved, would not believe them, and moreover their spreading my name beyond that circle, gave me a celebrity that my talents and qualifications never merited. But their attack upon my private and moral character, was shamefully unchristian, ungentlemanly and even unmanly, manifesting that hardness of heart, and deficiency of understanding that have characterized the mad brained Orthodoxy of the priests and their satellites from the days of the outward advent of the Saviour, down to

the present time. Being in a serious difficulty to get a charge sufficient to blast my private and moral character, in consequence of the merciful care of the Shepherd of Israel in preserving me from gross evil, when I was wicked enough to have plunged into the worst, they had recourse to an old superannuated stale report that was raised about me ten or twelve years before, by a lawyer, then living in our town, and at that time a complete tool for a popular Baptist preacher, who preached to a small class in the old Court House, once a month. These Baptists being placed at antipodes to the great Baptist John, were filled with chagrin and sorrow to find that Friends were increasing, and they were decreasing, and being Orthodox they must do all they could do against Friends. Hence the importance of knocking down Friends' poor minister, right or wrong; and I being a poor painter and coachmaker, may have disappointed the said lawyer, in not getting his carriage done for him, according to promise, although I have no recollection of any thing of the kind, sufficient for him to report me as a common liar, which I believe he did, for a professed Deist told a dear friend of mine, he had it from the aforesaid Orthodox lawyer. Unfortunately for me, I have been, and still am, the butt of the Orthodox and the Deist. Hence the extreme parties in the Society of Friends are unfriendly to me, and I do not know that I ought to blame them, for I certainly have no unity with either of them. Be that as it may, the Orthodox Friends got hold of this report, and tried their best to destroy my character as a man of truth, both far and near, as the following fact will abundantly prove.

Towards the close of 1827, I received through the post office, a large letter, and on opening it found there was no name to it, only initials, but it appeared to be written in a friendly spirit, and in substance was as follows: "I have heard thee in days that are past, as I then thought, preach the gospel, and I loved thee, but lately I heard it told in a large company of Friends, thirty or more, principally ministers and elders, that thou hadst become a kind of leader in a party that denied the Christian religion, and trampled all discipline and order under foot with impunity, and had become so loose and immoral in thy conduct, that thee was thought nothing of by respectable people, and so a great a liar that it was proverbial in the neighborhood, if any one told a great

lie, to say, it was as great a one as Edward Hicks could tell, and such was the loss of confidence in thee, thee could get very little to do. If this is true, thou hast sorrowfully fallen. If it is not true, it is then sorrowful that there should be members of our religious society, so lost to every sense of goodness, as to circulate such scandalous reports; and if thou canst send me sufficient evidence that the report is false, I stand ready to assist thee in calling them to an account, and will send thee the names of thy principal enemies." This is, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of my friend's letter. I immediately called on our post master, who, on examining his list, found the post office from whence the letter had come, and the name of the post master. It was in New York State, near Connecticut. There being sufficient room on the large sheet of paper, I wrote an answer in substance as follows: "I deny the charges, and declare that I am not a leader in a party that denies the Christian religion, and is trampling upon the excellent discipline of the Society of Friends, for there never was a time in my life, when the religion of *Jesus*, in its blessed simplicity, as recorded in the New Testament, and professed by Friends, was more near and dear to me, and I think I would be willing to lay down my life for it. And I have an increasing attachment and love for our discipline, and verily believe it to be the most efficient evangelical code of laws ever given to any sect of Christians. And as to the other charges, they are scarcely worthy of notice, when I can state the following fact. I am now employing four hands, besides myself, in coach, sign, and ornamental painting, and still more in repairing and finishing carriages, and I think I should find no difficulty in doubling my business. I have done the painting for two respectable coachmakers for ten years, and if I am not mistaken, were I disposed to prosecute for such a shameful attack upon my private character, these respectable neighbors would furnish depositions in direct opposition to these backbiters. But, conscious that I have the unity, the love, and esteem of my friends and neighbors—living in peace and harmony with Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, &c.—conscious, too, that I have the unity and Christian sympathy of the great body of Friends, constituting Bucks Quarterly Meeting, and the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, I would not go over the sill of my door to clear up a report that is nothing

but an effervescence of the gall of bitterness in the bond of iniquity. As to the names of those ministers and elders that spread the report, I should be sorry to know them, lest they might darken a long list of worthy men and women, who fill those stations and stand high in my esteem."

This is as nearly as I can recollect the substance of the answer I wrote, and having just room enough left to write a short address to the post master. I told him that the within letter which he was entirely at liberty to read, I hoped would be a sufficient excuse for the liberty I had taken. The post master was a Presbyterian or a Methodist, as was the neighborhood generally, and the contents of these letters getting out, militated much against Orthodox Friends.

In a week or two, I got another letter from my friend, with his name in full, apologising for the mistake he had made in sending the copy instead of the original letter. In this letter he bespoke a carriage of me, and to show the confidence he put in me—the testimony of Orthodox ministers and elders, to the contrary notwithstanding—when I told him I would deliver his carriage in New York on such a day of the week, between the hours of ten and eleven, he came thirty miles with his horses and harness, and we met within ten minutes. This carriage turned out to be a good one, and I got others to make from the same neighborhood; and when I went into that country at the time of the separation of Purchase Quarterly Meeting, in company with my kinsman, Willet Hicks, I was rather astonished at the number of Friends I met with; and after the separation, and the Orthodox had left the house, they were scarcely missed there were such a body of Friends and friendly people; and although the English and Royal Americans were there in full force, and gave notice as they went off, that they would hold their meeting for worship, in a large school house, in a beautiful grove, where seats would be provided for a very large company, I understand their meeting was rather a slim concern, while the people seemed to come in a mass to Friends' old meeting house; I suppose the Orthodox might think, out of mere curiosity to hear a mighty big liar.

I could fill a sheet of paper with interesting incidents that occurred at this Quarterly Meeting, but I shall only say I was astonished, amused and comforted, while the Orthodox remained with us. I was astonished at the audacious manner in which

Ann Jones prophesied of the destruction of Friends' Quarterly Meeting at Purchase. After denouncing Friends in her usual manner, comparing them to men without heads, clouds without rain, trees without roots, and wells without water; I think I remember distinctly she said in substance, that Friends would be scattered in less than two years, so as not to be able to hold a Quarterly Meeting, and then added emphatically, "Mark my words, in less than three years, at the farthest, you will be scattered to the four winds." Now I do not know precisely the state of that meeting, but I believe it has been regularly kept up ever since, which, I think, will be sixteen years next week.

I was amused at the ingenious manner in which the English preachers managed, in time of the meeting for worship. The meeting was not settled before one of them arose and began to preach, and as soon as she took her seat, another would rise, and so they occupied the time, to the exclusion of all others. But what amused me most, was the mistake they were under, if they supposed they were disappointing and worrying me, for I was pleased to be excused from preaching, and as the time was taken up principally by Ann Jones and Elizabeth Robson, or Anna Brathwaite, I sat most comfortably and heard them, for I did love to hear Ann and Elizabeth speak, and I don't know but the apostle Paul himself might be pleased to hear Ann Jones, even when she "preached Christ, of envy and strife,"* for she was so beautiful a preacher, and I am thankful I have not a bad feeling in my heart towards her. But I rather think the apostle would have confined her to the island of England, and not suffered her to speak false prophecies in the church.

It is quite possible that I may have overdrawn this picture of Orthodox defamation, at any rate it would be right to say what I verily believe, that Orthodox Friends of New York had nothing to do with it, and if I should judge from the respect and kindness with which they have always treated me, they did not believe the report, but that it emanated from the dark strong hold of Orthodoxy, in Philadelphia; for I now recollect what I had entirely forgotten, that I got a letter about the same time from an Orthodox minister in Philadelphia, containing the same charges embraced in my friend's let-

*Phil. i. 15.

ter from New York State, to which I wrote a similar answer; and that a good old ministering friend, belonging to Burlington Quarter, that I came up with, on board the steamboat from Philadelphia to Bristol, after the Yearly Meeting of 1827, told me, some months afterwards, in Trenton, that he felt uneasy in his mind, and felt it his duty to make an acknowledgment to me for the manner he treated me on board the steamboat. For hearing, as he had, among the Orthodox in Philadelphia, that I was so notorious a liar and unprincipled a man, he could not feel a freedom to speak to me; but hearing, as he had since, from respectable people in my own neighborhood, so very different a character, he was satisfied that the Orthodox account of me was defamation and detraction, and being disgusted with them, he had entirely left them.

I will now just advert again to my Baptist neighbor, the lawyer, already alluded to, who, I supposed, gave rise to the report of my lying, some ten or twelve years before the Orthodox got hold of it. This man, when he saw through the sheepskins of his priest, which was not a difficulty to a man of his superior discernment, became one of my warmest and firmest friends, and one of the best neighbors I ever had; and in the last interview I had with him, before he was taken sick, he told me I might think it strange, but it was true, that if he had not accepted an appointment in the Baptist association, the fulfilment of which seems so necessary at this time, I can assure you I would much rather go to your meeting. And I can never forget the last time that I saw him, which was just before he died. I had called to enquire how he was, and he insisted on my coming into his room. I found him sitting in his chair, for he could not lie down; when he took hold of my hand, while his intelligent countenance bore the impress of love and affection, he with great difficulty articulated, "how glad I am to see thee," three times, and was exhausted. He was too hard of hearing for me to speak to him, I therefore could only drop over him the tear of tender sympathy and love, and silently offer the living aspiration of my soul, to that blessed Saviour, that for ever seeks to save that which is lost, and has declared there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.

Now, had our Orthodox Friends succeeded in carrying out

all their plans, what acts of injustice and persecution they would have been guilty of. They would have destroyed our meeting at Newtown, while their lawyers would have taken our meeting property, worth three or four thousand dollars, and given it to one man, whose subscription and labor did not exceed one hundred dollars, which Friends have since offered to pay him. They would, if they could, by the assistance of their formidable auxiliaries, the hireling priests and their satellites have destroyed my public character as a Christian minister, and fastened upon me the black stigma of infidelity and unbelief; and, from the evidence already given, would they not, if they could, have blasted my moral character, robbed me of my reputation as a mechanic, and rejoiced to see me sinking into the lowest degradation of shame and poverty, a disgrace to my friends, and a burthen on society? And those dear children, who have been placed under my care, as a delegated shepherd, in the wilderness of this world, for whose present and everlasting welfare I have been and still am deeply anxious, and to preserve from the influence of the prowling hireling,—I say, would not these Orthodox Friends have rejoiced to have seen my interesting charge led off by these wolves in sheep's clothing, to the barren mountains of empty profession, or lost in the wilderness of vice and immorality, floating down the stream of insignificance, where Orthodoxy wished to see their poor father, until they sank, like him, broken-hearted, into an untimely grave? Would not these Orthodox, then, in passing my once humble, happy home, have shaken their heads, like some formerly, saying, "Ah! he could preach to others how they should be saved, but see what a miserable end he has come to. He could tell us many fine things about the right education of children, but see the shameful end of his own. Ah! we thought it would be so, he was a bad man." Oh! cruel, hard hearted Orthodoxy; no marvel that the inspired patriarch, when he beheld thy grim visage, should exclaim, "Oh! my soul, come not thou not into their secret;" and a greater than Jacob should say, on beholding the same sight, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers." But, oh! humbling, yet joyful consideration, Friends are not destroyed and scattered to the four winds—their property is secured to them, and guarded by the genius of our republican government; our meeting at Newtown still continues a large, respect-

able and increasing meeting, considered by all but the priests and their Orthodox satellites, a blessing to the neighborhood; and enlightened public sentiment is disposed to frown on the feeble efforts of Orthodoxy and priestcraft, to fix upon my public character, as a minister of the Gospel, a stigma of *infidelity* and *unbelief*. My moral and private character, I think I may say with humble thankfulness, is established beyond the reach of suspicion, having the confidence, unity and love, not only of my friends, but my neighbors of every description, young and old, and even the followers of the hireling entrust me with some of their most important concerns. Yes, I make the record of the fact with gratitude and humble thankfulness, not with exultation and boasting, that so far is the malignant anticipation of a respectable Orthodox from being realized—who thought if I appointed a meeting, no one would come to it—that I have now several written and verbal invitations to hold meetings among the people, and when I feel a freedom to accept such invitations, which is not often the case, the houses are filled to overflowing. I say I do not make this statement boastingly; far from it, for I verily believe it is "the *grace* of our *Lord Jesus Christ*," graciously bestowed on the chief of sinners, that the people love; therefore, to him be ascribed all praise, thanksgiving and renown for ever and ever. And my dear children are so far from being scattered and led off by the prowling hirelings, that they continue steady members of society, and those that are married, were married according to our Christian order, and are a comfort and consolation to me; and even those young men that served an apprenticeship with me, are in unity with me; and when I sit down in our meetings for worship, twice a week, I am surrounded by dear Friends and friendly people, that I love, and I have good reason to believe they love me. In a word, I am as happy as any man ought to be in this world, and have every blessing that I ought to ask for, and, conscious from whom these blessings come, I feel a daily concern to rejoice ever more, and in every thing give thanks.

Bucks Quarterly Meeting is now, 1844, larger than it has ever been since my knowledge of it. Indeed the concourse of people is so great at Buckingham, that the house, though very large, will scarcely accommodate one half of them. So that, after *twenty* years, notwithstanding the great exertions of Or-

thodox Friends to get the property and name of Friends in Bucks Quarterly Meeting, they appear now to have lost both.

But it must be confessed that some of their predictions have almost been fulfilled, "that we would be overrun with ranterism," for there was a time when our Quarterly Meeting was sadly tormented with these wrong-headed enthusiasts, whose principal strength was one of our superior women. She at one time brought a concern before the Quarterly Meeting held at Wrightstown, where I think she sat among the men nearly one hour, manifesting with her party the most decided determination to carry her point. I opposed her to her face, I trust as Paul did Peter, because I thought then, and still think, she was to be blamed; but I could not question for a moment the sincerity and purity of her motives. But she appeared to be drawn away and enticed by some of the most popular and plausible subjects that could possibly be presented to the minds of Friends in the then unsettled state of Society; and I have no doubt that excellent woman sustained a great loss as a Gospel minister, by attending political abolition meetings, temperance meetings, and so forth, and undertaking to be a lecturer therein. She is now gone to the eternal world, and the sweetness and love I feel for her, embraces a hope that I shall, ere long, meet her glorified spirit in the presence of *God*, who is the judge of all. But certainly, dear Martha Smith presented to my mind a case, which exhibits in a clear view, the great importance of superior women always being right, for when they get wrong they are so difficult to manage. This the apostle Paul experienced in the Corinthian church, and did what he thought was the best thing at that time, by commanding them to be silent; and I think it was well for me that I had not Paul's influence and authority, as I think I should have made a bad use of it, for I found myself strongly tempted to be Orthodox, with those wrong-headed enthusiasts, that were troubling Society. But I learned one valuable lesson from what I suffered at that time: I found how easy it would be for me to become Orthodox in my turn, when I got a standing and influence in Society; in the consciousness I felt of this standing and influence, there was fostered a seed of pride and ambition that made me feel indignant and hard towards those that were opposed to me, and I was tempted to correct a thing wrong in itself, in a

worse spirit. The same evil seed made me unhappy, when I heard even my friends, especially great ministers, spoken of in a language like this: G. W. is the greatest preacher I ever heard.

Now why was I hurt to hear a friend that I had loved and united with, thus spoken highly of? Because I had listened to, and been delighted with the same foolish song, sung by some silly women, directly or indirectly after me, and had been secretly lifted up with pride, and was now to be thrown into the condemnation of the Devil. This sin, which to me appeared exceedingly sinful, brought me very low, and I besought my Saviour fervently, that this messenger of Satan might be removed, when I thought I was answered as Paul was answered on a similar occasion, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Thus I was relieved from this bondage of corruption that would have led me to envy and hate my brother. By "the grace of our Lord *Jesus Christ*," I learned, moreover, from what I suffered, how deficient I had been in Christian charity, that crown and diadem of the redeemed soul; that charity "that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity." But alas! I had indulged too much a secret joy when I heard of any evil befalling my enemies, especially the Orthodox Friends. How then could I, while indulging such evil thoughts, obey that commandment of my blessed Redeemer, "I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Ah! I think I have learned something from the things I have suffered in the depths of temptation, and am prepared to receive the encouraging exhortation of the apostle James, "My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Oh! dear brother or sister, whoever may read this, do not rest satisfied with thy standing and influence, as a minister, or an elder, while the enemy of thy soul has a secret influence over thy thoughts, making them too busy for thy peace—making them too often the dark postern to secret pride, jealousy, envy and hatred; but keep thy eye single to thy blessed *Saviour*, as a quickening spirit, who will enable thee

to overcome all evil, and give thee to sit with him on his throne. This is the only way we can sit in heavenly places, in *Christ Jesus*, "the mark for the prize of the high calling." I have a humble hope I shall yet attain to this blessed establishment in the truth, that the fear of the Lord, as a fountain of light and life, will preserve my poor soul from thinking evil, or indulging a secret joy when it comes upon my enemies, of whom I have spoken freely, in making a statement of what I verily believe to be facts; and if I know myself and am not deceived, I certainly have no unkind feeling towards those whose names I have mentioned, especially dear old Jonathan Evans, for whom I have ever felt, and still continue to feel, a decided partiality. But I believe what I have said of him was true; that he was a violent, choleric man, and too much like myself, malignant and bitter against his enemies, which he supposed we were, and called us Hicksites, separatists, infidels, &c. But I cannot help considering him as honest as Saul of Tarsus, and when Jesus Christ was revealed in him, and established his kingdom, the lion eat straw like the ox, and Jonathan Evans became a changed man, and consequently was sorry for all his acts of madness and violence; and should I ever be permitted to enter the abodes of the ransomed and redeemed of the Lord, I shall hope to see the angelic spirit of dear Jonathan Evans and Elias Hicks, clothed in white raiment, with palms of victory in their hands, united for ever in that innumerable company that "shall hunger no more; neither shall they thirst any more; neither shall the sun shine on them or any heat; but the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them; he shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Oh! that that death that has destroyed the life, love and unity once so eminently manifested in the Society of Friends, could be swallowed up in victory, in the church militant, that *God* might wipe away all tears from all eyes, and the rebuke of his people remember no more, that "the mountain of the Lord's house might be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills;" and that the Society of Friends might once more flow together, beating the swords that have been employed in smiting each other, into something like the ploughshare of humble industry and Christian benevolence, forgiving one another, as *God* for *Christ's*

sake forgives them; and that spear that has pierced the tenderest feelings of the nearest and dearest friends, separating husbands and wives, parents and children, might be converted into something like the pruning hook of brotherly and sisterly kindness, that would watch over one another for good, and cultivate those precious branches that still remain in the vine, "gathering the children, and those that suck the breast," while "the bridegroom goes forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet, while the true priests and ministers of the Lord are weeping between the porch and the altar, with unwearied intercession, saying, spare thy people, oh! Lord, and give not thy heritage to a reproach."

Newtown, 2d month 12th, 1846.

I have thought it right this day to commence a little diary, or memorandum of passing events.

Since the beginning of this year, according to the course of nature and mortality, several of my particular friends and acquaintances in the little circle in which I move, have passed out of time into eternity; among which was John Blaker, aged 70; Jacob Heston, 96; Isaac Longstreth, 82; Joshua Paxson, 80. The first was an old fellow soldier, a poor man, like myself, that was blessed with a good wife and some good, useful children—the best of earthly riches. The others were Friends.

I attended Isaac's funeral at Horsham, day before yesterday. It was large and instructive. My dear friends Joseph Foulk, Daniel Comly, Margaret Longstreth, and Anne Garrigues, I believe had good service in the line of the ministry.

This is our meeting day. Oh, that I may be favored with the company of the beloved of souls, that I may worship in the beauty of holiness.

17*th*. At the close of yesterday I was favored with the presence of my blessed Saviour, as a quickening spirit, preparing my soul to offer a living aspiration—thanksgiving and praise for my many blessings, both spiritual and temporal. How fervently I could then pray, not only for those that were the nearest and dearest to me in the little circle of acquaintance, but all the precious visited children in the world; especially the sick, the sorrowful, the broken-hearted and discouraged souls, that are sinking in the quicksands of despair.

22*d*. A day of favor. I begged on the bended knee of my soul before I left my pillow, that I might have a good, silent,

solemn meeting. My prayer appeared to be granted, for it was a precious baptizing opportunity to my poor soul. The meeting was large, and my dear friends J. M. S. and S. A. S. appeared to have good service in the ministry. I laid my head on my pillow with a grateful and thankful heart. Oh! that I may be thought worthy of the continuation of such a blessing.

25*th*. Yesterday Benjamin Swain, of Bristol, was buried. I did not attend the funeral. This day was our select Quarterly Meeting, quite large on the men's side. Several ministers from neighboring quarters were with us, and seemed to be favored; especially if we might judge from the length of their discourses. I suffered in silence the fore part of the meeting, but being favored with a portion of the quickening spirit, I got some relief in the house of secret prayer.

26*th*. This day was our general Quarterly Meeting, held at Wrightstown. A very cold day, much snow in the roads, and of course pretty good sleighing. Much people were in attendance, and much speaking by the several ministers, whose bells seemed to me to send forth but a dull, unavailing sound, excepting our young friend S. L., who I thought had the most of the pomegranate which is the essence of the Gospel. I was favored to sit in silence, and at times blessed with the spirit of prayer. Indeed, I thought concerned Friends of Bucks Quarterly Meeting might thank God and take courage.

27*th*. This day a messenger arrived from New York to inform us of the illness of my very dear grand daughter, Phœbe Ann Carle, which brought my mind under a close exercise in sorrow and anxiety. My dear Elizabeth went on the same evening.

28*th*. A day of sorrow on account of my dear grand child. Towards evening got relief in a sweet exercise of prayer and supplication.

3*d Month* 1*st*. Had an excellent devotional meeting in silence.

2*d*. The most snow on the ground, and the coldest weather I ever knew in the Third month. No mail from New York, of course no notice or information about my children.

3*d*. Intelligence from New York respecting my dear little grand daughter of a very discouraging character, which produced heart-rending sorrow, for I certainly loved her, if possible, too much; notwithstanding I would rather she would die in her present innocence, than live to be proud and wicked,

for I could now hope that in heaven her angel could behold the face of the eternal *Father*.

4*th*. Pretty much the same to-day. Oh! how hard it is to resign those that are so near and dear to us. What a renewed evidence of my own weakness, when I consider how much advice I have given to others, in the time of affliction; and am so little disposed to take my own advice, when sorrow and trouble come to my own door.

5*th*. This day intelligence a little more encouraging from New York.

6*th*. Quite encouraged by a few lines from my son in New York; but alas! will not to-morrow's news be like a lowering cloud? This day attended the funeral of Rachel Heston, a woman of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Had a solemn time in testimony and supplication, but a fear has rested on my mind that my remarks on war had more of party zeal than Gospel authority.

7*th*. A letter from my dear Isaac in New York. Not quite so encouraging respecting our dear little Phœbe Ann, only the Doctors think now her disease is a congestion of the brain instead of a dropsy. If she is raised I shall believe it is the Lord's doings, and will be marvellous in my eyes. I feel as if I could say "Thy will be done."

8*th*. I feel almost as if I had been at the funeral of my dear little Phœbe Ann—the corpse of Louis Willard's little daughter Hannah was so much like her, only one year older. Indeed like her in almost every respect—almost a perfect young woman, at the age of thirteen, the darling of her father, to whom he never had occasion to speak a harsh word. It seemed as if it would almost break his heart. Louis lives in Southampton, among Presbyterians. He is not a member among Friends. The opportunity was to me a solemn one. We met at the house this morning, First day, at nine o'clock.

9*th*. This day received a letter from New York containing the heart-rending intelligence of the death of our precious little Phœbe Ann. She died a little after nine o'clock on First day morning, and what seems a little remarkable, it was at the very time I was standing by the coffin and beholding the very image of her, in the lovely corpse before alluded to. I remember I was so affected I had to retire to a back window, and almost wept aloud. I referred in my communication to my pe-

culiar feelings, having a grand-daughter almost exactly like her, then at the point of death, if not a lifeless corpse. It was one of the most solemn and affecting opportunities I ever had; and after my return home, my mind seemed clothed with something like a solemn melancholy, until the arrival of my very dear daughter, Sarah H. Parry, and her husband. I had written to her of the illness of dear Phœbe Ann, but she felt so anxious that she left her little babe, and came eleven miles, the worst of travelling, to see us, and returned that evening.

This day, the 10th, myself and wife, my son Isaac and daughter Elizabeth, were to have been at the wedding of Joseph Saunders and Mary Parry, daughter of my very dear friends and brother and sister, Isaac and Mary Parry. But our allotment is the house of mourning, instead of the house of feasting. The Lord knows best what is best—blessed be his holy name forever.

11*th*. The remains of our dear Phœbe Ann Carle were taken to-day to Westbury, Long Island, to be laid by the side of her dear little brother Silas. The meeting was at the house in New York, at eight o'clock. My mind has been with my dear afflicted children all day. I have wept, I have prayed—what can I do more? I have never known what such sorrow was before. Oh! that my blessed Saviour would put forth his arm of power, as he did to Peter, that my poor head may be kept above the rollings of the tempestuous billows. Oh! that I could have got a letter to-day.

13*th*. A day of gloom and sorrow. Oh! that I had more faith that works by love, which is that charity that suffereth long, and is kind; and oh! that I had more hope that would be an anchor to my poor soul, which seems tossed upon the tempestuous billows, without sun, moon, or stars.

14*th, Seventh Day*. My dear son Isaac has returned from New York, without any accident, and reports that my dear John and Susan Carle are supported beyond what could have been expected, and behave with Christian dignity under their sad loss. It is the Lord's doings, and in connection with what I have suffered with them, marvellous in my eyes. Thanksgiving and praise be ascribed to the *Lord God* and the Lamb, for ever and ever. My poor soul feels relieved from the most intense suffering for ten days I ever experienced.

Second Day, the 16*th*. Yesterday, till afternoon, was com-

fortable, for I had a solid, silent, sensible meeting; but in the afternoon talked too much, and too lightly for my peace. Our sober, goodly neighbor, James Roberts, was buried to-day. He formerly attended our meeting, but got taken with the Methodists. I hope he was a lover of the *Lord Jesus*, and if so has experienced his ever blessed salvation.

17*th*. Yesterday was a day of favor, for I obeyed the apostolic injunction, being diligent in business, and, at the close of the day, fervent in spirit, that the Comforter might bind up my almost broken heart; for I feared I had mourned too much for the loss of my dear little Phœbe—weeping almost every hour of the day. But oh, precious favor! my prayer appeared to be answered, and I can truly adopt the language of dear Job Scott:

> "A thankful heart I feel,
> In peace my mind is stay'd,
> Balsamic ointments heal
> The wounds by sorrow made."

18*th*. Was invited to attend the funeral of Elisha Wilkinson, of Philadelphia, buried at Wrightstown. Heard of the death of Daniel Stroud—both old men like myself.

19*th*. A day of favor; had a precious meeting in silent supplication. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

23*d*. Yesterday was First day. Had a precious meeting, for my poor soul was quickened into life, and blessed with the spirit of prayer, which was poured forth in silence, with many tears. I felt thanksgiving and praise to cover my mind through the rest of the day, yielding sweet peace when I laid my head upon my pillow at night. I have heard of the death of one of the companions of my youth, Margaret Richardson, wife of John Richardson, near Wilmington, in the State of Delaware.

25th. Been quite unwell to day, though upon the whole a profitable time, for I was engaged in writing to my dear sorrowful children in New York, with much feeling, and many tears. Heard of the death Aaron Eastburn, a goodly Orthodox Friend, of Solebury, that so loved the *Lord Jesus*, as, I hope, to witness his salvation. I felt great love and sweetness for him. Heard of the death of William Brown, a poor colored young man, that lived with Edward Leedom, who, with his valuable wife, were kind and suffered him to want for

nothing. Ah! blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

26*th*. A good day for me, though quite unwell. Had a good solid silent meeting, two of my dear sisters preached the Gospel.

27*th*, 28*th*, 29*th*, 30*th* and 31*st*. Laid by with something like an inflammation of the breast. Received the affecting account of the death of Joseph Davis' wife, Ellen, the once lovely daughter of my dear old friend Stephen Stevens, of the Valley. Her death was attended with peculiarly distressing circumstances. Oh! how I felt for her dear husband and children.

4*th month* 1*st*. I thought it would be right to make a few remarks on a subject that I fear will add to the unsettlement of Society, prefacing them by a reference to an act of my own, which some Friends think is quite censurable.

I published last year an extract from my narrative, the purport of which was to try to encourage the youth of all parties in the Society of Friends, to unite together again, and by *practical* righteousness and *practical* reform (not speculative,) save the Society of Friends. Notwithstanding I know my motive was to do good and not evil, my little milk and water concern has given offence, and perhaps set a bad example, for poor J***, (no matter who, for when I blame I pity, and therefore must conceal the name,) thought he had a right to publish a book, and put his name to it, and it may be that his motive was as good as mine. But he was certainly a little more unfortunate in publishing sentiments that make him an *offender* against the plain letter of discipline, which has given his enemies an advantage over him. I think, with all his learning, he has shewn a want of wisdom, if not of common sense; for his book would certainly have been better without denying the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. And may we not apply to him those pertinent remarks of a Christian poet, "He is learned in volumes deep, he sets—in wisdom shallow. His learning is like the lunar beam, it affords him light,—but no heat. It leaves him undevout—frozen at heart while speculation shines."

It appears that poor J*** was betrayed into this notion by what is but too common with young preachers, a fondness for distinction and speculation—hence a few ambiguous remarks

contained in a letter of that great man, E. S., of Alexandria, appears to have been sufficient.

And here I will leave E. S., and his letter, that poor J***'s defenders have produced to assist him in his contest with his friends, and the plain letter of discipline, which says in substance, "If any of our members deny the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, it being evident that they are not in unity with us, they should be immediately dealt with, and if they cannot be convinced that they are wrong, they should be disowned. Now I fear poor J*** has committed himself in this objectionable part of his book, for if I understand him, he considers Samuel the prophet, like Peter the hermit, and David, king of Israel, like Pope Urban the 2d, and that part of the Holy Scriptures are not to be depended upon, being written by nobody knows who; who was just as likely to be mistaken as any other writer. If poor J*** expected to make his book better, by this eccentric flight from Jerusalem to Jericho, I think he is greatly mistaken, and I am mistaken if he does not find in the end, that the skeptical company and spirit he has now introduced himself to, will strip him of his youthful innocence, rob him of his peace of mind, wound him in his feelings towards his best friends, and eventually leave him more than half dead; and, although there may be good Samaritans that will try to bind up the wounds, and keep him on his own beast, that beast may be so crippled in its feet as to not carry him straight any more.

And now, after having expressed some of my feelings and fears respecting poor J***'s book, I will leave him with my own little word of exhortation to pass for what it is worth, advising my dear friends to do the same; and to remember for our instruction that when Hannah Barnard came out in England, over fifty years ago, with the same speculation, Friends, by getting into a bitter Orthodox spirit, made bad worse, by the manner in which they opposed her, and only proved the truth of that old saying, "that two wrongs never made one right." I say then, better let poor J*** and his book alone; and, if I am not very much mistaken, this redoubtable book, with my own little penny production along side of it, will soon sink with their own dead weight, undistinguished among the numerous productions of a quibbling, scribbling age.

But if Friends will be Orthodox at poor J***'s book, they

will make him the hero of a party, in spite of all his constitutionally amiable imbecility.

4th month 4th. I am this day sixty-six years of age, and I think it will be safe for me to say that few, and full of evil, have been the days of my pilgrimage. I do not know that I have done any good for my merciful Heavenly Father's cause, unless it was publishing that very little book that has given offence. I feel sorrowful, and I feel straitened, and hardly know what to do. I am not well enough to work, and I am not sick enough to be confined to my house or bed. I received the first rudiments of my religious education among Friends, and came among them from a sense of religious duty, verily believing that they were what they professed to be, "the people of God, called Quakers." I have been trying to defend them against the charges of their enemies, but I confess I am discouraged, and almost disposed to put my hand on my mouth and be silent, when such men as J. J., above alluded to, come out with such sentiments as are contained in his book.

5th. First-day went to meeting very feeble in body, and got into a belief that I must preach, and I fear my little service, at best, was like Gideon's teaching was to the people of Succoth, as it were with briers and thorns; although I verily thought what I had to say was the truth, notwithstanding it appeared so uncharitable. I am going to try to attend all our Monthly Meetings. Oh! that I may do it in silence. I have preached much for Friends of Bucks Quarter, and I wish now to pray for them in solemn silence, the little time I have to be with them.

6th. Much better in health, but got discouraged, and gave out going to the Monthly Meetings, though dear George Hicks came with his carriage and horses, and kindly offered to take me. I did not understand my Divine master to command me to go, or I would have tried to go at the risk of my life. I only thought I felt a freedom to go, and was afraid I was not in a right state of mind. I have thought very seriously of my uncharitable discourse yesterday, and cannot see that I was wrong in declaring what I did for truth, for the *Saviour* told the Jewish priests, and their preaching and praying satellites, that they did not believe in him, and therefore should die in their sins, and never come to him. This ap-

pears to have been strictly fulfilled, even to the present day. Will it not be the same with unbelieving professing Christians? *Jesus Christ* told his disciples that as they believed in God, to believe also in *him*, for in his Father's house there are many mansions; and that he would go and prepare a place for them, and come unto them again, that where he was there they might be also. The disciples witnessed this fulfilled in his spiritual appearance without sin unto salvation. Now where Christ was, these disciples came; hence they became Christ-like, humble, holy, harmless, and entirely separate from the sins of selfishness and covetousness, the leavening sin of unbelievers, which Christ had warned his disciples against in this language, "Beware of covetousness," and which they ever afterwards considered "idolatry."

To be short, it appears to me that every soul that comes where *Christ* is, will become *Christ-like*, and all such will show by their faithfulness to his commandments, that they are real Friends, rejoicing when they can do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again.

I am led to these reflections from having just heard of an old Orthodox elder who has no children, manifesting such a hard spirit of covetous selfishness, when a valuable young minister, with a large family of children, and a heavy debt upon him, could not pay all his interest. I say it made my heart ache, and caused an awful fear to rest upon my mind, that he was not acquainted with Christ, and therefore would die in the sin of coveteousness, and never come to him, and it is my fear that such professors of Christianity, will, in the end, stand in a worse predicament, if possible, than the unbelieving Jews.

7th and 8th. Nothing worthy of particular notice has occurred, only that yesterday was a serious day with me, occasioned perhaps in part, by a distressing dream the night before, and although I have little or no confidence in my dreams, I could not help feeling peculiarly solemn. To-day I think I have been edified and encouraged in reading two of dear William Penn's sermons, preached more than one hundred and fifty years ago. Oh! the unity and love I feel for that precious Friend. How I do wish that Friends could have kept more to their good old doctrine and discipline. One of the sermons was preached at a wedding when a Quaker wedding was a serious thing, a solemn religious institution. But now our excellent

discipline is too much changed into a civil concern, and I fear is too much like the labor saving and money saving machinery of the day.

9*th and* 10*th*. Yesterday morning I felt myself a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, and I secretly rejoiced, for I feared I had had too little sorrow and enjoyed too much happiness in this world; but now I hope I am not forsaken, for my sorrow seems to increase,—the Lord knows best what is best, blessed be the name of the Lord. It was our Monthly Meeting, but I could only rejoice that I was silent, for I could find no springs of life. It was a low, discouraging time to me, but I dare not find fault with my brethren and sisters, fearing the cloud was in poor me, and me only.

11*th*. The doctrine of the apostle opened before me with the greatest clearness that I ever saw it, when he says, there "Is now no condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus, that walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death." I believe the Christian can attain to this through the fear of the Lord, and watchfulness unto prayer, so that he can lay down his head at night, after a day thus spent, feeling no condemnation. I felt encouraged from the precious promise of the Saviour, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my father, and *you in me* and I in you."

13*th*. Yesterday was First day—a day of favor—had a deeply instructive meeting in solemn silence. I say deeply instructive, for I hope I shall never forget the preservation I experienced from preaching from a clear opening, with light on the subject, but a secret command to be silent and reserve the exercise for another occasion. This morning, the 13th, felt as if I ought to attend the funeral of our aged friend Isaac Ryan, but dreaded to meet the scoffer, the game-maker, and the unbeliever, and almost determined to go another way on business; but felt so uneasy that in my great strait I opened the Bible that lay before me, and was solemnly admonished by an apostolic admonition. I gave up immediately to what I thought a heavenly vision, and went to the funeral, and to me it was a memorable opportunity, for which my poor soul overflowed with gratitude and thankfulness to the heavenly Shepherd for such mercy and goodness to me, a poor unworthy creature.

14*th and* 15*th.* Diligent in business and somewhat fervent in spirit, desiring to serve the Lord; but nothing to boast of, save a sense of great weakness of body and mind.

16*th.* Just returned from our Fifth day meeting. It was to me a precious silent, solemn opportunity. My dear younger brother, J. M. S. and wife, and S. A. W. were favored, I thought, to preach the gospel.

17*th.* Diligent in business, but I fear not sufficiently fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Therefore I did not, like Daniel, feel the angel of his holy presence touch me about the time of the evening sacrifice.

18*th.* Diligent in business, and if not fervent in spirit, seriously thoughtful about death and eternity. Oh! how awful the consideration; I have nothing to depend upon but the mercy and forgiveness of God, for I have no works of righteousness of my own; I am nothing but a poor old worthless insignificant painter.

19*th.* Just returned from our First day meeting. Whilst I kept silent it was a precious opportunity, but my preaching I must leave for the judgment of others—not daring to say anything in its favor, only that I have the peaceful evidence that I tried to do right.

20*th.* Industriously engaged at my trade or business—working with my own hands to provide things honest in the sight of all men, ministering to my own necessities and them that are with me, which always produces peace of mind to an humble, honest Christian.

21*st.* I was this day invited to the funeral of my poor neighbor Charles Buckman, a few years younger than myself. How soon it may be my turn I know not, but it certainly cannot be long, and with all my high profession of religion, what more can I have to depend upon in a dying hour, than poor Charles, who made little or no profession. If we are saved, it is not by works of righteousness of our own, but the mercy and forgiveness of God through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord.*

22*d.* I have just returned from the funeral of my neighbor Charles Buckman—a great crowd of people to whom I had a word of encouragement, having a comfortable hope that my dear brother had found mercy in the presence of a merciful *Saviour.* Spoke of the funeral of another of my neighbors, John Ettinger, a young store keeper, and a steady, sober, in-

dustrious man. He leaves a wife and two small children to mourn their irreparable loss. Thus while a poor worthless creature hangs on to life, the promising youth are taken away.

23*d.* Arose from my bed this morning comfortable in body and mind. What a blessed favor if we can have an incontestible evidence that we are under the superintendence of Him who careth even for the sparrow, and will not permit anything to happen to us but what will work together for our good. This day was our Fifth day meeting; to me it was an excellent meeting, for I was favored to enter into the closet of my heart and shut to my door, and pray to my Father who seeth in secret, who has so often rewarded me openly. My two younger sisters in the gospel preached sweetly.

24*th.* Attended the funeral of John Ettinger; went very poor and and stript, but thought I was favored with the spirit of prayer, which I offered both spiritually and vocally. Had an humble hope that my dear young neighbor made a good end, and was, through adorable mercy, received into everlasting happiness.

25*th.* Renewedly convinced of the necessity of more watchfulness unto prayer and talking less even in my own family.

26*th.* First day morning; my dear S. was very unwell last night, a high fever and pain in the breast. Ah! we must part even if she gets better this time. She has been an exellent and faithful wife to me for more than forty years, and I may add in the language of the wise man, that her price has been far above rubies. She looked well to the ways of her house, and eat not the bread of idleness. Not a very good meeting to-day, owing to my own neglect, perhaps, in offering the morning sacrifice. Had not set long in meeting when a strange young man came in and gave me a note, the purport of which, was to spread an invitation to the funeral of Susan Cadwallader, wife of William and daughter of our worthy deceased friend, Thomas Stapler, senior. Made a few remarks on that inimitable parable of the householder going out at the different hours to hire laborers in the vineyard, that may only pass for what they are worth, which may be very little. My dear younger brother preached the Gospel, I thought, in its blessed simplicity.

27*th*. I attended the funeral of Susan Cadwallader, and was led to speak to a sober, sensible, respectable people. But the best part of the opportunity to me was the silent part, because I was favored with the spirit of prayer and supplication, which I offered from the closet of my heart to my Father, who seeth in secret. I am informed that our Orthodox Friends had a quiet, respectable Yearly Meeting last week, with the exception of a storm of words on Second day morning. I am glad they seem disposed to try to cure the sad diseases of Society, by love and silence. Oh! that we may do the same, that the Lord may yet spare his people, and give not his heritage to reproach. I am encouraged to believe that if Friends will only return to the path of *humble* industry and *practical* righteousness, that the younger branches of Society will again be united, and the people of *God*, called Quakers, gathered into one, and experience what was spoken of by the Lord's prophet, "There shall be one Lord and his name one."

28*th*. Had an agreeable visit from one of the female companions of my youth, and her husband. She was a young woman that I loved, and with whom I had spent many happy hours, innocently. I now enjoy the advantages of being preserved even in what I call negative innocence.

29*th*. Attended our little select Preparative Meeting, at Makefield. A dull, dry time to me, owing no doubt to my own carelessness. I still hope that my silence in all these meetings, which I have been led to prescribe as a remedy to cure the disease of skeptical ranterism, that is getting in amongst us, will meliorate, if it does not remove the complaint.

30*th*. This day was our Fifth day meeting, to me a precious religious opportunity, in solemn silence. My dear youngest sister, E. S., preached the Gospel in child-like simplicity. Spoke of the funeral of Elizabeth Buckman, wife of Charles, that was buried last week, which appeared to bring a tendering solemnity over the meeting. In the afternoon attended the funeral of Benjamin Dyer, an aged neighbor, near eighty-six. Had nothing given me to say, and was encouraged and thankful for the preservation, for I began to fear I was getting into the habit of preaching at funerals. Oh! that I may be preserved from being a dead, formal preacher, and a light, idle jester, which I fear I gave way to this evening in too unguarded a conversation.

5*th mo.* 1*st.* A singular thing has occurred to day. I fully intended to attend the funeral of Elizabeth Buckman, but being intent on my work, when I enquired of my son the time, he told me it was a little after the hour of meeting at the house, which was nearly a half mile off. I thought then it might be as well to wait until they came to the grave yard, which was close by my shop, and resumed my attention to my work; and on making a second enquiry whether the funeral was coming, I was told that it had come and gone. I was really astonished, and thought it a singular circumstance, and if I had had a special command to go I should have been grieved at my carelessness, but as that was not the case, I have come to the conclusion that it might have been best for me not to go. It is quite possible for even Quaker preachers to get into a habit of preaching, and the people in a habit of hearing them, till the whole concern terminates in a lifeless form.

2*d.* My dear brother, Isaac Parry, came to invite me to the funeral of Evan Jones, a very respectable, useful, and wealthy Friend, of North Wales, and took me home to his house, so that I could attend said funeral on First day morning, at nine o'clock.

3*d.* Attended the funeral of E. J. It was very large. I was thankful to be favored with the spirit of prayer, but it was in the cross I offered a public supplication in the room with the mourners. A very large meeting at the meeting house, and much speaking, but I think I have cause to be thankful I was preserved in silence. Oh! that the Heavenly Shepherd may continue to extend the crook of his merciful care, whenever I attempt to preach the Gospel willingly, for there is deep instruction in the testimony of the beloved Paul, "For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me—yea, wo is unto me if I preach not the Gospel. For if I do this thing willingly, I have my reward: but if against my will, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me." I very much fear that the blessed cause of *Jesus Christ*, as professed by Friends, has been seriously injured by ministers being too willing to preach, or in other words preaching in our own will, and not waiting for that *wo* that Paul speaks of.

4*th.* Received two invitations to funerals. First, Mary

Knowles, an afflicted widow, aged seventy-eight, to meet at the house at ten o'clock tomorrow. Second, Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Phœbe Taylor, aged fifteen, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

5*th.* Just returned from the funeral of our dear friend Mary Knowles. It was large, and to me an instructive and encouraging time, because I did not act in my own will, but from a secret sense of religious duty. The people were serious and solemn, and helped the poor contemptible instrument, and not the poor instrument them, as is too commonly boasted of by us preachers.

Just returned from the funeral of the daughter of the poor widow. It was to me a quiet, silent, solemn opportunity, and although I was led into an interesting view of what constituted Paul's "widow *indeed*," I am thankful I kept silent.

6*th.* Been pretty steadily engaged in my shop, feeling weak and dull in body and mind, of course nothing worth recording, excepting my serious thoughtfulness of death and eternity, which I have reason to look for daily, if not hourly. Oh! it will be an awful thing to die.

> My soul,
> When near thy close, thou hast that gulf in view;
> That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed;
> *Eternity*, thou dreadful, pleasing thought."

Pleasing, because of my unshaken faith in the mercy and forgiveness of God, through my blessed *Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

7*th.* To-day our Monthly Meeting was held at Makefield; the first and silent part was to me a good meeting, but I was sadly disturbed by a member, respecting what I feared was an extract from a political abolition newspaper, and as I cannot, for conscience sake, read such papers, it was exceedingly trying to have to sit and hear such matter said over and over again for Gospel, in a meeting for worship. But I must suffer in silence, for my Divine Master has instructed me to starve this spirit by silence, and therefore I have been silent for nearly a year in our Monthly, Quarterly and Select Meetings. Indeed I have apprehended there were two or three members of our Monthly Meeting that were particularly employed by a junto of members in Philadelphia, to publicly oppose me in

meetings for business, for even in meetings for worship, one of them has manifested his hostility to me by peculiar contortions of face and gesticulations of body, getting up from his seat and walking to the fire to warm his feet whilst I was speaking, disturbing the solemnity of the meeting, manifesting his own weakness, if not wickedness, and rendering himself ridiculous in the sight of the whole assembly. In one instance, I publicly reproved him, and had, I think I may safely say, the thanks of the whole meeting, and his own mother in particular. But stop, this perhaps will not do. I ought to know that if such Quakers as these, call the master of the house Beelzebub, if I belong to the household I must expect opposition, and ought to rejoice in being worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.

I have just received an invitation to the funeral of Joshua Gilbert, of Byberry, a Friend in the station of an elder, about my age, to meet at his late dwelling at ten o'clock on Seventh-day morning, the 9th inst.

8th. Steadily engaged in my shop. My business, though too trifling and insignificant for a Christian to follow, affords me an honorable and I hope an honest living. Having to work with my own hands, for all the money I get, appears to me to be more in accordance with primitive Christianity, than living on the work of other people's hands; especially on rent and usury. But my view on this subject appears too much out of fashion to be united with, even by Friends. I therefore must leave it to be settled before the tribunal of righteous judgment, by Him who commanded his faithful servant Moses, to say unto his people, "Thou shalt not lend thy money on usury"; and to his son *Jesus Christ*, "Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and great shall be thy reward in Heaven."

9*th*. Went ten miles this wet morning, to the funeral of my friend Joshua Gilbert; offered a word of exhortation to a sober, sensible, tender people, whose lively spirits, together with supreme heavenly help, appeared to hold up the hands of a poor trifling preacher, so that he got through his exercise with peace of mind. E. P. was there, and spoke beautifully. Dined with my kind friend Israel Walton. Tried to speak a word of comfort to the poor widow.

10*th*. First day of the week, a sweet, heavenly meeting, in

solemn, silent supplication, the poor unworthy pilgrim feels refreshed and encouraged, and intends to try to go to-morrow morning to attend the Yearly Meeting, in Philadelphia.

11*th.* Passed a sleepless and distressing night, in the course of which I felt satisfactorily released from a religious concern to attend the Yearly Meeting, which I consider to be a release from suffering. So far I rejoice; indeed I will try to rejoice ever more, and in every thing give thanks. I have reason to give thanks that I have renewed evidence that I may lay some claim to being "*a son,*" "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and to a little hope that I am filling up my portion of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus. Oh! that I may be thought worthy to drink of the cup he drank of, and be baptised with his baptism. But this has been a day of sorrow, and, I trust, profitable suffering, and I hope that it is better for me to be at home, humble and industrious, weeping and praying, than in Philadelphia, idle, talking and laughing.

12*th.* A day of diligence and industry, but not sufficiently watchful unto prayer, and therefore felt a lack or shortness in coming up to the apostolic injunction, to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." From what I hear from Philadelphia, I have reason to hope my dear friends are getting along quietly in the Yearly Meeting, for which I feel thankful, having sincerely prayed that the Lord would spare his people, and give not his heritage to a reproach.

13*th.* Nothing worthy of particular notice has occurred to-day: but the sound of war, which we hear from almost every quarter is sorrowful. Although we are at a great distance from the immediate seat of war, yet a serious consideration of the confused noise of the warriors, with garments rolled in blood, must be a subject heart-sickening to the true Christian. Friends appear to be favored to get along without much contention in their Yearly Meeting, and I am willing to hope our abolition Friends are getting more moderate and mild, for it appears to me they hurt a good cause, by letting their zeal outrun their knowledge.

14*th.* Our midweek meeting to-day rather small, but to me silent and profitable. Had a pleasant visit from Samuel W. Doak, a Presbyterian minister, who lived in Newtown 33 years ago; now president of a college in East Tennessee. He appears

the most meek, humble, unobtrusive Presbyterian minister I ever met with. Our interview I think was mutually agreeable. I think I can say sincerely, that I love all who truly love the *Lord Jesus*, let their name and profession bo what it may. But the true love of Christ is only proved by obedience to his commandments, and where I see no such fruits, I consider such hypocrites and unbelievers.

15*th.* Nothing has occurred to-day requiring particular notice; but information respecting our Yearly Meeting is rather discouraging. The political abolitionists among Friends, I really fear, are party in a conspiracy against the doctrine and discipline of the Society, determined upon its dissolution. However, my only hope of the preservation of the Society of Friends —next to the special care of the Head of the church,—is the uniting of the religious members in the different parties; and I feel thankful I was enabled to lay before the youth my concern on the subject.

16*th.* I have just had a very agreeable visit from W. B., formerly of Baltimore, and now of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, who has been attending the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia which closed last evening. His account of its several sittings was not so discouraging, and my friend J. B.'s. account of the meeting has satisfied me that our sufferings, both individually and collectively, if we keep in the everlasting patience, will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Upon the whole I am encouraged to believe that truth gained the victory in this Yearly Meeting. Notwithstanding, I must acknowledge there is a spirit of skepticism, ranterism, and confusion, that I have not prescience enough to see where it will end. I am willing however to hope that we have learnt sufficient from what we have suffered, to act with more Christian kindness and moderation, in case of another separation.

17*th.* First day of the week and our meeting day of course, but to me our meeting was a heavy, laborious time. Instead of having any bread to hand out to others, I had hardly a crumb to live on myself, owing I conclude to my own careless indolence. My poverty is therefore the due reward of my deeds. My dear younger brother, J. M. S., I thought preached the Gospel, and sister S. W. spoke a few good words.

18*th.* Being indisposed, I have neither been diligent in business, nor fervent in spirit, of course I have not been serving the

Lord; and sensibly feel the bad effects of idleness, and idle conversation. Oh! that I could talk less, and pray more, I should be better prepared to live, and better prepared to die.

19*th*. I have been seriously thinking of the vast importance of being favored with the presence of infinite mercy and goodness. No marvel that the inspired writer should record expressions like this, "One hour in thy presence is worth a thousand elsewhere." How abundantly I am convinced from experience, as well as observation, that self righteousness in poor frail mortal man, is the greatest enemy to the cause of God on earth. It was certainly the greatest opposer of Jesus Christ, in his outward advent, and constituted then the only unpardonable sin; and is it not the cause of unbelief in his spiritual appearance, as professed by Friends, and the foundation of all the unsettlement and disunity among us? For I find that in proportion as I suffer myself to think lightly of my friends, I think highly of myself. On the other hand, when I abhor myself in dust and ashes, I am concerned to love and respect my friends.

20*th*. Had an invitation to attend the funeral of a woman by the name of Carr, at Wrightstown, an entire stranger. Felt so much willingness of my own to go, that I doubted the propriety of going, for I hope that I have a holy jealousy, lest I should have a life of my own, in preaching at funerals. Yet there is another important consideration arises in my mind—I profess to believe that a dispensation of the Gospel of *Jesus Christ* is committed unto me,—it involves a sacred, an awful responsibility,—and as time to me at this period of life is very precious, ought I not to embrace every opening to finish the work that is given me to do? and is there not something like an open door, when a special invitation is sent to me by a stranger? This was the view, my dear deceased kinsman, E. H., took of it, and hence I believe he always attended such funerals, when able.

21*st*. Attended the funeral of the woman above alluded to. A considerable number of sober, serious, tender people were in attendance, whose lively sensible spirits enabled a poor preacher, to get along in his religious exercise to some satisfaction. Dined with my brother-in-law, T. S., where I met with the life of Henry Hull, a minister among Orthodox Friends. I was sorry to find I had imbibed such strong prejudices against the dear deceased Friend, which were strengthened by what I thought a perverted account of Elias Hicks, and what he call-

ed the separatists. However it is quite possible that my strong prejudices were founded in a wrong spirit, or at best a sudden gust or change of feeling, which poor sanguine creatures like me are liable to.

When I read the account of that most excellent woman, Henry Hull's first wife, who died while he was in England, I felt the tenderest love and respect for her, and sympathy for him, expecting to see in him a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief: but alas! what was my disappointment, in beholding a man clothed—as it were—in purple and fine linen, in full pursuit of a youngish wife. Alas! I say, for poor me, who cannot help thinking that such ministers have never overcome the "beast, nor the image of the beast, nor the mark of the beast, nor the number of his name." This prejudice was increased from my observations in New York Yearly Meeting 31 years ago. His spirit towards dear old Elias Hicks appeared to me to be malignant and bitter, and was the cause of great discouragement to a poor, weak young man, who thought he then saw in David Sands and Henry Hull, the first effervescence of that dreadful spirit which has subsequently distracted, divided, and disgraced the Society of Friends.

The inspired writers used simple but strong and descriptive figures, in speaking of the inconsistencies of high professors. "As dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth an unsavory smell, so doth a little folly those that are accounted wise;" and I have been and am still under a sad temptation, at times, to feel malignant and bitter at those wrong-headed enthusiasts, that appear to me to be using every effort to destroy the harmony of Society, and should I give way to the temptation, I should be worse than they are. I therefore feel it my religious duty fervently to pray to my heavenly Father, for power to withstand the temptation, and to experience those angry feelings to be resolved into sorrow, like my divine *Master*, when he looked round upon such unbelievers "with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." Oh! that I may be preserved from the indulgence of this gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity, whose abundant fruits furnish the enemies of Christianity with their most formidable arguments against it.

22*d*. This day my son and daughter from New York, came to see us, and notwithstanding I love them dearly, and their

dear little children, Sarah and Edward,—yet my favorite, my darling, my dear little Phœbe Ann, is no more, for this sorrow fills my heart, and my eyes overflow with tears, while I rejoice ever more, and in every thing give thanks.

23*d.* A day of quietness and ease, but I fear of too much idleness to have been profitably spent.

24*th.* First day of the week. Our meeting was large and the silent part of it instructive. A short feeling communication from my dear younger sister E. S., appeared to bring solemnity over the meeting, but my own long labored discourse, may have done more hurt than good, by offending some and tiring others.

25*th.* A day of peace and poverty. The dwelling of my soul seemed on the barren heath of the wilderness, where there was neither dew, nor rain, nor fields of offerings; while my outward man is comfortable having the agreeable company of my dear son and daughter, John and Susan Carle, with their children from New York.

26*th.* Nothing has transpired that needs notice, except a very warm day and night, almost the height of summer's heat, with much lightning and thunder and the grumbling of ungrateful mortals about the wet weather, grudging the flies their share of the abundant growth of wheat.

27*th.* Our select Quarterly Meeting at Buckingham. The day being unfavorable, it was rather small, and to me the first part exceedingly hard and dry; but after wrestling with the angel of God's presence, like Jacob, the day dawned, and my poor soul was so far blesssed as to be able to cry, "Abba, Father;" and I had a precious silent opportunity.

28*th.* The general Quarterly Meeting. A great concourse of people, being many more than the house could hold, but Friends were relieved in part by the kindness of an Abolition lecturer that held a meeting in the woods, near the meeting house, and the favor would have been appreciated more by me, if he had taken all our noisy, troublesome members; but three or four eloquent orators and cunning artificers were left to worry Friends, and try our patience. However, the meeting was so much better than I had anticipated, that I felt thankful, whilst I was favored to set an example of silence, and I thought I saw and felt the cause which led my dear deceased kinsman to avoid making frequent use of the term *Saviour*,

or *Christ*, in his communications. A Friend in the ministry that I love, made use of the terms "blessed Saviour" and "Christ," in such a way as to be exceedingly painful to my feelings; while others appeared to avoid the terms with a selfish caution, equally painful. Alas! I thought no marvel that dear old Elias felt the concern to avoid those terms, at a time when Friends were joining with priests and politicians in Bible societies, &c., making use of those sacred terms with a superstitious selfishness, that might be more abominable in the divine sight, than profane swearing; and although our dear old friend, in his zeal to shun one fatal rock, might have run too near the other, I am abundantly persuaded, were he now living, at the age of seventy years, he would be the first man that would come out against these superficial Quakers, that are trying to make him their patron saint on the subject of slavery; while they are joining with idle lawyers, broken down politicians, and hireling lecturers, in a conspiracy against the doctrine and discipline of the Society of Friends—aiming their deadliest shafts at that religious committee of care, called "Select Meeting"—which Elias considered the key-stone of the arch of our religious order, and said if it was taken out the Society would fall. Could it be possible that such a man could have any unity with such inconstant members, who are increasing their folly by a fanatical scruple against rising in the time of public prayer. No, that excellent man would view them in the same light that Fox, Penn and Barclay did John Perrot, Wilkinson, and Story, who tried to subvert and destroy our early Friends. Indeed, the present prospect is very discouraging as to the preservation of order and harmony in our Quarterly Meeting, for the ultra-reformers seem determined to go all lengths, to carry their point in subverting discipline, and introducing something like the anarchy of the Ranters. But should they succeed, and produce universal confusion, I still have a hope that out of it order will arise, and the truly pious souls of every party will take their places as fixed stars in the firmament of *God's power*, while all these eccentric meteors will sink undistinguished in the common mass of undigested matter.

Having adverted to our dear deceased friend E. H., I have been thinking that were he now living, seeing the state his professed friends had got into, by running into the sad extreme

of inconsistency, he would be most likely to make free use of the terms "Saviour" and "Christ," and boldly and powerfully assert the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, in opposition to Hannah Barnard's speculations, revived by J. J. and others, to which I know he was very much opposed; and unite in sentiment with his old substantial friends, especially J. C., who declared, in our late select Yearly Meeting, there was two parties among us, and they were both wrong.

29*th*. My kind friend M. J. loaned me a book given to her by her father, E. K., who set a high value on it, telling his daughter it was worth one hundred and fifty dollars; and as E. is a friend I love much, I began reading said book prepossessed in its favor; and although I have read but little, I have almost come to this conclusion—it is a little like our wheat fields; there appears to be a great deal of good wheat, with now and then a bunch of cockle with its blue blossom peering out from among the wheat, and by a close examination the wheat will be found considerably injured by the fly, with too much nasty cheat among it. The cockle I shall call orthodoxy; the fly, self-righteousness; and the cheat, disbelief, hypocrisy, and infidelity.

I shall only paraphrase on three excellent pieces or articles in this compilation of tracts published by orthodox Friends—The dying sayings of James Pemberton; A striking instance of H. G., a lovely young woman of Philadelphia, and William Cowper's account of his brother John.

The first writer appeared to me to have too much of that orthodox spirit, that would convert sacred things into something like a dagger, to smite a brother under the fifth rib. James Pemberton is made to say, when near his close, "I have nothing to trust in but the merits of the *Redeemer*," and that the "mediatorship of the Son our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, was not enough inculcated in our meetings." I wish distinctly to be understood that I do not apply *orthodoxy* to the mere expressions, as I understand them, but to *the spirit* in which they were written, and more especially as they were published to serve a *party purpose:* for it is too well known that Orthodox Friends have been in the practice of ransacking the acts and sayings of early and modern Friends, for matter to support their unkind and unjust charges of infidelity against some of the best of their brethren and sisters, and they appear

to have been sadly put to it, when they garbled from the dying sayings of the mere wreck of a great man.

I have been credibly informed that James Pemberton—who had been a great Quaker politician, and Speaker of the House of Assembly—in his dotage would speak in meetings for business, where his communications were not approved of nor united with by some of the leading Friends of Philadelphia; and yet when that dotage, or the imbecility of extreme old age, must have increased, these same Friends can make use of his dying sayings, for a party-serving purpose—especially in publishing them in the tract referred to. Now the sacred terms "*Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*," "Redeemer," "Mediator," &c., are precious to my soul, and I feel it my duty to use them, when clothed with the power of the Gospel; and when I have heard them used in the same power, they have drawn tears of thankfulness and gratitude from my eyes, and my spirit has been grieved and burthened when I have heard the term Jesus substituted in their place, in the same party-serving selfish spirit of Orthodoxy, which formerly almost deluged christendom in blood, by these breakers of the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

These spirits among Friends are what I compare to cockle in our wheat fields, and their flowery speeches and writings to the beautiful blue blossom of the noxious weed, which in its natural process terminates in a hard, black, poisonous seed, which, if not blown away with the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, must be burnt with unquenchable fire.

I will now notice the interesting and deeply instructive account of the conversion and happy close of that lovely young woman, *H. G.*, of Philadelphia, written apparently by an Orthodox or Methodist minister among Friends. This beautiful piece, which I read with the deepest interest and feeling, appeared to me like one of our best fields of wheat, where the ravages of the fly could not be seen until one went into it. The writer appears to have felt so great a concern for this extraordinary young woman, as to unburthen his mind by writing a letter to her, and, after she was taken sick, called at the house one evening, in hopes of being invited into her chamber, but was disappointed. Whether it was the disappointment, or what it was, I cannot say, but he certainly appears to me to

talk to her mother more like a zealous young Methodist minister, than an humble, experienced Friend; and can we not see something like the fly among the wheat, or a little self-righteousness? The next we hear of our friend he appears *very glad* that the young woman sent for him, and, to use his own words, "I gladly obeyed the summons;" and his own account of the interview, how he talked and how he made a prayer, presented to my mind something very much like the ravages of the fly, in some of our most beautifully looking wheat fields. I, too, have often been sent for to visit the sick, the sorrowful, the dying, but I do not remember that I ever gladly obeyed the summons, especially of later years. I might have felt the temptation to be self-righteous, for I am naturally very proud, but in most cases, I think I may say with thankfulness, the temptation to self-righteousness was superceded by self abasement; and I have entered the chamber of such precious souls as were washing a *Saviour's* feet with tears of repentance, with sorrowful sympathy; and when entered, instead of talking and praying, like my Orthodox Friend, I could only weep and pray secretly, in solemn silence. Yes, the Lord knoweth that I have often entered the chambers of sickness and death, with fear and trembling, under a sense of my unworthiness and unfitness to appear in the presence of one whom a *Saviour* was washing in the laver of regeneration, fearing lest I should put forth an unsanctified hand to assist in the heavenly work, and, like too many Orthodox ministers, leave the print of my dirty fingers. But I suppose I would be told this weakness was owing to a want of belief in the *merits* of a Redeemer, or the *propitiatory sacrifice* made eighteen hundred years ago, without the gates of Jerusalem; and in not inculcating the *mediatorship* of the Son sufficiently, in our religious meetings. Well, if it is so, there must certainly have been a deficiency in my Quaker education, for I have no recollection that my dear old adopted Christian mother ever made use of such words; nor do I remember to have heard such doctrines preached in our religious meetings by dear James Simpson, William Blakey, Oliver Paxson, and other dear Friends that were as spiritual fathers to me, when I first appeared as a minister among them. I was therefore taught to believe, with dear George Fox, that Christ had come to teach and to save his people himself, as an omnipresent Saviour, agreeably to his

own blessed promise, "If any man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him"—and again, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him."

I forbear to go any further into the boundless field of doctrinal disquisition, and only add, that I read the last piece or tract referred to, with tears in my eyes and love in my heart for that dear young woman, who, having washed her Saviour's feet with the tears of repentance, wiping them as it were with the hairs of her head, and having in the depths of humility, felt the overflowing of that heavenly love that could kiss his feet—her Saviour freely forgave her her sins, however numerous, for she loved much; and if the writer should suffer the destructive fly of self-righteousness to continue its ravages in his soul, he may turn out in the end, I fear, like too many of our wheat fields in this year, 1846, not worth the gathering.

I will hasten to finish my paraphrase by a few short remarks on that Christian poet William Cowper's account of his brother John, who it appears was a professed minister of the Gospel, of the established church of England—a very learned man, a very popular minister, who was flattered to the highest pitch; a perfect modern gentleman, living in idleness and luxury, on a rich salary, drawn from the vitals of the poor. This man, at the very time that he was officiating as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, was living without God in the world, according to his own confession upon his death bed, and was trying, or wishing to establish himself in Deism. Hear his own words: "I was just beginning to be a Deist, and had long desired to be so; and I will own to you, my brother, what I never confessed before, that my function and the duties of it were a weariness to me which I could not bear, yet, wretched creature as I was, I was esteemed religious, although I lived without God in the world." This is a confession from one of the worst of sinners, for I cannot conceive of any thing so abominably wicked as such a clerical hypocrite, unless it is an unbelieving Quaker minister; and I sincerely wish that all such hireling ministers—and I fear ninety-nine out of a hundred are such—could be brought to the same state of sorrow for their sins, that there may be joy in heaven over *many* sinners that repent.

This excellent narrative of Cowper's is well worth reading: it is worth more than my dear friend E. K. said the whole book was worth; for if it confirms my prejudices against these wretched hirelings, it justifies Friends in faithfully bearing their ancient, honorable, and truly Christian testimony, against a set of men who at best will be found like a wheat field that has more cheat than wheat. Happy was it for poor John Cowper, that these tares were burnt up before he went to final judgment.

30*th*. Read the life of Thomas Shillitoe, an English Friend, for whom I had had a high esteem for many years, but whose missionary services in this country lessened that esteem, more especially his unchristian conduct towards my dear old friends Elias Hicks and Elisha Dawson, and I have been ready to conclude it would have been better for him if he had never left his own country, because he would have been more like his divine Master, who never had a concern to visit kings and emperors, potentates and priests, or even to travel out of the land of Judea, although he could walk on the waters. If, then, the example of the *Saviour* is to be respected, and if he and his first disciples never visited potentates, or high priests, only when dragged there to be persecuted, what great value can the admirers of Thomas Shillitoe and Daniel Wheeler attach to their extensive missionary labors, that cannot with equal propriety be attached to the far more extensive and successful missionary labors of Ignatius Loyola, and John Adam Schall, the great missionary to China, whose sufferings and privations were far greater. I will therefore respect and love Thomas Shillitoe and Daniel Wheeler, just as far as they say by their spirit and example, "follow us as we follow Christ," and no farther; for it is sealed with renewed instruction on my mind, that every sect of professing Christians has suffered irreparable loss, just in proportion as it has departed from the precepts and example of Christ, the great head of the Christian Church, the perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness: and what better authority has Thomas Shillitoe, Daniel Wheeler, and others, for their extensive missionary labors, than those devoted missionaries thus referred to by a late and eminent English writer: "In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be found,

under every disguise, and in every country—scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men, in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor houses of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught; arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. The old world was not wide enough for this strong activity. The Jesuits invaded all countries which the great maritime discoveries of a preceding age had laid open to European enterprise. In the depths of Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China, they were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the west understood a word." Should these remarks ever be read by an Orthodox Friend, he may feel offended to think that I would presume to compare dear Thomas Shillitoe and Daniel Wheeler to Roman Catholic missionaries, and the devout Catholic may be still more offended at the attempt to make it appear that a Quaker preacher, whom he verily believes to be a poor, ignorant, insignificant heretic, is fit to be compared to that great apostolic father of the order of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, or Mathew Ricci, the Catholic star of the east; while the truly humble, meek believer in the divine Saviour, may rest satisfied with the words or testimony of eternal truth respecting missionaries, "Wo unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, ye would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him two-fold more the child of hell."

It has been upon my mind for several days past, to write a short memorial respecting our dear deceased friend Hannah Parker, a minister in good unity and high esteem with Friends of Makefield Monthly Meeting, and many others. She was the daughter of William and Mary Parker. Her mother was of an Irish Presbyterian family named Johnson, among the earliest settlers of this neighborhood. Her parents being poor, Hannah was put early to work in the kitchens of the more wealthy, notwithstanding the feebleness of her constitution. When Friends were permitted first to hold a religious meeting in the old Court House, near thirty years ago, she was among the children that attended regularly on First days, but claimed

no particular notice for several years. At last it was perceived that she had changed her dress, little by little, until she was observed in the character of a plain little girl, attending our midweek meetings. About this time the Presbyterians had got a new minister, a fine looking young widower, of course a great favorite with weak women. Agreeably to clerical policy, he set himself about reviving his congregation, and finding Hannah and her family belonged to no particular society, he no doubt felt it his duty to reclaim her from the errors of her way, making use of her mother as a principal instrument in the concern; and, although Hannah was remarkable for her silent, unobtrusive conduct, it appears that she was persecuted in the house of her professed friends, or led by their mistaken zeal into the street called Strait, where, like Saul of Tarsus, she prayed. During this dispensation of affliction, while her poor body appeared to be hastening to an untimely grave by pulmonary consumption, her immortal soul was deeply exercised in the school of Christ. Having laid for some days and nights without taking notice or nourishment, she was thought by her family and physician to be near her end, when she revived, and, making signs to her mother—for she could not speak, but in a low whisper—she began to tell her what wonders she had seen and felt; and as her strength increased, she spoke to her brothers and sisters, and such of her neighbors as came to see her, in a remarkable manner: and when she had so far recovered as to attend our meetings, she publicly espoused the cause of her Redeemer, who had thus wonderfully raised her up as a monument of his adorable mercy and goodness. She then made application to be received into membership with Friends, and was received with open arms, and soon after opened a concern to visit the families of our Monthly Meetings, which was united with, and she set at liberty, and assisted in the concern; and it is the testimony of my heart, that a more precious visit was never paid, since nor before. Her gift as a minister was brought before our Monthly Meeting, agreeable to our excellent order, and fully acknowledged and united with. Indeed, it was a wonderful gift, for it appeared to stand distinct and separate from two of the idols of a fallen world, *natural* talents and *learning*, and therefore it might be said of her, in some degree, as William Penn said of George Fox—she was all of God Almighty's own making.

Had her strength of body been commensurate with the spiritual energies of her soul, she might have appeared one of the most dignified servants or handmaids of the Lord, that has ever been in our Society. But her poor body was, comparatively speaking, a mere shadow, or a compound of weakness; nevertheless, she performed several religious visits, and one as far as Virginia, leaving seals, wherever she went, of a true Gospel spirit. There is one circumstance which continues to present itself while I am writing. Hannah attended the funeral of a Methodist neighbor, and was led, I thought, to speak in a clear and powerful manner—opening some interesting Gospel truths that came in contact with some of the dogmas of the Presbyterian minister, who, being prejudiced against Hannah, made public opposition in a language like this: "If the doctrine we have heard is true, I should have no more hope of salvation than the devils, and damned in hell;" and other expressions, beneath the dignity of the Christian, or even the gentleman. He had scarcely finished, when a proposition was made to move to the grave-yard, and whilst I was filling the grave, I again heard the voice of our friend, in a language like this, "I have no controversy with these people," meaning the priests, "but the Lord has, and will call them to a solemn reckoning; it is only for me to address them in the pertinent language of the apostle, 'Oh, full of all subtility and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, how long is it ere thou wilt cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord;'" and more to the same effect, which I forbear to give, lest my recollection should not be strictly correct. In a word, poor Hannah Parker was a most extraordinary minister. I have no recollection of ever hearing her misquote scripture, or, according to my little knowledge, make a grammatical blunder, and to me she was one of the sweetest preachers I ever heard; and the peculiar circumstances of her life not only give incontestible evidence of the power of the principle professed by Friends, but would furnish rich materials to a ready writer, for a memorial that might be worth reading—as for me, I can only give a rough sketch. It appears that her bodily powers, owing to a feeble constitution, could not be sustained without a continual miracle; she therefore gradually sunk under her infirmities till she was pretty much confined to her bed, several years before she died; and notwithstanding the kindness and

attention of Friends to the poor, she suffered a complication of troubles, in addition to her sleepless nights and wearisome days; but in the midst of all, her head appeared to be kept above the rollings of the tempestuous billows, and the feet of her mind firmly fixed upon the rock of the Israel of God, and if only a few of her comforting and encouraging expressions were recorded, it would extend this memorial to too great a length: suffice it to say, that the last expressions I ever heard from her, gave me more encouragement than any thing of the kind I ever heard before or since. Poor, dear Hannah, she appeared to drink deeply of the cup of suffering her Saviour drank of, for, like *Him*, she was pretty much forsaken by all her family, but her dear mother; although a Presbyterian, there appeared to be that unchangeable union of love, that I trust has united their spirits in the mansions of eternal glory. And will it be too much to say that, in some degree, like her blessed *Saviour*, towards the last of her sufferings she was almost constrained to cry out "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani;*" which might have caused some of her secret enemies to wag their heads with that horrible satisfaction that characterised the enemies of a suffering Saviour, in beholding the effect of that depression which frequently precedes the extinction of animal life—especially the life of a poor weak woman. Notwithstanding all this, had she been the daughter of the Honorable J. J., or even the grand-daughter of the more venerable J. W., there would have been petty poets enough to make her an angel, or hireling newspaper scribblers sufficient to make her a saint. But as she was the daughter of poor William and Mary Parker, brought up in the path of humble industry, with natural talents scarcely standing at mediocrity, and with hardly school learning enough to read and write—and so poor, as to this world, that like her divine Master, she had not where to lay her head—it has fallen to the lot of her poor illiterate brother in religious fellowship, to write this short memorial of one of the most extraordinary ministers that ever belonged to the Society of Friends.

Having been led into the remembrance of some of my dear deceased friends, I will here notice that excellent man, John Stapler, the elder, who was an elder indeed, worthy of double honor, for he was a practical philanthropist, who not only felt for the oppressed Indian and African, but for his poor

fellow ereatures, in the circle of which he moved, especially such as were in debt and difficulty, and tried to persuade the rich creditor to lower his interest or usury to *three* per cent; at least to *the poor*, declaring that he doubted the consistency of a Christian taking usury from his poor brother,—seeing it was positively forbidden in the Holy Scriptures. This worthy man, by endeavoring to relieve the oppressed debtor, not only involved himself in serious difficulties with money mongers, but was too often treated with ingratitude by the very persons he had exerted himself to relieve. But the emphatical manner in which I have heard him express his forgiveness of his enemies, the religious care that he observed not to speak evil of any,—the promptitude and honesty with which he pointed out to his friends, privately, their faults, their failings and consequent danger, proved him to be a compound of the gentleman and the practical Chrisian. His wife Hannah, was likewise an elder, and appeared to me one of those silent and loving women (described by the inspired poet,) whose price is far above rubies, a woman whose husband praised her, while sitting in the gates amongst the elders of the land,—a woman whose children now rise up and call her blessed; remembering that she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Thomas Stapler was brother to John, and in the language of the English poet—one of "the noblest works of God," for he was "an honest man." His wife Achsah, was like her sister Hannah, one of the excellent of the earth, and an elder indeed.

Joseph Taylor was a worthy elder, and but for his entire loss of hearing, which abridged his usefulness, he might have been worthy of double honor, for his friends loved him very much, —he being an example of the believers in meekness—in uprightness—in faith, and in purity. His brother, William Taylor, was a minister highly esteemed and beloved by Friends and others, and, although Makefield Monthly Meeting has publish- a memorial respecting him, I cannot pass by him without another expression of my great love and unity with him. His interesting widow and daughters are amongst my nearest and dearest of kind neighbors. Jacob Cadwallader was an elder and a brother-in-law to the foregoing Friends, and appeared to be a sweet spirited, tender hearted Friend, who well understood what is called the eleventh commandment, "every man mind

his own business." He likewise possessed some of the best qualifications of a bishop, vigilant, sober, of good behavior—given to hospitality—not given to wine—no striker—not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient—not a brawler—not covetous—having a good report of them that are without.

"Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her," see Mathew, 26th chap. 13th verse. The life of the worthy and venerable Rachael Paxson, who died in the 8th month 1842, at her residence in this township, in the 95th year of her age, furnishes a powerful and practical argument in favor of following the Divine Saviour in the path of humble industry. We are informed in the Holy Scriptures that when the infinitely wise *Jehovah* was pleased to manifest Himself in the fulness, and present to a world of intelligent beings a perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness in the person of his beloved Son, that pattern was found walking in the path of HUMBLE INDUSTRY, preaching the doctrine with indubitable clearness, that the wayfaring pilgrim, though a fool as to the wisdom of this world, may walk in the Truth and not err. "Seest thou this woman?" She was left near fifty years ago, by a loving and faithful husband, the object of her youthful affections, a sorrowful widow, with a large family of little daughters, and an infant son in her arms. Like too many poor widows she was left with a little property encumbered with debt: and, what added to her affliction, she was advised by those she thought her best friends, to sell off and break up housekeeping. Thus she would have been deprived of a home, she must have put out her poor little daughters to receive their education in the kitchens of the rich, where such children are too often neglected, if not exposed to bad company and hard treatment, while she herself and her little son might have had to seek an asylum under the hospitable roof of some kind relative, or been coldly assisted by her friends. This kind of advice, however honest the intentions of the counsellors, has proved, I fear, a serious injury to too many poor widows and orphans, who with a little encouragement might have done better, was not to be taken by THIS WOMAN. She had been brought up in the path of HUMBLE INDUSTRY, and being now introduced into the school of affliction, she asked counsel of her Divine Master, who encouraged her to exercise the energies of her

body and powerful mind, in that path that is cast up for the just man, and which is compared to the luminous orb that rises in the hemisphere and shines with increasing splendor, till it "arrives at the meridian altitude of a glorious and perfect day." Thus encouraged, she sold the best part of the land with all the buildings, and honestly paid the debt, or so reduced it that she could get along. By the most indefatigable exertions, she raised an humble dwelling on the poorest part of the land, where, by the wonderful power of industry, she kept her little family together, fed, clothed and schooled them; for this woman had recognized in the character of a mother, a responsibility that could not be delegated. Hence the great concern she felt to take care of those lambs herself, that were given her "in the wilderness of this world, by the everlasting Shepherd and Bishop of souls." Dear widows, be encouraged in beholding the life of THIS WOMAN, and lift up your heads in hope, for the same Shepherd of Israel that sleeps not by day nor slumbers by night, continues to watch over poor widows that are "widows indeed," that faithfully follow him in the path of humble industry—speaking peace to their afflicted souls, as he spoke through the mouth of his prophets formerly: "Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted,—behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones, and all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

This promise was remarkably fulfilled in the family of THIS WOMAN; she lived to see her children respectably raised and five of her daughters happily married; her grand children and great grand children coming up after her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She lived to witness what few widows have ever known—her only son foregoing the alluring enjoyments in the ways of men, to devote himself with every endearing attention to his precious mother, by which her latter days were rendered as peaceful and happy as they could be in this world. Indeed, no serious and reflecting mind could visit this "Elect Lady" with her children, and be in possession of her little history, without being renewedly convinced of the great importance of following the blessed Saviour in the PATH OF HUMBLE INDUSTRY—a path that not only leads to the enjoy-

ment of rational happiness in this world, but everlasting happiness in the world to come. For a better description of a perfect woman, the reader is referred to the inspired poetry in the last chapter of Proverbs, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

I could notice many other valuable Friends of Makefield Monthly Meeting, but I shall close with a short account of my dear deceased aunt, Margaret T. Hicks, a minister, who stood high, not only with Friends of Makefield, but with Bucks Quarter. Her maiden name was Thomas, and I think she was a native of Long Island, and a distant relation to her husband, and, according to her own account, had been a wild, wayward girl, extremely fond of music and dancing. She married my uncle, Joseph Rodman Hicks, a very handsome young man, whose constitutional eccentricity, disqualified him from filling, with perfect propriety, his social and relative duties; and hence his wife, as a matter of course, was introduced into the street called Strait, or in other words, into a state of suffering and sorrow, which was so sanctified to her, through the eternal power of truth, that the scales fell from her spiritual eyes, and she saw the way the ransomed in Jacob and the redeemed in Israel must walk in, and taking up the cross of Christ, she pressed forward towards the crown, which she found was not to be obtained but through humble obedience. Giving up at last to the heavenly vision, a dispensation of the gospel was committed to her, in which she witness an enlargement, and became an able minister, that might say in the language of the apostle, "I was made a minister according to gift of the grace of God, given unto me by the effectual working of his power; to me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, that I might preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Indeed she was a precious minister to me, and a very dear mother in our Israel, whom I loved much. In the decline of life she had to drink deeply of the cup of gall mixed with wormwood, following to the grave her husband and six of her children, after they were grown up. Being thus stript, she took up her residence with her only son Charles, in Philadelphia, where she continued to live until she was between eighty and ninety years of age, closing her earthly pilgrimage in the innocence of a lit-

tle child, and I hope she has landed safe on that happy and peaceful shore, in that eternal land of rest where sorrow is unknown.

I have thus endeavored to give a little biographical sketch of some of the active members of Makefield, in the days of our prosperity, when all the wiles and stratagems of cunning and Orthodoxy could not break our ranks or destroy our unity. Not one of our select members went with them, and only two obscure families in the whole Monthly Meeting.

This Monthly Meeting was first opened in the 6th month, 1820. The Friends who sat in the galleries at Makefield at that time are all dead, both men and women, but on the men's side at Newtown, one minister and two elders are still living. But oh, how solemn the consideration that they must, in the course of nature, soon go; for thus it is ordered in the immutable wisdom of an omnipotent Creator, that one generation of men and women should go and another come, and that even our meeting houses should be evacuated and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.

31*st*. First day—a dull day and a dull meeting, owing on my part, I fear, to spiritual indolence, or my mind being like the inn we read of in the New Testament, which was so filled with finer guests, there was no room for a SAVIOUR.

6*th month* 1*st*. Seriously thoughtful about talking too much. I have been favored to keep silent in our meetings for business, touching the unsettlement and confusion among us. I wish I could be more silent out of meeting, and more engaged in secret prayer, that the LORD would spare his people and no longer give his heritage to reproach.

2*d*. Communicated the above feelings and exercise to my dear younger brother in the ministry, J. M. S., hoping they may be useful to him.

3*d*. Spent in reading and writing. There are certainly many most excellent pieces among the tracts published by Orthodox Friends. I could have wished they had not tried to imitate the priests in their mode of expression, nor had, what I fear, so much selfish design in the selection of their matter; however, I may be too jealous, and therefore judge them wrongfully. I will therefore leave it to Him who knows the secrets of our hearts.

4*th*. Our Monthly Meeting at Newtown. I opened a prospect to my friends of paying a religious visit to all the Quarterly Meetings in our Yearly Meeting, including the half-year's Meeting at Fishing creek; and, if way opened, to appoint some meetings and visit some families. My concern was taken hold of by the meeting and generally united with,—the women without a dissenting voice; but two ultra reformers cavilled while the concern was before men Friends, and after it was settled and a minute prepared, and I had left the meeting, one of them came out with an expression of disunity. They might both be right, for had they expressed unity and sympathy, they might have heaped, as it were, coals of fire on my head, for I certainly had no unity with them, and our difference must be left to be settled by a higher tribunal. I do not know but what L. M., that talented creature in Philadelphia, has done more towards destroying the unity of our Monthly Meeting, than Jonathan Evans with all his influence as a ruling elder, could do twenty years ago; for he only got two silent satellites, while she appeared to have two of our most chattering members.

5*th*. Went to Middletown Monthly Meeting, and had a feast of fat things, with wine on the lees well refined. Dear J. C. was there and preached the everlasting gospel, comforting and encouraging my poor soul, more than all the preaching I have heard this seven years, my own included. Dined with him at P. M.'s and parted with him in the tendering cementing power of *Eternal Truth*. The subject matter on which he was led to speak, was the state of Hezekiah, king of Judah, when he was besieged by an impious and blasphemous enemy. His preservation and deliverance was brought about by prayer and silence. Oh! that Friends could be instructed by what "was written aforetime for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." True Christians, according to my view, are now the Israel of God. The Christian part of the Society of Friends, are now beseiged by, what I fear I may call, an impious, if not a blasphemous spirit. I was therefore rejoiced to find my dear friend J. C. united with me—that our safety and deliverance depended upon our rallying to our distinguishing position—SILENCE in the house of prayer; *answer them not a word.*

6*th*. A day of comparative idleness and ease, with but little if any improvement in best things.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Sees from thy hand no worthy action done."

7*th*. First-day a large meeting, but it was not one of my good silent meetings, for I was led into a communication, which appeared to me rather an insignificant concern. Had the company of Sally Janney, wife of my dear friend Phineas Janney, from Alexandria, Silas Edson and wife, from Philadelphia, and all my children and grand-children, to dinner: it was indeed a social and rational enjoyment, but I had to leave them to attend an appointed meeting at Banner Knowl's, eight or nine miles up the Delaware. My dear young friends, J. M. S. and wife, went with me. A large concourse of people were in attendance, amongst whom dear E. S. I thought had good service. I said a good deal, and I think it is likely to but little purpose, like all the rest of my sayings. However, the people behaved remarkably well, and I believe some thought we had a good meeting.

8*th*. I fear this day has been a day of too much shackling idleness, for a true Christian, whose time in this world ought to be considered too precious to be trifled away.

9*th*. Went in the stage to Bristol, on my way to attend Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting, held at Medford. At Burlington, called to see Joseph Parrish, son of my dear deceased friend, Doctor Parrish, who is now a practising physician in that place. Joseph and his wife were very kind, and offered to take me out to their mother's, but their brother John Parrish being in town by himself, I went out with him, and paid a visit to the venerable John Cox, a minister among Orthodox Friends, now in his ninety-third year. He appeared to me to manifest the dignity of the gentleman, with the innocence of a child. In the afternoon John Parrish took me to Mount Holly, to the house of my dear friend George Hulme. The children of the excellent Doctor Parrish appear to have a fair start in the world, at almost every point; but alas! methinks I see an enemy lurking near their path, "the friendship of the world," that is always courting wealth and fame, and leaving the suffering seed to weep and lament. But perhaps the less I say on this subject the better, for the world appears not to be prepared to receive my testimony.

10*th*. Went in company with my dear friend George Hulme to the Select Quarterly Meeting, and indeed it was a precious meeting to me, for I was favored to be silent and to get in the house of prayer. Dined at the tavern, and although I fear my conversation, was too light and trifling, some of my friends thought some good was done.

11*th*. Attended the general Quarterly Meeting, held in a beautiful new house, built and presented to Friends by the late valuable Benjamin Davis, of Medford. I tried to have a good meeting, but really I could scarcely get a crumb of bread, for our ministers seemed a little like school boys, playing ball, and appeared to me to be all the time tossing the loaf of bread about in the air, so that I could not seemingly get any, and therefore thought I had reason to complain, like the little Presbyterian boy did of their meetings, telling his mother that they would not give him time to think, and asked permission to go to a silent Quaker meeting. However, I was truly glad that I labored after heavenly bread in silence.

12*th*. My kind friend George Hulme sent me in his carriage to Burlington, in company with two of his cousins, John Hulme's daughters, pretty little Episcopalians, who appeared to be pious girls. It is astonishing how successful the Orthodox have been, with the assistance of the priests, to fix prejudices in young and tender minds against Friends, and it is sorrowful to think how these prejudices are confirmed by the skeptical speculations of some of our own members. I had considerable difficulty to convince them that the religious Society of Friends that I belonged to, did not deny the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, nor did we hold the sentiments that we were charged with by our enemies. In a Friend's house, at Bristol, I met with an Orthodox publication, in which was what they called an account of the heresy of Elias Hicks, and the separatists, a perverted, sophistical statement, designed to produce the prejudices above alluded to, and the writers as well as publishers must have been ignorant, or very wicked, for I know their account is false; and considering the situation the Orthodox are now in, they ought to be ashamed of themselves, to be thus venting their spleen and bitterness on such Friends as dear old Elias, and John Comly. Why, I do not know but what the apostle Paul, if he was to read such an account, and know as well as I do that it was false, would not

be constrained to address the writer as he did one formerly, "Oh! full of all subtilty, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness; wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord."

13*th*. It is to me a sorrowful and discouraging consideration to behold again belligerent parties rising up among Friends. I thought I saw in the late Quarterly Meeting "sorrowful symptoms, big with death." A dear brother in the ministry, whom I love, made use of the term "blessed Saviour," which sounded unsavoury, while his opponent, with an eloquence that sounded like that of a learned clergyman and lecturer, appeared carefully to avoid the above term, and substituted that of Jesus, which to me was equally unsavoury, and if I am not mistaken in the real sentiments of the speaker, a little profane. Understand me, the words "blessed Saviour and Jesus," I love, and would wish to use them with reverence and a feeling heart, not for party purposes and unbelief.

14*th*. First-day, had one of my most precious, silent meetings. I had craved or begged on my pillow a good silent meeting, and my prayer was granted in a most memorable manner; for which my soul feels gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise to him that sittith upon the throne, and the Lamb. My dear younger sister, E. S., appeared in solemn supplication, and although I could not hear her distinctly, it was attended with a precious feeling that had no fellow.

15*th*. Engaged in my shop, working with my own hands, and minding my own business, studying to be quiet, and walk orderly amongst my neighbors, which brings sweet peace.

16*th*. Went to my dear friend Isaac Parry's, where I have been in the practice of visiting for nearly thirty years, and now that we have become connected, by the union of his youngest son with my youngest daughter, my visits are of course peculiarly pleasant. But Isaac and myself are growing old, and feel at times discouraged about the unsettled state of Society, ready to exclaim in the mournful language of the prophet, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?"

17*th*. Diligent in business, and if I had been as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, it would have been a good day with me; but I certainly feel deficient in heartfelt dedication to the great cause of my heavenly Father, and a sense of this defi-

ciency hangs as a dark curtain or cloud over my path through life, and if my poor soul is saved, it must be by mercy, "infinite, adorable mercy," not by merit.

18*th*. Our midweek meeting, a laborious travel of spirit, crowned with peace, for I did not give way to the current of drowsiness, but breasted it with all my might, but was sorry to see so many goodly Friends carried along with the downward stream, having always understood that it is sick and dead fish that swim with the current. There was a circumstance occurred at our meeting to-day, which, if I am not misinformed, is worthy of recording. J. J., who lives at Addisville, four miles from this, has been brought up a Presbyterian, though latterly dissatisfied with them, and partially convinced of Friends' principles, but discouraged by his family. This morning he says he felt it right to go to Quaker meeting, but being unwell, and having no way but to walk, he felt discouraged; but he thought he heard a secret voice like this, "Present thy body, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is thy reasonable duty." With this impression he came to meeting, in the course of which our dear E. S. was led to speak from the same text most feelingly and practically, which appears to have made a deep impression upon J. J.'s mind. But what it will come to I know not, for many are called but few are chosen, and I fear that J. J. is too much like myself, he talks too much.

19*th*. Neither sick enough to lay by, nor well enough to work, and of course spent rather an unpleasant and unprofitable day.

20*th*. Went to White Marsh to pay a social visit to my dear sister, Susan W. Phipps, and her husband and children; one of the most heavenly visits of the kind I ever paid. I say heavenly, for I have no recollection of ever feeling more Christian tenderness and love than I did towards my dear sister's interesting family of children.

21*st*. Attended their meeting at Plymouth; went, I hope, in that state of mind that our Saviour pronounced blessed, when he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." The silent part of the meeting was a precious exercise to my poor soul; but my preaching I must leave to others to judge of, for if I was qualified to preach Christ and him crucified, in my humiliation my judgment was taken away.

22*d.* Returned home, and on my way, attended the funeral of Sarah Wood, daughter of Seth Davis, an elder. She had scarcely been married three years. I remember attending her wedding: it was one of the most Christian weddings, and the meeting was peculiarly solemn and affecting. Her husband, John Wood, was the son of our worthy friend, Joseph Wood, an elder, all members of Horsham Monthly Meeting. The dear young friends had just got nicely settled, and John had gone to market, when dear Sarah was taken with the cramp cholic, and died in about an hour, leaving a child fifteen or sixteen months old. The circumstances of her marriage and settlement, were so much like my dear S. P., that it called into action all my tenderest feelings, awakening the deepest sympathy for her poor afflicted father, who appears to be now trembling on the brink of the grave. I could only pour forth my tears and prayers in silence, fearing the "*cloven tongue as of fire,*" had been already sounding its bell unavailingly amongst them.

23*rd.* This day has been so cold that I could scarcely work in my shop. In the evening was favored with a solemn exercise in spiritual prayer, not only for myself and family, the afflicted and suffering seed, but for the religious Society of Friends, who like Joseph, may be still alive, but a prisoner in Egypt, under a charge of having attempted to commit adultery with the world, and the mantle or garment that they once wore is produced in evidence against them, while the priests, the Orthodox, and political abolitionsts, like Pharoah's General, deceived by a wicked world, are sustaining the prosecution, or more properly speaking are the persecutors. Oh! that the religious Society of Friends could keep in the everlasting patience, like meek innocent Joseph, witnessing the salvation of the *Lord* in bringing them out of prison, and making them as saviours on Mount Zion.

24*th.* Was spent in attending to my business, and domestic concerns, and was favored in the evening with a sweet, tender spirit of prayer, which extended to the sick, sorrowful, and afflicted throughout the world of mankind, for which blessed favor my soul was filled with thanksgiving and praise.

25*th.* Our meeting day to-day. I had a good meeting, and was favored to keep silent. S. T., from Baltimore was with us and spoke I believe to general satisfaction, and our friend J.

M. S. had a few words of Gospel for us. In the afternoon took S. T. and his wife to Warminster, and on my return found a poor old fellow soldier, sitting by the road-side, just from the Alms-house; took him into the carriage and brought him to Newtown where he was trying to come. I felt glad that I could help this poor brother, who was once an honorable and useful carpenter in easy circumstances, and a far more useful and valuable citizen than ever I have been, but now separated from his wife and eleven children, is an offcast from society, dragging out the feeble remains of a miserable life, upon the cold hard-hearted charity of a county poor house. I was thankful to be favored with Christian sympathy, and a fervent prayer for him to the *Saviour* of sinners, to whose mercy I could only commend him with my own poor soul.

26*th*. Diligent in business if not fervent in spirit, fulfilling part of the duty of a Christian, which is better than to be entirely idle. Heard towards evening of the death of our cousin, Andrew Ashton, a man of peace and Christian propriety. Oh! the love and sweetness I feel for him. Happy would it be for the Christian world, if there were more like him. If it were not so far, and I so feeble, I would attend his funeral. I think he was an abolitionist of the right kind; and while I am writing it occurs to me to give a short account of another abolitionist of the right kind, my namesake, Edward Hicks, of Chester County, who has been dead nearly thirty years, and although like Cowper's Cottager, he was hardly known "a half a mile from home," he gave a more practical demonstration of his love of justice and mercy, than even the celebrated Elias Hicks. If I am not mistaken in my impression, he was the son of Charles Hicks, of Bucks County. His mother was a Kimble, whose father died in England, and left her some estate, part of which was slaves in the West Indies. She sold all but one, the young widow of an African king, who died soon after they were married. This woman she brought with her to Pennsylvania, and while at sea she was delivered of a son, which the mistress called County Cornwall, after the place she came from in England. This was that remarkable colored man known by the name of Corn, so well remembered in Wrightstown, Newtown, and Middletown. After the death of Charles Hicks, Edward's father, *Corn* was sold among other slaves, and the money for which he was sold came to Edward, who

being a minor, was placed as an apprentice to a cooper in Delaware County. After he was free, he became convinced of Friends' principles, and although not a member at that time, he felt uneasy at having in his possession money that was the proceeds of the sale of a slave. This uneasiness continuing, Edward came up into Bucks County, seeking for the slave, who was found with a Presbyterian, that set a very high value on him; and if superior dignity of character is any proof of a descent from the royal line of Africa, he certainly had a valid claim, and well deserved the money that was paid to him in gold and silver, with its interest in full, by the hands of Edward Hicks. This remarkable act of justice produced considerable excitement among Friends of Wrightstown, who were then consistent abolitionists, and the sum so nobly paid not being enough to meet the demand of the Presbyterian, Friends of Wrightstown nobly came forward and paid the residue of the demand, and set the colored man free; who abundantly proved that he was worthy of the favor, through a long life, distinguished not only by superior dignity of character, combined with the steady consistency of the Quaker; but such scrupulous attention to the great principles of honesty, that his acts and sayings were never called in question. Such was the colored man long known by the name of Corn, the grist grinder in the mill of John Hulme & Sons, in Hulmeville, alias Milford, Middletown township, Bucks County, Pa. Having recorded the evidence of my namesake's distinguished reverence for the great attribute of justice, I think myself happy in being able, if I am not mistaken in my information and impression, to record a still greater evidence of his peculiar love for the pre-eminent attribute of mercy, with which he closed a long and virtuous life. E. H. from travelling so long in the path of humble industry, strictly observing such remarkable frugality as to become honestly possessed of a large estate for a farmer, and being now a member of the Society of Friends, he felt bound to take the advice of their excellent discipline, and make his will and settle his earthly concerns while in health; and being near fourscore, and blessed with sound mind and memory, he made his will and apportioned his property to his wife and children, showing them what he had done, and having the unspeakable satisfaction to know they were all satisfied. He then felt a concern to go over all his bonds, notes, and book accounts that were standing

against his friends and neighbors; and every bond and note against persons in straitened circumstances, or more especially if they were poor, he burnt, because he feared the collecting of such debts by his executors would cause suffering and sorrow; and all such book accounts he settled himself by balancing the book, thus offering a sweet smelling sacrifice of thousands, to the darling attribute of mercy and goodness. After performing this truly Christian act he expressed the great peace he felt in doing what he thought was his duty, and in a few hours after died suddenly, but in peace with God and man. Dear old Friends, you that are able go and do likewise.

27*th.* Spent pretty much in writing, which I am afraid will be of but little use: for should it ever be published, no body will think it worth reading, except some few of my friends who may be left.

28*th.* First day—dull, rainy weather—a sleepy time at meeting with many: but a good silent meeting for me, for I realized the truth of the Saviour's promise, "seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened." How can Friends expect to have good meetings, if they will not observe or attend to the conditions contained in the text?

29*th.* Steadily employed in the line of my business, feeling it my duty to do what I can for my family, while I am able to work; when the time comes which must be near at hand, that I can no longer use these hands to minister to my own necessities, and them that are with me, my dear children must take care of me.

30*th.* Feeble in body and mind. I have but little to say, only I thought I felt something like the angel of *God's* holy presence, touching my soul about the time of the evening oblation, producing fervent prayer and living aspirations, which I hope was an acceptable sacrifice.

7*th month* 1*st.* As I am with great propriety classed among the poor working men, I am thankful I have been trying to do my duty in great weakness both of body and mind, under which, in the evening, felt peculiarly solemn, feeling that the time of my departure from this world is nigh at hand.

"When rising from the bed of death,
O'er whelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Saviour face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?"

A discouraging time for the poor farmers; so wet and warm, that they cannot get their hay and wheat secured.

2*d*, 3*d*, 4*th*. Wishing to avoid sameness and repetition, I have but little to say, but that seriousness and solemnity have been increased by hearing of the death of four of my old friends: Joseph Price, Hannah L. Smith, Mary Hulme, and Mary Story. They were Orthodox Friends.

5*th*. First day, went to see my children at Horsham; called on my way at Warminster Meeting. The silent part of it was a strength and encouragment to my exercised soul, for it was to me a precious prayer meeting: but I am afraid my telling the people my experience might have done more hurt than good.

6*th*. A day of great favor as to the outward; but yesterday the farmers were quite discouraged; some wheat fields nearly destroyed by the fly, others so beat down by the wind and rain as to make it difficult gathering; others growing in the swarth; abundance of hay spoiling in the field, with wet weather; to-day the sun shines and the farmers are encouraged to exert themselves. We were favored to secure enough for bread, which is certainly cause for thankfulness, and the weather continuing to look favorable, hope increases. Thus our being in this world depends upon the blessing of our Heavenly Father. Without his sun, which he causes to rise upon the just and upon the unjust, and without his rain, which he sendeth upon the good and upon the evil, how soon should we cease to exist.

7*th*. This day, forty-four years ago, I well remember making a record like this, "Where shall I be, and what shall I be, in forty years from this time?" I think my mind was under a solemn impression, and I prayed for preservation. Oh! thou covenant keeping God, thou heardst my feeble cry, for thou hast granted my request, and blessed me, unworthy wretch as I am, and oh! where shall I be, and what shall I be, in the half of forty years to come? Shall I be permitted to enter *thy* city whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are eternal praise? This day has been peculiarly favorable to the farmers for getting in their grain and hay. Oh! that their hearts may be tender and contrite before the *Lord*, in thanksgiving and praise.

8*th*. Another remarkably fine day for harvesting and getting in the hay—the most pleasant summer weather. The farmer ought to rejoice, and, indeed, every Christian in the United States should rejoice ever more, and in every thing give thanks

for the many blessings they enjoy. They ought to rejoice with thankful hearts, and bear their testimony against that wicked, grumbling, growling, fault-finding spirit, that would destroy the religious and civil institutions of our beloved country, turn our liberty into licentiousness, and introduce universal anarchy and confusion into both Church and State.

9*th*. Our Monthly Meeting at Makefield; and as our chattering reformers were both absent, we had a good little Monthly Meeting. One of our young members who had been persuaded by the Presbyterian priest, and one of his silly women, with whom the young Friend was hired, to join their meeting, came forward to-day with a voluntary acknowledgment and condemnation of his conduct, which was accepted. It is a cause of encouragement that, notwithstanding our unsettled state, and the scattering of our youth, the priests and their silly women cannot get and hold them. We had some speaking from a stranger, and some solid Gospel truths from J. M. S., and two of our female ministers.

10*th*. An exceedingly warm day, and it was with difficulty that I could make out to work, though I did make a good day of it, for a poor feeble old man. Had the company of a friend in the afternoon, that I was rather glad of, for I had feared that I had offended him when at the funeral of his father.

11*th*. Another exceedingly warm day, which has an enfeebling effect upon my poor worn out constitution. Notwithstanding, I did my day's work, as to the outward, but the inner man of the heart I fear has been too shackling and idle.

12*th*. First day, very warm weather. The professed worshippers of an infinitely perfect spiritual Being, that had collected at our meeting house, appeared to me too careless, idle, and indolent, which made hard work to keep to the life. I was led, I thought rightly, to speak of the great loss we sustained by sitting in a lounging posture or position, which nursed the weakness of our common nature, and rendered our meeting for worship a poor, lifeless thing. Whereas, if we were concerned to obey the commandment our Saviour gives to his disciples, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for I say unto you, many shall seek to enter and shall not be able; for straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leads to life, and few there be that find it: because wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leads to death or destruction, and

many there are that go in thereat,"—I say I tried to encourage Friends that if we would be obedient to this commandment, and strive to enter into life, or a living exercise, sitting *upright*, with the loins of our minds girded up, we could not fail coming at the life, and having a profitable meeting. But oh! the dreadful consequences of spiritual idleness; it is as much greater than bodily idleness, as the soul is greater than the body. But all I said seemed to me to pass as the idle wind, and after I sat down, a few words from my younger brother, J. M. S., had more Gospel in them than all that I said.

13*th*. Feeble as I was, I did a pretty good day's work. I have thought it right to exert myself to get ready to attend the Quarterly Meetings in the western part of our Yearly Meeting, which commence on the 20th. I think it will be best to go in my own wagon, and be as little trouble and hindrance to Friends as I can, although my age and infirmity would justify my having company.

14*th*. Astonishing change in the weather, from excessive heat to a cool fall air. I feel these changes very sensibly, and feel it hard to keep at work; and my weakness of body predisposes to discouragement about the state of our religious Society. A lovely young Friend in our town, though not a member of our Monthly Meeting, has lately married an Episcopalian, the daughter of an Orthodox Friend, and almost of course has left us. This circumstance has revived a sorrowful feeling I have had for years, of the sad loss that children sustain for the want of religious education. The father of this young man, who is in the station of an elder, appears to have spared no pains and expense to give him scholastic education; but I fear has left his soul too much as the ostrich leaveth her eggs, caring not if the foot of the passenger crush them. But how can it be otherwise? if the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth must be set on edge—or, to speak more plainly, if parents have no heartfelt belief in an after state, or in the awful doctrine of rewards and punishments, how can they impress it on the minds of their children? If parents have never entered the inner court of the temple, by Jesus Christ, who is the *only* door, how can they feel a right concern that their children may enter by the same door? No marvel, then, that such sadly neglected children of Friends should leave Christ, the only door into the true sheepfold, and be found climbing up

some other way, after the mercenary hireling ministers, spending their precious time in pursuit of "bubbles, deviled o'er by sense," those rattles and conceits of trifling cast, which can only drag their patient through the tedious length of a short winter's day.

> "Say, sages, say,
> Wits, oracles—say, ye dreamers of gay dreams,
> How can you weather an *eternal* night,
> When such expedients fail?"

I make not these remarks as only applicable to the above case, for alas! I fear it will be found they will bear too general an application, if we judge the professors of Christianity by the standard or rule proposed by the Divine Saviour: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

15*th*. A remarkably cold day for mid-summer. Paid an agreeable visit in company with my wife, to an old friend, a widow, who appears, like myself, to be going fast to her long home.

16*th*. Our midweek meeting to-day; rather a laborious time, but upon the whole a peaceable and profitable meeting. Went in the afternoon with my wife to see a dear sick friend, which was to me peculiarly satisfactory. But my mind is made sorrowful by what I saw this morning, at the hotel, in our town; the son of a dear deceased friend, whose remains I sorrowfully followed to the grave, a year ago, now tending bar, while his widowed mother, with the care of his own little motherless children, is left alone on a little farm near Bristol. How sorrowfully affecting to see so many young Friends ruined by keeping bad company. Oh! that I could warn them of the dangerous consequences that attend the frequenting of taverns and places of diversion; but worst of all, and most to be deplored as human nature's broadest, foulest blot, houses of ill fame—sinks of pollution, degradation, and gambling tables.

17*th*. In company with my old friend Joseph Briggs, who has sat by me in the station of an elder for nearly thirty years, I left home after dinner, to attend the western quarters; lodged at my brother and sister Phipps', at Whitemarsh.

18*th*. Went to Newtown Square, in Delaware County, to the house of our friend S. C., who had notice spread of our being at their meeting in the morning, and at Willistown in the afternoon.

19*th*. First day, attended said meetings. A very large com-

pany of tender, goodly people got together, whom the Lord blessed with his living presence; and we had a good meeting. In the afternoon, Joseph Foulk had some service, and we had the company of John Hunt, of Darby, and John Townsend, of Philadelphia; and though they were silent, I thought they were a great help to the meeting. John Hunt is the third son of that venerable mother in our Israel, Rachel Hunt, of Darby, a dignified minister of the Gospel, so well known and so universally beloved and respected, that her character stands above any eulogy of mine. John has been one of those noble, jolly, generous men of the world, who take the tour of Europe, visiting taverns, fashionable watering places, and places of diversion, travelling with rapidity,

> "to fly that tyrant *Thought*,
> To lash the lingering moments into speed,
> And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves."

Dear John Hunt saw before it was too late, the awful gulf, and, like the penitent prodigal, returned to his father's house, giving, I hope I may say, incontrovertible evidence that he has been clothed with the best robe, and his feet shod with a right preparation of the Gospel of peace, while his friends, and the friends of Christ, participate in that heavenly joy over one sinner that repenteth. Oh! that the Shepherd of Israel, who sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night, may preserve him from being overcome by the temptations of the Devil, and the flattery of silly women—male and female—who are his most powerful agents, and whom he employs to "boost,"—as we, when we were little boys, used to say, when we wanted help in climbing a tree—poor ministers, when trying to climb up after the Devil, on to the pinnacle of the temple, from which, alas! too many have been persuaded to throw themselves, in awful presumption, to the disgrace of the Society of Friends, and the great discouragement of the dear visited children. Went, after meeting at Willistown, to Jonathan Paxson's, a nephew of that almost super-excellent Oliver Paxson, that elder worthy of double honor, that pillar in the Lord's house, that father in the church of Christ, and prince in our Israel. Jonathan's valuable wife is a daughter of the late Phillip Price, an Orthodox elder, who, when he found his son Benjamin would go with Friends, acknowledged that there were valuable Friends among us, but said we would be overwhelmed with ranterism: is not

his prophecy coming true? Benjamin and his wife came to see us in the evening, and appeared serious and dignified; but I thought I felt something distant and reserved in him, which, if my feelings are correct, I can easily account for. B. P. has become the principal of a boarding school, consequently he must rank amongst the learned and great of Society, whilst I have, with great propriety, taken my place among the illiterate, the ignorant, and simple; and like Cowper's cottager,

> "Know this, if nothing more, my Bible true,
> A truth the learned skeptic never knew."

Be that as it may, however diversified with afflictions and vicissitudes the remaining part of my life may prove, I shall ever remember the time I have spent with him, with this peculiar acknowledgement, that of all the companions in travel I have ever had, take him in the whole, I have never had the equal of dear B. P.

20*th*. Second day, we went in company with Joseph Foulk, John Hunt, and John Townsend, to London Grove, and attended the select Quarterly Meeting, which was large; where we met with John Comly, who, with John Hunt, had good service. I was favored to keep silent, and feel after the spirit of prayer. Lodged with Thomas Hicks, in company with divers valuable Friends.

21*st*. Attended the general Quarterly Meeting, which was very large—a strong, substantial body of Friends, and some very strong ultra reformers. Of course there was a strife of tongues, which I was favored to take no part with, but to remain silent, though I felt a little like the Presbyterian boy, who wanted to go to a silent Quaker meeting, where he might have time to think. I tried to get to the place where prayer was wont to be made, but almost labored in vain, there was such a continual speaking, reading, and lecturing, for nearly five hours. Lodged at Joseph S. Walton's, in company with John Comly, on our way to Caln Quarter.

What a sorrowful list of fallen Quaker preachers is presented in a retrospect of fifty years. How many that once spoke as it were with the tongues of men and angels, have turned out worse than nothing. Many have been puffed up with spiritual pride and self-righteousness, and have become a disgrace to their friends, and a burthen to Society. There must be a cause for this sad effect, and I verily believe it is unbelief or

hardness of heart, selfishness, and pride. And oh! I should have been added to this dreadful class, had it not been for the mercy and goodness of God, through *Jesus Christ,* my dear Redeemer, who loved me and gave himself for me—he has snatched me as a brand from the burning, he has preserved me thus far as a monument of his mercy, and oh! that the last sound which may be heard from this tongue, may be thanksgiving and praise to the blessed Saviour of the world. My only hope of being saved from the foregoing evils, is the daily care of my Heavenly Shepherd, for of myself I can do nothing; and oh! that I may continue to look to him oftener than the morning, for power to do his will, and finish the work he has given me to do.

22*d.* Some remarks of my dear friend J. C., this morning, had a tendency to corroborate some of my views touching the radical deficiency of the ministry, and the weak, scattered state of Society. He said it would be better not to publish a person's writings till three or four years after they were dead, so as to let their *foibles* die with them. I would seriously ask, whether it can exalt the cause of truth, for the Society of Friends to give their sanction to the publication of the writings of such. If it were my own case, I would say they had better be burned; for if ministers can not live up to their own doctrine, they had better quit preaching. "Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" Before we indulge such anxiety to have our writings published, let us be able to say to the people, in the language and spirit of the apostle, "Seeing we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Ah! I fear that here is the cause of all our deficiencies: some of us do not believe in that Jesus, as Paul did—do not believe he is any thing "more than a man," "a great reformer," although not as great as a Catholic priest of Ireland; and yet we want to be called by his name. What abominable hypocrisy! my very soul sickens with the subject matter before me, and I turn from it with disgust, rejoicing to behold on my right hand a valuable body of precious ministering Friends, who give a practical evidence that they believe in the doctrine of the beloved John, "If we walk in the light as God is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another, and

the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin."

About twelve o'clock we left Joseph S. Walton's, in company with J. C., J. F., and other valuable Friends, to attend the select Quarterly Meeting at East Caln, in the afternoon. A weak, low time, only six members present—George Massy an aged and very respectable elder, seemed very much tried, if not discouraged. Went in the evening to the widow Davis's, a worthy elder. Though feeble with age and infirmity, she reminded me of the apostle John's elect lady, with her children. She is the daughter of William Mode, that valiant man in our Israel. When the house of Saul was to be superceded by the house of David in the Western Quarterly Meeting, William Mode stood as an upright pillar, that would not go out.

23*d*. Attended the general Quarterly Meeting held at East Caln. It was quite small in comparison to the Western Quarter, though it had one great advantage, the meeting for worship was held nearly one hour in solemn silence. To me it was a precious opportunity, for through adorable mercy my poor soul was made fruitful in the field of offering, and joyful in the house of prayer. But the precious silence was at last broken by my dear brother J. F., and it appeared to me that the life soon left the meeting, which still continued its session for nearly four hours. Ah! poor Caln, I do not know what will become of thee, when a few such men as G. M. and E. K. are taken from the evil to come. Thou appearest to me to be already scattered, shattered, and peeled by a political whirlwind, bearing upon its forehead the plausible concerns of civil liberty and temperance, while I fear too many of their most distinguished advocates are withering away, as to the life of Christianity, under the influence of the cold east winds of Unitarian skepticism.

After meeting, returned with our dear friend Joseph Chandler, living near London Grove.

24*th*. Paid a very pleasant social visit to T. E. and family, at New Garden. He has a lovely wife and an interesting family of children, who I fear have been hurt by the vain spirit of a fallen world, where the priests bear rule by their means, and the deluded people love to have it so; and wherever these gentry get an influence in Friends' families, they are almost

sure to leave the print of their soiled fingers. I love T. E., his dear wife and children, who treated me, as usual, with great kindness. In the afternoon attended an appointed meeting at Unionville; a beautiful, new house, filled to overflowing with a respectable, sober, tender people. I felt feeble in body and mind, and secretly prayed to my Heavenly Shepherd for help, for without him I can do nothing to the honor and glory of his cause on earth; and although I had sitting at my right hand, that valuable female minister, Ruth Pile, who helped to hold up my hands, I fear my little service partook too much of the nature of the instrument, to be of much use to the people. Lodged with Doctor Seal, one of those substantial men who are as sinews to the state. He appeared to have a lovely wife and children.

25*th*. Paid a social, I had almost said a religious visit to a Baptist woman—one of those valuable women who are a blessing to every neighborhood where they live. We had been schoolmates in our youth. In the afternoon, visited a Friend's family in trouble, for the head thereof appeared sick with complexional melancholy. I tried to encourage him, but alas! this sad disease is beyond the reach of a poor weak disciple, and can only be cured by the *Divine Master*. Attended an appointed meeting at Marlborough. The house appeared to be filled with intelligence, tenderness, talent and self-will—a heterogeneous mass, to whom a heterogeneous discourse was, perhaps, best suited. It was thought by some Friends to be a good meeting —if so, give God the glory, for the preacher was nothing but a poor sinner. After meeting, went home with Thomas Hicks, to lodge on the way to New Garden.

26*th*. First day, attended New Garden Meeting, which I fear had more of numbers and novelty, than seeking souls and gospel truths. In the afternoon attended an appointed meeting at Kennet Square. There were too many people by half, in attendance, and as to the public service, it appears to me such a mixture, that it would have puzzled a chemist to analyze it. After meeting, a very respectable looking man came to me, either in the capacity of a messenger of encouragement or an agent of the Devil, and told me as to physical strength I was a living miracle, and the doctrine I preached was calculated to restore harmony and peace; be that as it may, one consideration affords peace, I tried to have my own will

so completely subdued as to have nothing to do with the concern, and there I am willing to leave it and follow dear Ruth Pile and her son to Susannah Way's, near Brandywine, to lodge. This widow I hope was an *Elect Lady*, having three very intelligent, interesting children living with her.

27*th*. Went on to Concord to the house of our kind friend Doctor Marsh. In the afternoon attended the select Quarterly Meeting, which was large and strong, and conducted with more dignity than I have lately been a witness to—the only deficiency I observed was in us ministers; we could not be silent enough. I tried to get down to the waters of life, but found hard digging and but little water, but it was sweet. Lodged at the Doctor's in company with dear John Hunt, Phœbe Hadley, and other valuable Friends. Phœbe is a precious minister, and her company was, I thought, a strength to me.

28*th*. Attended Concord Quarterly Meeting—a large, substantial body of Friends, but I cannot say, as a meeting, they were either dignified with immortality or crowned with eternal life, for there was a young man amongst them whose right hand appeared to me to be withered. He was so paralysed that he did not know it, but thought he was strong enough to stand forth in the midst, without the Saviour's power or command; and for nearly one hour he tried to stretch forth his hand, but it appeared to me still withered, and I think will remain so until he complies with the terms laid down by the great head of the church: "When thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift—go, be reconciled to thy brother, then come offer thy gift." Several women exercised their gifts I trust, to edification and comfort. I was favored through mercy to keep silent, and when dear John Hunt rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, I could say in the secret of my soul, "Spring up, O well, and I will sing unto thee." I could then weep, as it it were, between the porch and the altar, and offer for my own sins a broken heart and a contrite spirit, saying to my *Father* who seeth in secret, "spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to a reproach." I wish it to be distinctly understood that none of those active, forward preachers, that I have taken the liberty to find fault with, stood in my way in the Quarterly Meeting; far from it, for if I understand the command of my Master, it was to pray to him in secret and

suffer in silence, not to preach; but a superficial ministry disturbs the solemnity of a Quaker meeting, for Christ's saying remains an unchangeable truth, "he that gathereth not with me scattereth."

In Concord Quarterly Meeting for business, there was a case of an appeal from the judgment of one of the Monthly Meetings, and it appeared to me that Friends were more concerned to sustain, what they would call "the dignity of a Quarterly Meeting," than the attribute of mercy and forgiveness, which should ever be the distinguishing badge of a Christian assembly; and I ventured to tell them of it in a few words. My cough increasing so much and having sat a long time, I felt a freedom to excuse myself and leave the meeting, walking slowly back to the Doctor's, nearly a mile. Doctor Marsh has a son at home with him, apparently a talented, dignified young Doctor, who I fear is in the last stage of a pulmonary consumption. I felt the tenderest sympathy for him and his lovely young wife and infant child. My secret fervent prayer has been offered to the Shepherd of Israel on their account.

Came on in the afternoon as far as Darby, in company with Abraham G. Hunt, the youngest son of Rachel Hunt, already alluded to. He and his dear wife were so kind and pleasant, that it dispelled the gloom that might otherwise have rested on the place, (which is now left vacant,) from a view of several memorials of a dear departed mother in the truth.

29*th.* Left in the morning for home. My friend Joseph, having some business in the city, I felt more than a freedom to attend Cherry street meeting for worship, and after a painful, laborious exercise to keep above the overwhelming flood of sleep and sluggishness, truth arose triumphant over all, and furnished me with a word of encouragement which I offered publicly to my friends, and we parted in peace and love. I came home and found all well, for which I am thankful. My old friend J. B. in his seventy-seventh year and myself sixty-seven, were gone from home twelve days and a half, and I attended thirteen meetings, and he twelve, but the most extraordinary circumstance is, that we have sat along-side of each other for more than thirty years; he in the station of an elder and I in the station of a minister.

30*th.* Our Preparative meeting—a very laborious spiritual exercise, but a precious triumphant meeting; wherein I saw

the incalculable loss that Friends sustain, especially in their religious meetings, by giving way to the weakness of our common nature, sleepy sluggishness and busy thought; carelessly gliding down the tide of time, though not "on time intent," and so unconscious of the passing time, that to the mercy of a moment's left the vast concerns of an eternal scene."

31*st.* Hearing of the sickness of my daughter Susan in New York, and not knowing what day we may be sent for, I gave out attending Philadelphia and Abington Quarters next week. My dear Susan being sick, leads me again to mention her dear deceased daughter, *my sweet littte Phœbe Ann.* Though nearly five months have passed since her departure to the eternal world, there has not been a day in which I have not wept more or less for the loss of a child whom I loved, if possible, better than my own life; while I have sorrowfully rejoiced at her safe arrival in that city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are eternal praise.

8*th month* 1*st.* Comfortably and happily at home with my dear wife and children, in the enjoyment of peace and plenty,

"Oh for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise."

2*d.* First day—a triumphant victory over weakness and a precious baptising meeting, held in solemn silence.

3*d* and 4*th.* Spent pretty much in writing, bringing up my diary to the present date.

5*th.* Went from a sense of religious duty to Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, and sat along-side of H. W. in the back part of the meeting; a Friend who has stood in the station of a recommended minister for ten or twelve years, but is now under dealing for contracting debts that he was not able to pay, and then a making a partial assignment, and other misdemeanors, for which he made a full and ample acknowledgement, which being brought before the meeting was ably discussed. I certainly tried to feel tenderness and sympathy for my poor friend, but for some cause, which I hope was my own fault, I could neither shed a tear nor offer a living prayer. I certainly felt that I had been as bad, if not worse than he, but I remembered that when in the street called Strait, like Saul of Tarsus, I prayed, and the good Ananias was sent to shew

me a way where there appeared no way; but I feared that my poor friend H. W. had never fervently prayed in the depth of humility for himself, but was retaining a secret hardness against his friends whom he had deceived, and like had begat its like—hence the hardness of heart and difficulty of understanding. I therefore arrived at this conclusion, that if H. W. would now go to each of his creditors, humbled as it were in the dust, and say in a language like one formerly, "have patience with me and I will try to pay thee all," I cannot believe there is one of them so cruel as to seize him by the throat saying, "pay me that thou owest." With this conclusion I left the Monthly Meeting at Wrightstown and returned home, satisfied that I had tried to do what I thought was my duty.

It very ill becomes us, professing ministers of the gospel, when we get a standing among our friends, and borrow their money, or otherwise get in debt to them, when we are not able to pay them, to add insult to injury by trying to bully them down in a Monthly Meeting, by a party of pretended Friends, who perhaps are influenced by no better feelings than Ahab's foolish pity. As for our creditors, if they are hard-hearted, selfish usurers, they will have an awful account to settle before that *Judge* of quick and dead, whose commandment to his people is clearly and positively laid down in Holy writ, "Thou shalt no lend thy money to thy poor brother on usury; I say unto you do good and lend hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be called the children of the Highest."

6th. Our Monthly Meeting at Newtown. I had a lively exercise in silence, though truth did not rise in dominion. I thought that Friends had cause to thank God and take courage, seeing that the instruments of disorganization and confusion amongst us were so very few and so very weak and insignificant.

7*th*. Passed through some exercise and sorrow on account of the particularly tried state of some of my friends, especially two ministers, one of whom I have alluded to. The other is a brother with whose gift and spirit I have great unity, and his lovely wife still more, although she is not an acknowledged minister. They are in debt for the property they hold, so that the grub-worm of usury is eating up what little substance they have, and I fear if they do not sell their place soon, they will not have enough left to pay their just debts, although now I

believe they are solvent. I was certainly once in a worse predicament than they are, but my tried situation seemed to excite a general sympathy in the Society, and dear friends came forward to relieve me. But no feelings of tenderness or brotherly kindness seems to be manifested towards these dear Friends, though I am sure they are better than ever I was, and more worthy of the sympathy of Society—hence I conclude the Society of Friends are retrograding from practical Christianity.

8*th.* Felt an anti-christian spirit to arise on hearing of the bigotry and bitterness of a Methodist minister, now living in our town, although upon self examination found I was too much in the same spirit, with greater inconsistency than my Methodist neighbor, for he declares in favor of war, and is ready to carry his bigotry and bitterness to the field of battle; but I profess to be the follower of the meek, humble carpenter of Nazareth, who was an antipode to all bigotry, bitterness, and war, and therefore if I indulge these wicked spirits, I am a hypocrite, and worse, if possible, than the Methodist minister. Oh! that I had more of that heavenly charity, that is not so easily offended.

9*th.* First day, a pretty large meeting, and while I remained silent, it was a precious encouraging opportunity, but my preaching I fear was a poor concern—however, I tried to do the best I could, and I feel no condemnation.

10*th.* Wrote a letter for the benefit and on behalf of a very dear friend who is in trouble and difficulty: I have but little hope that it will have much effect. I am too little a man, and consequently will have too little influence.

11th. Our dear Isaac returned from New York quite unwell, which is a cause of anxiety, but brought the agreeable intelligence that our dear Susan is better, and we have the additional pleasure of a visit from Caroline Seaman, a granddaughter of the venerable Elias Hicks.

12*th.* Went to Byberry meeting. It appeared small and scattered: but I was brought under a lively exercise, and thought I saw more clearly than ever the cause of their dwindling state, the same disease that was in apostate Israel. They forsook the *Lord Almighty,* the fountain of living waters, and hewed to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that would hold no water, in consequence of which, children had become their

oppressors, and women ruled over them. Paid the most agreeable visit to my dear friend, John Comly, and his interesting family, I ever did.

13*th*. Returned home and found my family well; but my dear friend Elizabeth Roberts, wife of David Roberts, one of our aged members, died this morning. Received a letter together with a box or chest of tea, (from William Moore, son of my dear deceased friend, Doctor John Moore, late of Philadelphia,) from China. The letter was peculiarly acceptable, containing a sweetness that made the most tendering impressions. My dear cousins, V. and A. H., children of the excellent E. H., arrived this evening from New York. Their visit to me is more than acceptable; and had it been at any other time, the daughter of dear P. G., who likewise called with her children, would have been to me peculiarly pleasing: but we were rather unpleasantly crowded.

16*th*. First day, attended the funeral of our dear friend, Elizabeth Roberts, who was buried before meeting, and of course the meeting was larger than common, to whom I was led to speak. Our much loved E. S. added a short communication, which I did not distinctly hear, but thought that it was as usual sweet and savoury; but some thought it unbecoming the occasion, and were offended. Well, if the dear little creature, did get a little wrong, even that may have its use, for some of us were rather idolizing her; for all things work together for good to them that love *God*.

17*th*. Had the very agreeable company of John Comly and his two children, Charles and Sarah; these, in addition to my cousins Valentine and Abigail Hicks, with their daughter, made a very interesting company, with whom the day was spent agreeably. Received in the evening, from my dear friend William Folwell, of New Jersey, a truly encouraging letter, filled with brotherly kindness.

18*th*. Spent in company with my cousins from Long Island and New York, very pleasantly if not profitably. I certaintainly have some doubts of the propriety of Friends spending their precious time unprofitably in visits merely for pleasure, and am almost ready to conclude that it increases weakness, idleness, and pride among us.

19*th*. I was made sorrowful to day on hearing that one of our members said that Franklin's works were as good as the

Bible. This man is at the head of a rising family, in which, in all probability the Scriptures are never read. Alas! for the cause of Christ, as professed by Friends. I feel something like a concern to speak privately to the member, but I have but little hope that he will hear me, for all these fault-finders and unbelievers of the Scriptures, are self-righteous, and I fear in the broad way to commit the unpardonable sin by blaspheming against the Holy Ghost. Well, let others do as they will, as for me and my house we will try to serve the Lord, in the way of our early Friends, walking by the same rule, and minding the same things, for I am increasingly confirmed in the belief that every departure from the primitive path, either into right hand or left hand errors will end in darkness and confusion.

20*th*. Our meeting day. My active mind was too full of cogitation about publishing another extract from my writings, and too much confused to come to any safe conclusion. I certainly think I am sincere in singly desiring to promote the cause of my dear *Redeemer;* but while this cloud of confusion continues, I shall be afraid. Was made sorrowful towards evening in hearing that a son of a very dear Friend, who had recently reformed from intemperate habits had fallen back again, and in dark confusion, married one of those unfortunate females who too much abound in our towns and cities, and was now in a state bordering on distraction. Poor, dear children, how I feel for them; I would go all the way to Philadelphia if I could see them together and persuade them to come to a *Saviour's* feet to wash them with tears of repentance, and be clothed in their right mind. I have been led of late into serious thoughtfulness and fervent prayer for those wretched females who have become the inmates of those sinks of pollution. How many of them might have been saved had their parents or friends been clothed with that mercy and goodness which shone so conspicuously in the Divine Saviour. When he saw such a wretched sinner stand before him, self-condemned, self-abased, bathed in tears of contrition and confusion of face, the darling attribute could only say, "go, sin no more." Those cruel monsters who first seduce these weak young women, and glory in their shame, are the unhappy wretches that cannot escape the damnation of hell.

21*st*. Having been persuaded that I had better not work in my shop during what is called dog days, I find a difficulty and

uneasiness in being so much of my time idle, and must certainly go to work after next week, or after Quarterly Meeting, if I am able.

22*d*. Had a visit from a prepossessing young man, a stranger, who appeared to possess uncommon intelligence, to whom I was led to explain Friend's doctrine and discipline, together with the cause of the division among us.

23*d*. First day, dull and rainy; a small, silent, satisfactory meeting. Spent the afterpart of the day and evening pretty much in reading, especially one Sumner's discourse, shewing the political inexpediency of war. He appears one of those strong men who are laboring hard for moral reform, without Divine assistance, and has such confidence in his own resources that he feels no need of a *Saviour*.

24*th*. Made a feeble attempt to preach the Gospel of Christ privately to one of my neighbors, who is in the habit of indulging in drinking frolics. Dear creature, I felt great love in my heart for him, and tried to encourage him to look to a *Saviour* to save him from sin.

25*th*. Had considerable company, and I fear talked too much and too lightly on serious subjects. Oh! this idle, shackling, gabbling spirit, it too often destroys my peace, and I fear it is increasing among Friends. But what can I say, but "like priest, like people." I fear some of us ministers are setting a bad example.

26*th*. Our select Quarterly Meeting at the Falls; a dull rainy day, and it appeared to me that a dull, lethargic, scattering spirit, seemed to predominate; under which my poor soul was in an agony, and I prayed earnestly, fervently, and I hope effectually, for I thought the guardian angel of *God's* holy presence appeared to me, with healing in his wings, and I had a precious meeting, for which my soul bows in gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise to him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb. And I saw, I thought, with renewed clearness, that many Friends had committed the two great evils, which the Lord's people of old committed. They had forsaken *Him*, the fountain of *living* water, and hewed out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that could hold no *living* water—hence it had leaked away, little by little, and left the souls of Friends dry and barren as to a belief, much less a dependance, on an omnipresent *Saviour*—hence too, their love of the world,

and the things of the world, their love of money and scholastic learning, their childish speculations in Morus Multicaulis, Thompsonian doctoring, Phrenology and Animal Magnetism. These two last ridiculous bubbles, I fear, have been carried to an impious, if not a blasphemous, extreme, even by some ministers and elders. Is it any marvel then that the Society of Friends should have children for their oppressors and women to rule over them?

27*th*. Our general Quarterly Meeting; a very large concourse of Friends, and others. In the meeting for worship there was silence enough for me to get a little heavenly bread, which was nourishing to my poor soul: but the public speaking that I heard, if life to others, was like death to me. I therefore had to suffer in silence, to that degree, that it was a great relief to me when meeting ended. I verily believe there is a valuable body of religious Friends in Bucks Quarterly Meeting, and oh! that I could persuade them to pray more, and talk less; and set the example myself, and lay down that life of selfishness and activity: for our active, restless, chattering Friends, appear to me to have so enthusiastically espoused the cause of the slave and the drunkard, as to be intoxicated themselves, but not with wine, and to reel to and fro, though not with strong drink, and to be sowing to the winds and reaping the whirlwind. Like Ephraim of old, they appear to me to be living on wind, and strangers are devouring their strength, and they know it not. Notwithstanding, upon the whole, I am willing to hope that truth rather gained the victory in our Quarterly Meeting, although it certainly was a very trying time.

28*th*. This day has been spent too idly, and of course neither profitably nor peaceably.

29*th*. Diligent in business, and of course more profitable and peaceful, leading to quietness and serenity at night.

30*th*. First day; a large meeting, in which I was favored to be silent, and to me it was a good time. The afternoon was spent agreeably in agreeable company.

31*st*. Went in company with my friend J. M. S. to Mount Holly, to attend Burlington Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders, which was to me a memorable religious opportunity: feeling myself a sinner, I begged for forgiveness, and had an evidence that my Heavenly Father was still graciously disposed to be merciful to me.

9*th month* 1*st*. Burlington Quarterly Meeting of Friends held at Mount Holly was large. Samuel Comfort and his dear Elizabeth were there, and I thought in their places. J. F. was likewise in attendance as usual, and as usual had considerable to say; but I am afraid that I was wicked in feeling Orthodox at some of our troublesome members from Bucks Quarter, particularly a J. M., who had been trying nearly twenty years, to convince his friends that he was a great preacher, without giving any satisfactory evidences that he has even the bell, without the pomegranate, so essential for a gospel minister, and having apparently got out of patience, prudence, and modesty, because his friends have no unity with him, he pushes himself into the upper gallery, and tries to imitate some eloquent orator. His companion in speechification, W. L., I do not consider worthy of notice. But stop; would it not be as well for me to go back twenty years, when some poor, old, peevish, fretful Orthodox Friends wrote or were prepared to write just such remarks about E. H? However, I suffered in silence, which appears to be my lot in Quarterly Meetings; and am more discouraged about poor old Bucks, than any of the quarters. I wish it distinctly to be understood that my objection to the ultra characters above alluded to, is that I think they are trying to overturn civil and religious government, and to introduce the anarchy of skeptical ranterism, and, of course, are not in unity with their friends at home.

2*d*. A very warm day, much prostrated in body, and quite feeble in mind, but preciously visited about the time of the evening sacrifice, with the spirit of prayer, thanksgiving and praise, which enabled me to close my eyes in peace.

3*d*. Just returned from our Preparative meeting. It appeared to me rather too lazy a time with some of us, but my mind was silently impressed with that saying of the Saviour, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven." The reason appeared to me obvious; for if a professor of the religion of Jesus has *earthly riches* or *treasure*, where his treasure is there will his heart be also; he is therefore satisfied with an earthly kingdom, like those whom the wo was pronounced against for being at *ease* in Zion, and trusting in the mountains of Samaria. Christ said, "wo unto you that are rich, for you have received your consolation."

4*th*. In company with my wife, paid a social visit to my

brother-in-law, Thomas Smith, of Wrightstown, where I received information of a very discouraging character; first, of the inconsistent conduct of a Friend, who has stood in the station of a recommended minister; secondly, of two young men, descendants of the old Smith family of Friends, who are now learning the trade of preaching, as mechanically as learning to be lawyers, and with worse selfishness and pride. I have been credibly informed that Doctor W., one of the most learned, eloquent and popular hirelings of latter times, and who had once been an eminent lawyer, some time before he died, made use of a language like this: "Had I my time to go over again I think I would continue at the law, for I have found a better spirit among my brethren of the bar, than my brethren of the pulpit." No doubt a very truth. Alas! for the republic of America. Alas! for the cause of Christ on earth, if such dalliers, such doll babies, are to continue to be flirted about by silly women, exercising a sorrowful and affecting influence over the rising youth. My soul is sick when I behold something like a prophetic vision opening before me, of the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and other deluded votaries of anti-Christ uniting together, like the Pharisees and Saducees among the wicked and forsaken Jews, to fall like them by the edge of the sword, and like them to be carried away captives; and the New Jerusalem that came down from *God* out of Heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband, trodden down by infidels till the time of those infidels be fulfilled.

5*th*. Had an invitation to the funeral of a woman in Wrightstown, to meet at the house to-morrow at 9 o'clock. Very doubtful whether I shall be able to go.

6*th*. First day; our meeting pretty large, considering it was one of the warmest days I ever knew in this month. Our friend Joel Layer, from Plymouth, I thought preached the gospel, and I had something to say, not very savory to myself, and much less to some others. Ah! I am a poor old man, weak in body and feeble in mind, and I believe some Friends are getting very tired of me.

7*th*, 8*th*, and 9*th*. Nothing worthy of notice—the weather very warm—my little strength almost exhausted—while I fear my time has been spent too idly for the last three days.

10*th*. Our Monthly Meeting at Makefield. Before I went I heard of the death of Edwin H. Swain, oldest son of Charles

and Sarah Ann Swain, of Indiana, late of Newtown. The loss of this lovely boy, a lad of about 14, affected me very much; and what must be the sorrow of the parents I can scarcely conceive. The silent part of our meeting was to me a tendering but strengthening time, for my poor soul was favored with the spirit of unusually fervent prayer. G. M. W., from Salem, was with us and I thought spoke well. Indeed we had a good Monthly Meeting, for which I thank God and take courage.

11*th* and 12*th*. Spent in my shop attending to my business. Had the company of a couple of young collegians, to whom I talked too freely for my own peace of mind.

I am afraid I am wrong in the indulgence of unfriendly feelings towards one who has parted from her husband, the object of her youthful affections, a poor wretched sinner, because he used her badly. But is bad usage a sufficient reason for a Christian minister to leave and forsake a husband or a wife? Did infinitely worse usage induce our Heavenly pattern to go and leave *his* sinful people, the hard-hearted unbelieving Jews? No; he laid down his life to save them, and I verily believe it is the duty of every Christian man, and every Christian woman to be willing to lay down his or her life for a husband or wife.

13*th*. First day. A large gathering of people; the silent part of the meeting was to me a blessed time, wherein my exercised soul was comforted and encouraged in spiritual prayer, thanksgiving and praise: but I thought there was a little jostle by one of our goodly Friends, who, I fear, like some of the rest of us, thinks quite enough of himself, undertaking to preach the new doctrine that the right way to kill the Devil, was to love him to death. I confess that his preaching was paradoxical to me, and as I do not believe what I cannot understand, I must leave it. After I took my seat in meeting, I was requested to spread an invitation to the funeral of John Knowles, a friendly man, a little older than myself, and like me he has appeared consumptive for several years. His case brought an awful solemnity over my mind.

14*th*. In company with my old friend, Joseph Briggs, attended the funeral of John Knowles. He appears to have been generally respected; for much people were in attendance, though his habitation was small. Agreeably to my divine Master's commandment I tried to go without purse or scrip, and felt so poor in spirit when I took my seat by the house,

that I could not get at one crumb of heavenly bread, or one drop of living water, but I soon felt the necessity of standing forth in the midst, when to my astonishment, my dry withered soul was quickened into life, and to me it was a satisfactory opportunity. I was applied to by a tender mother and her son to visit her husband, now near his end; but I had to make the excuse I have had to offer for some time, that my hearing was so dull and my cough so troublesome, I was no longer fit to visit the sick, and must try to visit more in spirit and with Divine assistance pray for them. Oh! that I was righteous enough for this great work, for we are told in holy writ that the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much.

15*th* and 16*th*. Had another evidence of the important truth that like will beget its like. I took a sign, which I had painted to a store-keeper, and told him my price, but observed that I was afraid it was too much, and if he thought so, I would make it less. The store-keeper paid me cheerfully, only manifesting a fear that I had charged too little. Ah! there is such a thing as dealing on Christian principles, there is such a thing as doing right and being happy in this world.

17*th*. Our midweek meeting. Dear E. S. furnished my mind with evidence that if she keeps humble she will make a workman in the ministry that need not be ashamed. Ah! there is the danger—keeping humble—the *Lord* will continue to teach her of his ways, always guiding her in the path of true judgment. We had a good meeting.

18*th* and 19*th*. Diligent at my trade and business, which must be right for me, as it brings peace of mind.

20*th*. First day—a large meeting, but I fear a bad one for poor me, for I thought it my duty to speak, and really it was one of the hardest throughs I ever had. The text given me was a hard one, and my exposition of it was hard, rough and unpleasant to myself, and I think it was most likely so to all that heard me. Indeed I have but one comforting reflection, and that is, I tried to do my *Heavenly Father's* will and not my own, and most sincerely prayed that not one word should escape my lips but what would promote my dear *Redeemer's* cause.

21*st* and 22*d*. Attending to my little farming business, and working in my shop, where I got a little relief from my distress

of mind since First day, by a Friend telling me that he had full unity with my testimony. But whether he was a messenger from the good spirit or the bad, I must leave, and be willing to suffer if I have done wrong; and if not, I ought to be willing to suffer for the gospel of our *Lord* and *Saviour Jesus Christ*.

23*d* and 24*th*. Our midweek meeting to-day, and a precious meeting it was to me, for I was favored to keep silent and have a prayer meeting. My dear sister in the gospel, E. S., I thought was led to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and her husband spoke a few words with weight and solemnity. But I am almost put out with preaching elders, and I am almost ready to think that, according to our order, when an elder so frequently undertakes preaching, he ought to withdraw from the select meeting.

25*th*. My dear friends, B. P. and wife, came to see me, and although it was peculiarly pleasing to have a visit from an old friend whom I had so much loved, I thought I could discover a change in him; instead of that open, child-like simplicity, there was a prudent reserve and caution,—a studied course of conduct, after the traditions of men,—after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. But such is the wisdom of schools, and such the distinguished advocates for scholastic education. My friend spoke of the improvements making, and about to be made in the buildings of West-town boarding school, which led my mind to the conclusion that such seminaries were anti-christian, and would succeed in the same way and spirit that the Roman Catholic policy has, and will prevail "by money, all powerful money," drawn from the deluded votaries of anti Christ by the still more POWERFUL POLICY OF PRIESTCRAFT. Let the reader of these remarks turn to the history of the Catholic church after the reformation, when their immense funds were appropriated to such seminaries of education, and see the astonishing influence of the "De propaganda fide;" let him then behold a miniature likeness in such seminaries as West-town and Haverford, and the manner in which they are to be supported. When Judas sold his Saviour for money, he wound up his sad career by throwing the price of his everlasting ruin at the feet of the priests in the temple; and are not rich Orthodox Friends—especially such as have no children—whose money has been drawn from the vitals of the humbly industri-

ous, by usury and rents, too often mingled with the tears of sorrow and the sighs of despair—pursuing a similar course by throwing their pieces of silver at the feet of priestcraft in these temples of worldly wisdom, while poor Lazarus can scarcely get a crumb from their tables, experiencing more mercy and compassion from the dogs licking their sores. Liberal donations to charitable institutions cannot save a deluded soul from "going out of the world without God, without hope, without one comfortable assurance from the sacred ransom of a suffering Saviour," who emphatically declared, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Alas! for poor me; my exclusive attachment to the doctrines of the New Testament, where I am informed that *God* manifested himself in the fulness in the person of an humble, illiterate carpenter, who was rejected, despised and hated by the learned priests and scribes of that day, has completely disqualified me for swimming with the popular current, and hence I am looked upon as a poor, ignorant, obstinate enemy to scholastic education.

26*th.* Had a visit from a young man whose father is said to be a rich Jew in Philadelphia, late of Attleborough, where he got sadly offended at me for speaking against Friends having anything to do with a great foolish college in that place, which has swindled rich Friends out of some of their superfluous cash, and stands now as a monument of their folly. The young man appeared to me a lovely, interesting youth. Went in the afternoon to Warminster with my wife to see my children.

27*th.* Went to Horsham meeting; it being First day, the meeting was pretty large, and having spent the morning in reading the Journal of that faithful and dedicated servant of the Lord, Hugh Judge, I felt myself a mere child, yea, less and worse than a child, a fool, a nothing, compared to such a precious Friend. I appeared, therefore, a poor beggar in the *Divine* sight, covered with sores from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Oh how I did beg for one crumb of heavenly bread, though I felt myself unworthy the favor, but which was graciously granted, and I had an humbling, good meeting, in solemn silence. My dear sister in the truth, Elizabeth Warner, had a short but pertinent communication, and C. M., a young man, spoke like Ephraim, trembling, and I

think was exalted in Israel. Returned in peace to my home and found all well.

28*th* and 29*th*. Diligent in business, poor and quiet. Heard of the funeral of an old friend, M. E., of Solesbury; felt a little unpleasant at not having an invitation to his funeral, but was instructed in discovering my enemy, selfish pride, which was now wounded, and I hope will be slain. It is quite possible that his children may have some selfish views in burying their father this afternoon, rather than to-morrow before meeting, for time saving and money saving inventions are becoming very fashionable.

I have parted with A. P. an honest, industrious, smart young man near 19, who came to live with us to learn to be a painter and do the little farming on my lot of twelve acres, and he has learnt more at lettering in nine months, than any boy I ever had has learnt in five years. But he was too much like myself, he would speak what he thought, and was not sufficiently guarded in his thoughts, and I found myself too poor to pay him for working on my lot and find him clothes to please him,—so we parted peaceably, and I hope I have done my duty towards the young man, for whose present and everlasting welfare I feel sincerely desirous.

30*th*. Steadily at work in my shop, having now to do all my little chores myself. It may be best for me to exert my little strength to wait upon myself, for I am verily a poor, weak old man, and ought not to be proud.

10*th month* 1*st*. Our mid-week meeting—silent. I toiled hard and got little or nothing. I fear that I was not sufficiently attentive to the command of the Divine Master, and therefore did not cast the net on the right side of the ship.

2*d and* 3*d*. Nothing of importance has transpired, but being favored through mercy with sufficient strength, I have worked night and day; for unless I am industrious and frugal, I shall go behind hand, which would be wrong, for beings as we are, created to glorify God, should always go forward in temporal things, as well as spiritual, for our souls were designed to shine with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity.

4*th* and 5*th*. Our First day meeting was large, and the silent part of it was peculiarly refreshing to my poor soul. A friend, —— ——, from New Jersey, was with us, and his testimony

was strengthening to my mind. To me it was a good meeting. The driest and warmest fall, thus far, that I can recollect.

6*th*, 7*th* and 8*th*. Nothing particular but a continuation of very dry, hot weather. A remarkably healthy fall thus far.

9*th*. Our Monthly Meeting, held at Newtown, at which were our dear friends, John Hunt and Isaac Bartram, from Darby. John had good service, and my daughter Elizabeth and I went with the friends to an evening meeting, at Makefield. Ah! I feel myself a poor worthless thing; like the heath in the desert, I know not when good cometh. Oh! my poverty, my poverty, if I should die in this state, what will become of me! And really I feel so weak, short-breath'd, and miserable, I may soon die like my father, in the old arm chair in the shop.

10*th*. Had an invitation to the funeral of Sarah Walton, wife of John Walton, near the Alms House, entirely out of the neighborhood of Friends.

11*th*. Attended the funeral of S. W. Had to go ten miles by nine o'clock. Went poor and destitute, but went in obedience to what I thought to be the will of my Heavenly Father, and had an opportunity with the people to the peace of my own mind.

12*th* and 13*th*. Did more work and better than I ever did, in the same time, for which I am thankful to my Heavenly Father, for the ability to work, and the poverty that drives me to it. Heard of the death of John Miller, Junior, a truly valuable Friend, who will be greatly missed.

14*th* and 15*th*. Our mid week meeting I thought was well attended, and a profitable time, though my mind was under some serious discouragement, fearing I had jealousy, envy and malevolent feelings in my heart, against some of my brethren in the ministry, which led into a most serious and solemn search for the cause; and I did most fervently beg of my blessed Saviour, that if it was a root of bitterness from the enemy of my soul, that the evil spirit, or devil might be cast out; when it opened, I thought in the light that the hatred which I felt was towards that *vanity*, *pride*, and *unbelief* in these preachers, that I had discovered in myself, and had been and was so concerned to overcome, as a temptation from the prince

of the power of the air, who rules in the hearts of proud, aspiring preachers.

16*th* and 17*th*. Our once benevolent and highly respected M. J., wife of M. H. J., of this borough, has just passed out of time into eternity, and I can scarcely forbear expressing myself in a language somewhat like an eminent English writer, on the death of the great English General, the founder of the British empire in India: "We view with sorrow the wreck of a great mind, produced by a most direful disease, made worse by more direful remedies." But I have a comfortable hope that her precious soul was saved from sinking in the tremendous gulf, by the hand of that merciful *Saviour*, to whom she prayed, and conducted safely into that city, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are eternal praise. She died of a complicated dropsical disease, surrounded by her husband and children, and was buried on First day morning, the 18th inst., before meeting. I went to the house with no expectation, much less a wish, to speak, but felt myself called upon to offer a short exhortation, especially to the female part of a very large and respectable audience, and my dear elder brother Emmor Kimber, preached the Gospel with perspicuity and power at meeting; and in the evening we had an interesting opportunity with the family, offering a word of encouragement and consolation.

22*d*. Our midweek meeting was a comfortable time, but the best time for me was by myself, before the people met. In the afternoon, G. H. and wife, and myself and wife, attended the wedding of M. B. and E. G., at the house of her father, J. G. I expect it was an orderly wedding of the kind, yet it appeared to me a light concern, but I suppose its time saving, and money saving qualities will be quite equivalent to the former religious dignity and weight, and, as it is a monied age, every thing must conform to the sovereign ruler, "the love of money."

25*th*. This was First day. Our meeting was large and appeared to be under a lively exercise, in which our friend S. S. spoke a few words with dignity, tenderness and solemnity. Such a meeting is a nursery for a true Gospel ministry.

28*th*. Attended our select Preparative Meeting, at Makefield. It was to me a light, hurrying time, with little or no feeling.

29*th*. Our midweek meeting, which was a solid, silent opportunity.

30*th* and 31*st*. Busily engaged in my shop, and in attending to my domestic duties.

11*th month* 1*st*. After attending our First day meeting, which was small, in consequence of the rain, I went in the afternoon to my brother, Isaac Parry's, in order to go with him to Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting.

2*d*. Attended the select Quarter, held at Cherry street, where I was rather disappointed and sorry to see L. M. and G. T., who, I understood, informed the last select Yearly Meeting that they were now decidedly opposed to such meetings, and had no unity with them. It was a precious meeting to me, where I had the agreeable company of dear George F. White, and other valuable Friends.

3*d*. Attended the general Quarterly Meeting, which was pretty large. Before it was settled, a member from New York State, commenced speaking with such high philosophy, and I fear, vain deceit, that I could not understand him, and to me it was exceedingly unpleasant; but perhaps it was prejudice and party spirit that made me think so. He was followed by George F. White, in one of the most solemn and impressive Gospel communications I think I ever heard, and I almost regret that I am not able to do justice to one of the most sublime and beautiful pictures of the mercy and goodness of *God, through Jesus Christ*, to poor, lost, suffering souls, or I would try to record it. Suffice it to say, it appeared to me to have made so deep an impression on the meeting, that all the eloquence and sophistry of L. M. could not dissipate it, although she exerted herself to the utmost. Whatever may be the end of the short, but certainly most luminous career of G. F. W. I know not, but at present I love him dearly, I hope in the fellowship of the everlasting Gospel. I trust that truth gained the victory in Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, in the 11th month, 1846, and I was encouraged. Notwithstanding I heard some things which were really painful, especially in the select meeting, from H. W. R., who said he considered it very unsound to apply the terms our *Lord* and *Saviour* JESUS *Christ* to the son of Mary. Oh! how unsound, according to his view, the apostles were.

4*th* and 5*th*. Attended Abington Quarter, held at Horsham.

To me, both meetings were baptizing, cementing, and encouraging seasons, for I was favored through all to be silent, grateful, and adore. Abington Quarterly Meeting, in the 11th month, 1846, appeared to me to be honorable, dignified, and encouraging to Friends, yet there was a discouraging consideration haunted my mind, which was, that one of the great purposes for which Friends were raised up as a people, "to bear a consistent testimony against priestcraft," would fail; notwithstanding all the abuse of the priests by such as H. W. R., noticed before, who appear to me to be establishing themselves in deism, will amount to no more than the man we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, who was possessed of the Devil, but yet he could leap upon the sons of Sceva, who were chief of the priests, and prevail against them, and drive them out naked, and wounded, but that was all he could do, for the Devil kept possession of him. Therefore, it appears to me that these sons of Sceva and chief of the priests, will increase as they did in the second century, in spite of all the fuss that men and women possessed of the Devil are making, for it remains an unchangeable, immutable position, that *evil* can only be overcome by *good*. The Devil and his agents will always fly from the presence of Jesus, and such consistent believers as the beloved Paul, who was humble and industrious, and ministered to his own necessities, and them that were with him, by the labor of his own hands. But interlopers and unbelievers the Devil will withstand to their faces with a language like this, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye." At the last Quarterly Meeting I attended, there was a lovely woman who appeared to speak with the tongues of women and angels; but in following her from her theory to her practice, if I am not mistaken, she will be found living in *ease and idleness*, on something like a thousand dollars a year, drawn from the poor renter, or the poor debtor, by usury, while she, like too many modern Quaker ladies, nurses that fanatical melancholy, that so destroys the energies of her body, that she cannot fix her own clothing, but must impose upon more industrious women. I am aware that I make myself liable to be charged with being an accuser of the brethren, and so ungentlemanlike as to expose the character of a sister in the Gospel. But alas! what am I to do? In my hand I hold the New Testament, which I have always accepted as eternal truth. This informs

me that our *Holy Head*, the *Lord Jesus Christ*, who created all things, and by whom all things consist, took upon himself the form of a servant, and humbly and industriously worked at the trade of a carpenter, for the support of his own outward body, and that of his widowed mother. Being meek and lowly of mind, he taught the primitive believers the great and indispensable doctrine of humble industry, which they practised. How then can I reconcile proud, idle, Christian ministers, with the truth as it is in Jesus? How can I help coming to the conclusion that the practical deficiency among us ministers in coming up to the line of Divine appointment is the cause of the present failure of the Society of Friends, in answering the purpose for which they were intended, and of the astonishing increase of hireling priests in protestant christendom.

6*th* and 7*th*. Industriously engaged in my shop, feeling peace in a review of my late religious visit, and in securing the arrangement for publishing the work I verily believe it was my religious duty to give to the people.

8*th*. First day. Our meeting small, but comfortable and edifying. Our dear E. S. appeared in a feeling testimony.

9*th* and 10*th*. Spent in close application to business, with some thought of trying to get to Salem Quarterly Meeting, held at Woodbury, but felt myself released from making an exertion, which might have been too much for me, in my present feeble state of health.

12*th*. Just returned from our midweek meeting; the silent part of it, spent in secret supplication, was relieving, comforting, and strengthening to my poor soul. M. S. spoke a few words with great propriety of speech, but it appeared to me to want life. But is not that appearance owing to my prejudice against her? I fear that it is; for I have let in a notion, and I hope only a notion, that she is a very proud, self-righteous woman, and if so she cannot be in a Christian spirit, and consequently is not fit to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But thou knowest, blessed Saviour, the secrets of all hearts, and oh! if I am wrong, put me right.

13*th* and 14*th*. Industriously employed in my shop.

15*th*. First day. Still continues dull and rainy. Our meeting too large to be held in one end of the house. A solid, serious opportunity to some of us. Our dear friend, J. M. S., I thought, preached the Gospel in a few words.

16*th*, 17*th*, and 18*th*. Too closely engaged at work in my shop, for the health of either body or mind. Ah! my poor zig-zag nature predisposes me to extremes.

19*th*. Our midweek meeting. A good time for some of us, whom our modern reformers consider poor, deluded, superstitious, ignorant Quakers, because we esteem it a great privilege to meet together to worship our Heavenly Father in spirit and in truth, waiting for the blessed appearance of the *great God*, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. But our wise modern reformers consider such remarks mere nonsense, now, as mankind have become too much enlightened to be influenced by such old, stale, superannuated opinions, as are contained in what is called the Scriptures. Ah! every sensible feeling of my soul responded to the short, feeling testimony of *truth*, delivered by my younger brother, J. M. S., when he said in substance, that infidelity appeared to be gaining ground, and that the standard of truth was trodden under foot with impunity.

20*th*, 21*st*. Spent in my shop, and devoted to humble industry, which produces peace and plenty.

22*d*. First day. A pretty large meeting, and to me a memorably good one, for my poor soul was favored to have access to the throne of grace, in solemn, silent supplication. I am thankful for the favor of being silent in our religious meetings.

23*d* and 24*th*. Diligently employed in my shop, but not so fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, as I could wish; but was favored at times with the spirit of living prayer, which is always comforting to my poor soul, when, in self-abasement, I can beg for preservation.

25*th*. Our select Quarterly Meeting, held at Middletown. A very rainy day, and of course many of our members absent; but we had the truly acceptable company of S. H., formerly S. U., and D. C. S. H. has now married a rich man, with no children, and I fear that ease and idleness may sully her beautiful gift in the ministry; and if so, it will furnish my mind with another evidence of the truth of our Lord's sayings, that his disciples cannot serve *God* and mammon. While this dear woman was a poor widow, she certainly was a precious minister. D. C. appears to be a valuable young minister, and his communication among us to-day was to me peculiarly in-

structive. He made a parable of an inconsistent farmer, who suffered the pernicious thistle, carrot, and running briar, to grow in his own field, while he was continually finding fault with other farmers for letting weeds grow in theirs. This led to the following reflections, which I tried to express, but thought I made out very poorly, and was only comforted that I spoke in the cross to my own will. "That spirit of unbelief which I fear is increasing in the minds of some ministers and elders in the Society of Friends, I compare to the Canada thistle, which, when it gets root, will grow even in the middle of the great road, and is dreadfully destructive amongst grain and hay; and it is said that the poor thoughtless sheep will pick it out from amongst other fodder, and eat it, like they do the poison laurel: such as ministers who can say that a Roman priest in Ireland has done greater works than Jesus Christ, and that there are now many greater reformers than he was—that Friends' silent worship is a mere humbug; that there are some good things in the New Testament, if they could be separated from the absurdities that are in it; and that the book of Samuel is not to be depended upon, having been written by no body knows who. These sentiments being written in books, periodicals, and papers, are to be found in too many Friends' houses, and I really fear in company with Paine's Age of Reason, and other pernicious books. Too often, alas! our negatively innocent, unconscious youth, pick out these books, and read them in preference to the Scriptures and Friends' writings, which are soon turned into ridicule, as bigoted, contracted productions, not fit to be read in this enlightened age. Meanwhile our enemies, the priests and Orthodox, are laughing in their sleeves at the fulfilment of all their predictions. Such elders as can publicly, privately, and practically, unite with the foregoing sentiments, and at the same time declare they know nothing about such books, and express their astonishment that the subject should be mentioned, I fear add falsehood to dissimulation, and thus prove that the fear of the Lord as a fountain of light, has not preserved them from that snare of death, self-righteousness.

This spirit I compared to wild carrot, whose white blossom and genteel appearance is somewhat beautiful to a superficial observer, while its poisonous seed is blown over the land, to the great injury of the precious wheat. Such Friends, not-

withstanding their plain outside appearance, and activity in our meetings for business, professing great concern for the Indian and the African, and the spreading of useful knowledge by means of scholastic education, are enemies to the cross of Christ, and the baneful influence of their spirit and example on their families, justifies the saying of the inspired prophet, that the "fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Hence the pride, the arrogance, the scoffing, jeering, and game-making spirit among too many of our young members. Others appear like the Felixes and the Gallios, that care for none of those things, but are content to creep along on the face of the earth, like the running briar, stronger and deeper in the earth than out of it; influenced by the strongest law of their common nature called self, they are rough and thorny in their spirit, and whoever puts forth his hand to touch their interest, will be scratched and wounded. This spirit being earthly, is sensual, if not devilish; hence that covetousness and love of money, that leads members of the Society of Friends to grind the face of the poor, making them pay a six per cent. interest for money, when they know it is not worth it, or such a rent as is an oppression, manifesting a meanness and unmanliness that is disgraceful: hence, too, the want of moral rectitude amongst too many of our members, who are on the highway to become common drunkards, visiters of taverns, and, I fear I may add, houses of ill-fame. Alas! what was presented before us at our last County Court? Two members of the Society of Friends arraigned before the said Court, and condemned—one for stealing, the other for a riot, and being a common nuisance. Alas! I say, for the character of our once respectable Society.

I am thankful that I have been permitted to suffer with the suffering seed, in the several Quarterly Meetings constituting this Yearly Meeting, and in silent supplication to say, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to a reproach."

26*th*. Our general Quarterly Meeting; hardly as large as usual, the weather being cold and unpleasant. One of our ranters made a speech, of a cold, stale, and to me unpleasantly personal character, scarcely worthy of notice. Then S. H. delivered an appropriate discourse, which appeared to have a good effect upon the congregation. However, be that as it may, we certainly had a better Quarterly Meeting than we had

at the Falls, three months ago. I was constrained at the close of the meeting, and from a real sense of religious duty, to speak in substance as follows: "That our meetings for religious worship grew out of the great conviction of our early Friends, that Jesus Christ had come without sin unto salvation, to fulfil his great promise, recorded in the 14th chapter of John, to teach his people himself, and to purify them from all iniquity, and that they might be zealous of good works. Hence their concern to meet together, to wait for the blessed appearance of the *great God*, and their Saviour, *Jesus Christ:* for in this blessed appearance they recognized what the Lord's prophet saw in heavenly prospective, a wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace; and that of the increase of his kingdom there should be no end. Being fully persuaded it was their religious duty thus to meet together, nothing could deter them from faithfully attending their religious meetings twice a week, even at the risk of their health, their property, their liberty, and their lives. But none of these things grieved them, neither did they count their lives dear, that they might win *Christ*, and when he appeared among them as a quickening spirit, such was the tenderness and contrition, that the floor of the meeting house would frequently be wet with their tears, when not a word was spoken. And after all their tremendous sufferings for this precious testimony of worshipping a Heavenly Father in solemn silence, are we to be told now that it is nothing but a humbug, or an abomination in the Divine sight; and that, too, by some of our own ministers. Alas! for the Society of Friends, should this spirit gain the ascendancy, which I humbly hope will not be the case." I was likewise led to state, in reference to my own experience, that although some might pity me as a fool, and others ridicule me as an enthusiast, I did verily believe, that every Christian pilgrim must pass through the same temptations, according to their degree, that the Captain of their salvation passed through; and we read that he was led into the wilderness, and there tempted of the Devil, first to command the stones to be made bread, and secondly, being placed upon the pinnacle of the temple, to cast himself down; and thirdly and lastly, he was offered all the kingdoms and glory of this world, with all their riches, if he would worship the Devil. But the dear son of *God* rejected them all, with these con-

clusive reasons: "It is written that man is not to live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, and that he should worship the Lord his God, and him only should he serve." Now it appears to me that all who are called to follow *Jesus Christ*, when, coming up to the perfection of their first nature, are tempted with pride, which, if given way to, their hearts become hard and their spirits fierce, and if they profess to be religious, their religion is like that of Saul of Tarsus, whilst he was a satellite of the priests—exceedingly mad against those who differed from him. This state of mind is hard, like a stone, and their impetuous zeal, which is not according to knowledge, drives them imperiously to command this stone-like state to be made bread. Hence, the seed of the kingdom of heaven, which is suffering within them, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Hence, too, the origin of that religious persecution and bloodshed that has disgraced the cause of religion. These become an easy prey to the two following temptations, and consequently, children of the Devil, or deluded votaries of anti-Christ. Such as withstand this first temptation, witness an enlargement of soul and an increase of light, which cannot be hid under a bed or a bushel, and therefore they become the subjects of the praise of silly women and the flattery of fools, which assist the Devil in placing them on the pinnacle—a state of spiritual pride and presumption. This formidable temptation generally takes place at the meridian of life, when the reasoning powers are the strongest; self-righteousness and presumption take them by the hand; the Scriptures, that were once read with tears, are superceded by newspapers and other periodicals, and, though containing the most important history, the purest morality, and the finest strains of poetry and eloquence that is to be found in any book, in whatever age or language it may have been composed, are considered weak, insipid, and absurd, in comparison with the publications of this enlightened age. And even that glorious personage recognized by the primitive saints as the Saviour of the world, is considered nothing more than a man, and perhaps inferior to the great Catholic priest of Ireland. If such are preachers, they appear to me to have entered the wide gate, and are travelling the broad way to downright unbelief in the Christian religion; or in other words, like William Cowper's brother

John, wishing and trying to establish themselves in Deism. If such as these profess to be Quakers or Friends, they question the authenticity of every passage of scripture which they cannot comprehend by their *reason*, and even consider their own sermons and writings, equal, if not superior, to the Scriptures, which now present to their darkened minds many paradoxical contradictions; for the light that was once in them having become darkness, how great is that darkness! This appears to me to be the tremendous temptation presented to Society, both in their collective and individual capacity, and in proportion as we have yielded to the temptation, divisions have taken place among the wrestling seed of Jacob, and a sorrowful scattering in our spiritual Israel: and it is my duty to proclaim to such as these, in the fear of *Him* who is the dread of nations, that if they do not return to their first love, they are in a fair way to become fallen angels, or Devils incarnate—for remember what is written, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a Devil?" He spoke of Judas, the son of Simon, that betrayed him; a man who once had a precious gift in the ministry, and was actually employed in preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel to the people. Oh! my soul, is not this an awful consideration?

I have cause for humble thankfulness, that, whilst passing through temptations on "the pinnacle," that I was preserved from indulging a disbelief of the Holy Scriptures, or the great doctrines of the Christian religion, as professed by Friends; but I am free to confess that I listened too much to the songs of silly women, and fell a victim to the sinful feelings of jealousy, envy, and ill will, the inseparable companions of spiritual pride, against my brethren and sisters in the ministry; and was sadly tormented when I heard the women singing after them. My heart being now hard, the Scriptures that I once read with tenderness and contrition, lost in my view much of their interest, and I preferred reading more fashionable books; and midweek meetings, which I once loved to attend, to weep and pray, became a burthen to me, although I never dared to omit them. But in the midst of all these temptations, the Heavenly Shepherd never entirely left me, but extended the crook of his loving kindness, for my preservation from selling my *Saviour*, like Judas, or even asking his greatest enemies, the priests, what they would give me. Indeed I am thankful

that I never frequented their company, even to warm myself with their servants, like Peter; but alas! like Peter, I have too often drawn my own sword in the spirit of war, and cut off, as it were, the right ear of those with whom I was contending. Like Peter I have lied, like Peter I have sworn, and like Peter I have wept tears of bitter repentance; but never, never like Judas, sold my *Saviour* for money. Oh! blessed preservation! may my soul bow in humble thankfulness, adoration, and praise, to him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb. Therefore the great temptation of the riches and honors of the world, have but little influence upon me at this period of my life, and the testimonies given me to bear, are not likely to increase my danger. I have therefore an humble hope that I shall not be a worshipper of the Devil.

I fear there are too few that get through this temptation on "the pinnacle," without being sadly crippled by the Devil, and some of us *preachers* so much so, as to remain in bondage to the love of money, the love of power, and the love of fame. Hence the increasing number of preachers who can live like worldly-minded gentlemen, clothed as it were with purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day; and Quaker ministers who can live on usury in ease and idleness, although they may preach with the tongues of men and angels, and be as industrious in travelling as Jesuit missionaries, how will they stand to be judged before the humble carpenter, with the example of the industrious tent-maker, as a witness against them.

27*th*, and 28*th*. Industriously engaged in my business.

29*th*. First day. I had a favored meeting in solemn silence, and was thankful for preservation. M. S. gave us a grammatical communication, and M. F., from Trenton, spoke a few words with solemnity and propriety.

30*th*. My dear old aunt, Sarah Hibbs, died this morning, at the advanced age of ninety-one. I think she was an innocent, good woman.

12*th month* 1*st*. Busily employed in my shop.

2*d* Aunt Sarah's house being too small to hold her relatives, Friends thought best to have the meeting in the meeting house. The corpse was therefore brought in, and it was to me a solemn and interesting opportunity.

3*d*. Our Preparative meeting. I did not labor hard enough for the blessing of a good meeting, and therefore got but little

pay; but I ought to be content with my wages. Felt a little too Orthodox at one of our active members, who I am told does not walk orderly towards those who are without, and therefore there is not a good report of him; yet he will keep talking in meeting for business, and that, too, while sitting on his seat. I reproved him openly according to the advice of the apostle, and he retorted. I felt uncharitably towards him, but I was silent; of course I did not manifest my feelings.

4th. I awakened this morning with a renewed conviction and confirmation of the dreadful consequences of an Orthodox Spirit. It was unnecessary for me to hunt up some of my poor Orthodox Friends, to try to fit the spirit as a coat upon their backs, for I could find nobody that it would fit better than myself; for my friend, J. M. S., having been at Burlington quarter, told me that a certain B. R. P., somewhat remarkable for his poetry and eloquence, and I think still more remarkable for

"Conceited thoughts indulged without control,"

displayed his oratorical powers on the subject of moral reform, to great effect on the silly women, male and female, that were present at said meeting; and that a certain J. J., who has become somewhat distinguished for his boldly and eloquently questioning the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, had published another edition of his work, and had brought two of our most distinguished ministers, J. C. and E. S., as auxiliaries to help him confirm the charges our enemies have brought against us. I say the information received, made me unhappy, and upon examination found I was in a state of mind towards these two young members of Society, for Friends I cannot call them, that would rejoice to hear evil of them. Viewing my state of mind in this light, I was really ashamed of myself to think how severely I had censured such old Orthodox Friends, as R. J., J. E., J. W., &c.; and here I was in the same spirit, and, getting the wallet fairly turned, I not only saw that I was in that old persecuting spirit, but that I was comparable to a liar, and a murderer, agreeably to the Apostle John's exposition; "Whoso saith he loveth God and hateth his brother is a liar; for how can he love God whom he hath not seen, while he hateth his brother whom he has seen; and he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

I wish distinctly to be understood, that I verily believe my young brothers are wrong, very wrong, yet this may be a mat-

ter of opinion in comparison to the matter of fact, that I am destitute of that heavenly charity that rejoiceth not in iniquity, while I am indulging such evil thoughts. Oh! how I begged on the bended knee of my soul, of my blessed *Saviour*, for grace sufficient to overcome this evil; for if I can, through this grace of God, experience an overcoming of this dreadful sin, then, and then only, can I sit down with him on his throne agreeably to his blessed promise, "He that overcometh shall sit with me on my throne, even as I have overcome and am set down with my Father on his throne," then, and then only, can my poor soul make the acknowledgment embraced in that inimitable prayer the blessed *Saviour* taught his disciples, "thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen."

But there is another view of this subject that I think is worthy of notice. If I understand what a true Christian state is, it is self-abasement—the soul abhors itself in dust and ashes; and if I understand what an anti-christian state is, it is self-righteousness, self-exaltation. These two states are at antipodes; that is, right opposite to each other. Now I would ask, can a deluded votary of anti-Christ be a brother to a truly humble Christian, or can there be any unity between them? If a true Christian abhors himself, he must abhor that same self in his fellow creature; of course they cannot be brethren in the relation alluded to, by the apostle John—but I leave the question to be solved by others.

5*th*. Quite unwell with a bad cold; but how wonderfully I have been favored, this being the first cold I have had for six months.

6*th*. First day—our meeting large, and our dear E. S. gave us what I thought a real gospel exhortation, which tended to edification and comfort; but poor me thought it right to speak, and I am afraid some might think it a hodge podge piece of stuff: however, I feel no condemnation for exposing myself, and there I must leave it. But having made a bungling reference to an affecting and painful circumstance of a young woman, I think a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, who had recently joined the Methodists—who committed suicide—I will simply repeat the most affecting part. She told a cousin of mine that the Scriptures and other good books were not read in her father's family. Now when I knew her father,

he was a member among Friends, and wore a plain coat. His subsequent conduct, and present condition, if living, is too painful to record, and having alluded to him as a steam Doctor, in the narrative of my life, I shall leave him to the mercy and forgiveness of *God* through Jesus Christ, the darling attribute of mercy, and just add that my feelings in relation to the final destiny of the poor dear daughter, were of a tendering and encouraging character, attended with sympathy and prayer for her sadly afflicted mother. Alas! alas! is not the circumstance above alluded to, additional evidence of the sorrowful fact, that the Society of Friends are declining from the station they once held in the Christian church. The Scriptures and other good books are superceded by newspapers, periodicals, romances, and the sermons of Unitarian pedlars. They are certainly changed from what they were, when I had my education amongst them. I never saw such a thing as a romance, or a Unitarian sermon, much less Paine's Age of Reason, which I never then heard tell of, notwithstanding Paine was then a popular man. I very well remember what my dear old adopted mother said of a Unitarian, who was on a visit from Philadelphia, that she was afraid to talk to him, for she considered him a Deist.

7*th*. Heard of the death of my old friend Benjamin Zelley, of old Springfield, N. J., about my age. I first became acquainted with him at Tuckerton, or Great Egg Harbor, thirty-two years ago. He was then travelling as a companion to Clayton Brown, a valuable minister among Friends, while Stephen Comfort, senior, was my companion in travel. Oh! how solemn the consideration that I only, of the four, am left in this world.

8*th*. Received a precious letter from my dear friend William Folwell, rectifying a mistake, which was peculiarly relieving. Heard of the death of cousin Henrietta Hicks, at New York.

9*th* and 10*th*. Our Monthly Meeting held at Newtown. A laborious, hard meeting to me, owing no doubt to my carelessness and unwatchfulness, though not without instruction. Had an invitation to the funeral of Joshua Paul, of Horsham. Received a friendly letter from Doctor Ralph C. Marsh, of Concord, Delaware Co., and one from Charles and Sarah Ann Swaine, of Indiana.

The Doctor's letter contained some remarks on war, which re-

vived impressions touching that subject, which is now so much talked of, and it may be right for me to try to express or give some views that appear to be given me.

"My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." This is the testimony of eternal truth, from which I argue that the subjects of the kingdoms of this world will fight, and always have fought, and I must rationally infer, that the subjects of the kingdom of Jesus Christ never did fight, never can fight, nor never will fight. The mission of Jesus Christ to our world, was to redeem man from the fighting state, and to restore him to the primeval harmony, when the fighting animal was governed by a rational soul, created in the image of *God;* infinite in its nature, and everlasting in its duration; and this rational soul was governed by God himself, as his perfect child, possessing a portion of the same glorious attributes of infinite power, infinite justice, infinite wisdom, and infinite mercy, which are embraced in their perfection, in the everlasting Father. All who are thus restored are regenerated, and born again. This is the new birth; *old* things being done away, all things are new, and all things of God. These having grown to the stature of men in *Christ* are Christians, and the truth having set them free, they are free indeed. Such are the subjects of Christ's kingdom, and servants that cannot fight with carnal weapons. All who have not witnessed this restoration and change of heart, are in their fallen and consequently fighting state, because animal nature governs their souls; therefore they will fight by the same law that all male animals fight. Hence the great family of mankind in their fallen state, are like minor children, and can no more be called Christians with propriety, than boys can be called men. In this great family there is the same variety of capacity and understanding that would be found in twenty children, descended from one common parent, with one year's difference in their ages, or fifty children of the same difference in age and capacity. A wise and good teacher would not only have lessons suitable for the various classes, but rules and regulations adapted to their several ages; and knowing that play was inseparable from the nature of a child, a judicious teacher would command the time and place, and enforce obedience to his commandments: thus establishing an important point—*submission to superior power.* Hence Paul

compares the law of Moses to a schoolmaster, which was added because of transgression, and to remain in force until Christ come, who is the end of the law for righteousness to all them that believe. Now it appears to me, that the infinitely wise and merciful Heavenly Father, knowing that his creature man, *in his fallen state*, must fight, and would fight as naturally as the game cock, or any other animal creature, instituted laws to regulate his warlike spirit, and bring it into obedience to his commands, and into subservience to the great attribute of *justice;* therefore the most sacred and important history presents to us some of the elder and more perfect children of this great family, such as Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, &c., who were great warriors, but faithful, dignified servants of the Most High; and as the law that embraces coercive government continues, the same, and must continue while men are in a fallen, and consequently *fighting state*, the history of latter ages presented to us such warriors and benefactors as Hampden, Washington, &c. Now it appears to me worthy of particular notice, that when the Saviour of the world came to save the souls of the children of men from sin, by delivering them from the bondage of their animal nature, and putting them in possession of the glorious liberty of the children of God—I say it is worthy of particular notice, that this great minister of the sanctuary, and perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness, never spoke against such soldiers as Moses, Joshua, Gideon, and David, much less abused them, or pointed out, when in the temple and synagogues, whither the Jews resorted, their bloody acts and butcheries, or called in question the truths of those Scriptures, which contained their acts and sayings; but we are informed that he manifested great kindness, and spoke in the highest terms of praise to a Roman soldier, declaring his faith exceeded the faith of all the Israelites. This soldier was not only brave, but he was noble, generous, humane, and humble; and of course a kind sympathising master to such as were placed under his care; and hence that solicitude for the restoration of his sick servant, which induced him to apply to the Divine Saviour, to cure his slave, as our modern abolitionists would call him, for there is no doubt that this excellent soldier was a slaveholder.

Neither have I any recollection that Peter or Paul ever prostituted their tongues, or their pens, in abusing soldiers;

and in making them out murderers and butchers of the human family. But we are told that Peter had a most extraordinary meeting with a Roman soldier, who was not only noble and generous, but devout—at which time he was converted to Christianity: and Paul was saved from falling a sacrifice to religious fanatics, headed by wicked priests, by the generous bravery of a Roman General. These consistent and exemplary Christian ministers, so far from abusing the Government and the instruments that were made use of for its support, recommended and practiced daily prayers for them, declaring that "the powers that be are ordained of God, and whoso resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and such as thus resist, bring upon themselves damnation." Such appears to have been the spirit and practice of the primitive saints. And in reading the history of early Friends, I do not remember that they manifested the persecuting, malignant, bitter spirit, which appears in some who go under the name of Friends in our day, towards soldiers; for many of the first Quakers had been soldiers, or were the children of soldiers. The father of the illustrious Penn was a great soldier, and bore a noble testimony to the blessed truth, as professed by Friends, on his death bed. The two greatest preachers amongst them had been soldiers, and officers in the Parliamentary army; and the preaching of one of them made such an impression on a soldier, who, I could wish to believe, was the excellent Colonel John Hampden, that he afterwards so effectually preached to two young men in a tavern, that they both became great preachers. The story, as I read it, nearly forty years ago, is in substance as follows:

Two gay young men of the world, in England, were one First day drinking in a tavern, and the subject of their diversion was the peculiarities of the Quakers. They had noticed a very serious, dignified officer of rank in the same room, a silent, and no doubt sorrowful, witness of their ignorance and folly, who thus addressed them: "Young men, you appear to be making yourselves merry at the expense of a people who you are entirely ignorant of; and as I once indulged the same contemptuous opinions, with your permission I will tell you how my prejudices were superceded by love and respect for these most consistent Christians. After the battle of Dunbar, I was riding at the head of my regiment, and

saw at a little distance from the high-way a great collection of people; and it being a time of revolution, I sent the advanced guard to ascertain their design, and, if evil, disperse them. They appeared peaceably to stay, and I marched up with the rest of the army, when I saw a Quaker preacher speaking to the people with such power and Divine authority, that I trembled more at the sight of myself, under the powerful ministry of J. N., than I did at the battle I had just witnessed, when the bullets flew round me like hail. I therefore advise you to go and do as I did—go and see and feel for yourselves, and if I am not mistaken, you will change your opinion of them." This sermon, so unexpected, and coming from a soldier, had a wonderful effect on those two young men, and induced them to go the next First day, twenty miles to a Quaker meeting, where they were both convinced, and both became great ministers of the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ.

This story, if true, and I have no reason to doubt it, presents to our view a soldier in a very different light from what they are presented by modern reformers and upstart Quaker preachers; for really I must sincerely confess, that I view myself, in comparison with such a soldier as Colonel John Hampden, as a mere insignificant imbecile, and have reason to fear that all the preaching I have done in my life, has not added as much to the stature of truth as the preaching of that soldier, whose character and dying sayings are thus spoken of by an eminent English writer:

"It was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency, and burning for revenge,—it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated, threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone. 'In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bones and lodged in his body'—then, 'with his head drooping and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, he moved feebly out of the battle.' 'A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him,' and 'when all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself and for the cause in which

he died. Lord Jesus, he exclaimed in the moment of his last agony, receive my soul—Oh Lord! save my country,—Oh Lord be merciful to———, in that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit."

With this view, I cannot help looking round with anger on such unbelievers in Jesus Christ, as the apostles speak of—presumptuous, despisers of governments, who are not afraid to speak evil of dignities—such soldiers and benefactors as Hampden and Washington; but I hope I am grieved at the hardness of their hearts and the deficiencies of their understanding, and I certainly ought to pass by in silence, or treat with silent contempt, the impotent abuse of a silly New England girl, because the effervescence of the tongue of a termagant is not considered slander. But when a Quaker preacher breaks the commandment of the moral law that says, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the rulers of thy people," and the discipline of his own Society, abusing the government under which he lives, and encouraging a faction, which has for its object the dissolution of the Union, and the consequent introduction of anarchy and confusion,—I say, that when such palpable inconsistency presents itself, it cannot be passed by with impunity. I therefore feel it my duty to bear my feeble testimony against such false brethren; for I am grieved at my heart, when I consider that the infinitely wise and merciful Jehovah has provided through distinguished instruments the most blessed asylum that we Quakers have ever had—a mild, generous, and just government, which extends its wings of protection over our civil and religious rights, that we preachers should manifest so much of the grovelling selfishness of the inferior animals, who enjoy the fruit, but never look up with gratitude to the source from whence the enjoyment comes; but, like them, trample the precious pearl under foot, and turn and rend the hand which presented it. And the manner in which too many treat the Holy Scriptures, justifies the caution of the Divine Master, "Give not that which is holy unto dogs."

I repeat it again, that I am ashamed of every act and saying in my life, of the character above described, and I am ashamed of my brethren and sisters that have been permitted to live in the golden age of the best government under heaven,—in the land of Penn, and the vicinity of the city of brotherly love,—the lap of indulgence and luxury, and some, with a mushroom

popularity, that is dandling them about like doll-babies, standing within the walls of a peaceable Quaker meeting house, prating against the government that furnished the asylum; and, notwithstanding their ugly spirit, still protects their heads from merited insult. Poor, contemptible, womanish weakness, which never felt the noble spirit of patriotism our Lord alludes to when he says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Upstarts, whose narrow contracted, self-righteous souls were never capable of entering into sympathy with the poor soldiers of 1776, their hardships, privations and sufferings,—whose footsteps were marked with their own blood,—whose tedious nights and wearisome days, involving the most awful responsibility, were so marked in the lines and configuration of the face of the illustrious Washington, that the goodly young Quaker who visited him on business in Seventy-six, received such impressions of sympathy and respect, that he ever spoke of him with feeling reverence; and at the venerable age of more than fourscore, I heard him repeat it with peculiar energy and simplicity. But this consistent Quaker was entirely different from those I have alluded to. He followed his heavenly pattern in the path of humble industry, and like him, maintained and cherished his widowed mother, and like him, was a poor, illiterate mechanic; no marvel is it, then, that he should be entirely different from the pampered nurslings of a boarding school.

I am perfectly aware that these strictures may give offence and confirm the charge that is brought against me of being in favor of war; but I again declare, that the Prince of Peace came into the world to put an end to war, and to redeem man from his fighting state; and hence, with legions of angels at his command, he bore the contradiction of sinners. His sacred countenance, impressed with divine glory, was spit upon,—he was buffeted,—he was scourged, and finally put to the ignominious death of the cross, without making any resistance, praying in the last extremity for his enemies. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah! blessed Saviour, thy kingdom is not of this world, therefore thy real disciples never can fight with carnal weapons. Thy children, thy dear disciples, who heard thy gracious words, with their outward ears, as well as their inward, were instructed by thy example to make no resistance, but passively to submit to out-

ward power, and to respect civil government, however corrupt. Thou didst even pay the tax that was laid upon thy people by the sword of the heathen, and thereby declared that the power of the Roman governor was given him from above. But, alas! how different is the precepts and example of thy professed followers of the present day. My very soul is grieved with the anarchy of the modern ranters now among Friends.

11*th* and 12*th*. Spent in my shop at work. Had an invitation to the funeral of Jacob Smith, of Lambertville, N. J. It was the particular request of his youngest daughter, who was quite a little girl at the death of her mother, whose funeral I attended ten or twelve years ago.

13*th*. First day—a pretty large meeting, but not one of my good meetings, for I felt it my duty to speak, and I am afraid ither to edification or comfort.

14*th*, 15*th* and 16*th*. Very busy in my shop; nothing that needeth notice.

17*th*. Our midweek meeting; a tremendous snow storm; notwithstanding, we had a good little meeting.

18*th* and 19*th*. Confined in my shop at work; very diligent in business, though evidently deficient in fervency of spirit, serving the Lord.

20*th*. First day, quite a large meeting, not very comfortable to me, for I thought it right to speak; and if my speaking is as unpleasant to others as it is to me, it must have been an unpleasant time.

21*st*, 22*d* and 23*d*. Diligently employed in my shop, but not sufficiently devout. How true is the saying, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

24*th*. Our midweek meeting well attended. Our friends, J. M. S. and wife, had good service. I was silent, but too shackling in spirit to be rightly benefitted; or, at best, like Martha, busy and troubled about many things. Oh! this restless, active mind, this all pervading, this all conscious soul, this particle of energy. Oh! that it was more under the government of *Jesus Christ* as a quickening spirit.

25*th*, 26*th* and 27*th*. Attending to my business in my shop, and reading my new publication, which I call in the title page, "A little present for Friends and Friendly People, in the form of a miscellaneous discourse, by a poor illiterate mechanic." The work is well done, and but few mistakes of any consequence. I feel peace of mind in doing what I verily believed

to be my religious duty, and send it forth in the language of Young.

> Go thou minute devoted page,
> Go forth among thy foes—go forth,
> And suffer martyrdom for truth.

28*th*. First day, a large, and to me a precious meeting, because my poor soul was permitted to enter the house of silent prayer. My sister, S. W., spoke a few words of a radical character. Ah! poor woman, she may really think that the religion we profess, is spoken against in the streets, because it is traditional, and handed down from the Bible; but it is quite possible that some who are acquainted with my sister's spirit and conduct, might take the liberty to think that one of the reasons that religion is cried against in the street, is that we preachers preach one thing, and practice another; or, in other words, we do not live up to our own doctrine.

29*th*, 30*th* and 31*st*. Spent in my shop, and to avoid monotony, I must be short.

1*st month* 1*st*, 1847. Exactly such a day as it was seventeen years ago, warm and mild like spring.

2*d* and 3*d*. The same; our First day meeting large, considering the bad travelling, but I was too idle and shackling in spirit to earn any thing; I therefore came from meeting as I went, poor, and forced to be content with my wages.

4*th*. The same as seventeen years ago, rain and snow. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that I had an invitation to the funeral of the wife of John Smith, of Upper Makefield, whose funeral I attended the last day of the last year. It was to me a satisfactory opportunity. Next day there came to my house a stranger from the western part of the State of New York. He appeared to me to be one of those wrong headed, if not wrong hearted enthusiasts, who had been once preciously visited with the day-spring from on high, but was now splitting on the fatal rock of self-righteousness. Oh! my soul be aware of that fatal rock.

5*th* and 6*th*. Nothing worthy of particular notice.

7*th*. Our Monthly Meeting, held at Makefield; a very rainy day and bad roads; notwithstanding, Friends turned out pretty well. I spoke in the first meeting, and an elder made some remarks, which I thought he had better let alone, and as he had so frequently spoken, even in our meetings for worship, apparently reflecting upon G. F. W., and myself, for saying

hard things, without ever speaking to me privately, I was led in the Monthly Meeting to give forth something like a public reproof of such conduct, which I find met with the approbation of Friends generally.

8*th* and 9*th*. Spent in my shop. It seems a pity that my business should be of such a character as to be of no real use to any body but myself, being the only way that I can get an honest living.

10*th*. First day; a large meeting for a stormy day, and a sad catastrophe was nigh taking place. Our aged friends, Benjamin and Martha Schofield, were coming to meeting with their daughter-in-law, Lydia, and three children, in the carriage, with them; when near the entrance of the meeting house yard, the horses took fright and ran away, and coming in contact with a tree, which stands as gate post, the carriage was dashed to pieces, and the old folks were considerably hurt, and it is a wonderful thing they were not killed. Oh! the uncertainty of time; "In the midst of life, we may be nigh unto death." Notwithstanding the above circumstance, we had a pretty comfortable meeting, which might have been more so if I had kept silent.

11*th*, 12*th* and 13*th*. Diligent in business, but not fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and therefore, like the heath in the desert, a fear attends my mind, lest I should lose that child-like, tender state, that I have so much desired to be found in.

14*th*. Our midweek meeting, pretty well attended, but a low time with poor me. But I am receiving the due reward of my deeds, for I have certainly lacked that fervency of spirit which becomes a Christian.

15*th* and 16*th*. At work in my shop, with nothing worth noticing, but a dry, barren sense of my infirmities.

17*th*. First day; a cold, raw, unpleasant feeling in the air; predisposing to chill. Notwithstanding, our meeting was quite large, and to me a precious good time, for I was favored to be silent, and to be an humble suppliant for mercy and goodness, to save my poor soul; for, alas! I have no merit—no works of righteousness of my own, and therefore, if I be saved, it will be according to the mercy of a Saviour, who will wash my poor filthy soul in the laver of regeneration. A few words from J. M. S. seemed to increase the solemnity, which, I fear, was preached all away by a silly little woman, a stranger.

19*th.* I yesterday met with the great Lord Jeffrey's review of Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism. This nobleman, I suppose, is considered at the head of the British critics, and is a tory judge of the Scottish sessions, and if I may be permitted to add my own supposition, a disciple of the great Lord Bolingbroke. With this view of this great wit, we can appreciate the full value of his criticisms on the people called Quakers. His severe strictures on the author of the Portraiture, I am perhaps too willing to wink at, in consequence of a prejudice against that old clergyman, for wheedling Friends in England out of money to educate his son for a hireling priest. But his paraphrase on the customs and doctrines of the Society of Friends, is, in my opinion, one of the weakest and most insignificant pieces of criticism I ever remember to have seen from any of their enemies. And, moreover, it appears to me not only weak, but absolutely false, as respects William Penn and his friends in Pennsylvania. I will not pretend to say that some of his remarks would not justly apply to some gloomy, melancholy Englishman, in the dark month of November, when his mind, like the atmosphere with which he is surrounded, is so dark and murky that the Devil is tempting him to sell his Saviour for money, while he preaches up prudence and charity in a language like this, "Why was this waste of the ointment made;" "for it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and have been given to the poor;" not that he has any Christian sympathy for the poor, but because he has turned away his ear from hearing God's holy law, and has taken usury and increase, and greedily gained of his neighbor by extortion, and has forgotten the Lord God. Such English Quakers as these, together with a few fanatics, whose madness was produced by the despotism of priestcraft, and kingcraft, may lie exposed to the scoffing sneers and flimsy sophistry of such enemies as Jeffrey, but that such insignificant quibbling can have any effect upon the well established character of the religious Society of Friends, in the land of the illustrious Penn, a land where their pure republican principles are cherished and encouraged, by so mild and generous a government, which recognises no ecclesiastical tyranny, I cannot believe. I think I have had as good a chance of knowing the Society of Friends on this continent as any other man now living, having had a free and friendly intercourse

with all classes for more than sixty years, and I have ever considered them the most happy, cheerful and reasonable part of the human family; carefully avoiding the bad extremes of civilized life; the music, dancing, and war spirit of the civilized savage, and the monkish gloom of the hireling anchorite and begging friar; they fill with propriety all those social and relative duties of life that conduce to the substantial happiness of mankind. But I am free to confess that wherever the Devil has persuaded individuals to sell their Saviour for money, and their children have come under the influence of critical noblemen, and hireling priests, these emissaries of Satan have left the print of their dirty fingers on their fair character.

I wonder that the noble Lord had not remembered when he sneeringly charges George Fox with insanity, in direct opposition to the testimony of William Penn, who was Jeffrey's superior in every thing but insignificant wit, that a more honorable and consistent nobleman brought the same charge against the apostle Paul, and that the prototypes of both of them, the Sadducian Jews, cast the same reproach in the teeth of the Saviour of the world. But it is much more convenient for a light "feather" of a wit to charge an honest, good man with insanity, than to withstand the power of eternal truth with which he is clothed. Therefore, I conclude that Jeffrey knows but little about the blessed truth, as it is in Jesus, and that his sneering criticism and flimsy sophistry, are a full and ample proof of his ignorance. Were honest George Fox, as he sneeringly calls him, now living, he might be moved to write to him, as he did to Adam Sands, a wicked, false hearted man, who would have destroyed both truth and Friends: "Thou child of the Devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, in the light thou art comprehended, and in the light thou art condemned." Or were the apostle Paul to meet with him, he might address him to his face as he did such a character formerly, "Oh! full of all subtility, and all mischief, thou child of the Devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, how long ere thou wilt cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord; thou hast no lot or part in the Christian religion, for I perceive thou art in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity." With these few unpleasant remarks, I bid Francis Jeffrey farewell, and in the language of dear old George Fox, say, "if

ever thine eye seest repentance, thou wilt know me to be a lover of thy soul."

18*th*, 19*th*, and 20*th*. Devoted steadily to my business in the shop.

21*st*. Our midweek meeting. A solemn, silent opportunity, in which my poor soul was favored with the spirit of prayer, in which I was led to feel deeply for my sick neighbor, particularly a young mother, now very ill with consumption. There was something peculiarly solemn and tendering in my feelings for this dear young woman. She will leave an infant son, as my dear mother left me; and oh! that her dying prayers may be like hers. I may here venture to express some of my feelings in relation to such cases as above referred to, of young people, particularly young women, dying with pulmonary consumption.

I confess that it is paradoxical to me, how a young woman can have a fine healthy child, and that child improve and grow on its mother's milk, and that mother at the same time dying with consumption. But I think I can understand that the application of a blister to such a mother's breast or side would have a direct tendency to dry up her milk; and if there was only a predisposition to the disease, give it all the advantage to finish its work with rapidity. In the present case, her father being a physician would do what he thought right, and it would be presumption in me to call his treatment in question. But I must take the liberty to write here that which I think, that scientific doctors, and scientific priests, often do more hurt than good to body and soul, and are a shameful imposition on the people; and that Thompsonian quacks and interloping preachers are no better.

22*d* and 23*d*. Very unwell. Notwithstanding which, I worked all Sixth day, but laid by on Seventh. Last evening the young woman before alluded to died, after severe sufferings of body and mind. She was brought under a deep concern and exercise for her everlasting welfare, and sent for her priest to pray for her, and although I fear the prescriptions of the superficial doctor of divinity, like the doctor of medicine, did more hurt than good, I rejoiced in the belief that she was in the hands of the Heavenly Physician, where I had been commending her on the bended knee of my soul, the day before she died. I say I rejoiced, and was comforted and encouraged in believing that my secret, heartfelt prayers were acceptable in

the Divine sight, and that her precious soul has found a mansion of undisturbed repose in the paradise of God.

24*th*. First day; very unwell, hardly able to make fire and get the meeting house ready for the people, and then hardly able to attend; but I did, and that is not the worst of it, I spoke, and I fear hurt the meeting, as well as myself. A week ago I made a record, that a poor little negatively innocent, or insignificantly wicked woman, I feared, preached away the life of the meeting. Had a record been written yesterday afternoon by some of the sufferers, it might have been like this: the meeting was very much hurt by a lifeless communication from a poor, ignorant negatively wicked old man in his dotage, who notwithstanding has too high a conceit of himself. Be that as it may, I felt myself I thought grow weaker and weaker, and went to bed crying and praying, that I might live one more day like a Christian.

25*th*. My prayer was heard, and I have spent one day in perfect peace without condemnation. Oh! that my watchful dependance on my blessed *Saviour* may continue.

26*th*. Another day in watchfulness and peace.

27*th*. A pretty comfortable day, but the mirror of peace was once disturbed by passion.

28*th*, 29*th*, 30*th*. Peaceable and happy days. Notwithstanding my indisposition the two last, I worked a little in the shop.

31*st*. First day; our meeting pretty large, though not very satisfactory to me, and I think it is most likely to some others, for I thought it my duty to deliver an unpleasant testimony. I was very feeble, having exhausted my little strength in getting the house ready for meeting; so that having but little life and less strength, I fear I made but a lifeless, weak concern of it. Dear E. S., helped the meeting with a lively, strengthening communication.

2*d month* 1*st*. Though still feeble, I could work a little in my shop.

2*d* and 3*d*. Still better and thankful for the favor of being preserved; diligent in business, and fervent in spirit.

4*th*. Our Monthly Meeting held at Newtown. The silent part of it was, I thought, a strengthening, encouraging opportunity; but a dull lecture from one of our self-righteous reformers, appeared to me to obstruct the life, which however seemed to return to us in reading and answering the queries. I

was invited to the funeral of Samuel Buckman, a very aged man, and the last of the children, even by marriage, of that distinguished minister of the gospel, Joseph White, of the Falls. In the evening of this day of favor, was made doubly thankful for the safe return of my dear Isaac and Elizabeth, from a visit to their brother and sister in New York, with the report that all was well.

5*th* and 6*th*. Busy in my shop. On Seventh day afternoon, went to Isaac Parry's; almost too much for me. Just before I started, was invited to the funeral of a Friend, by the name of Rose, in Solebury; was not able to go—Ah! how soon there will be an invitation to my funeral. I likewise had a solemn word of exhortation from a youngish woman, who appeared to be partially deranged. She has undertaken to visit the families of our Monthly Meeting. Her father and she came together. They both appeared to be angry at me, the first for preaching against usury, and the other for publishing some strictures against wrong-headed enthusiasts; especially such as will not comply with the order and discipline of Society, and not rising in the time of prayer. I treated her with tenderness, though she was very hard: but perhaps it was all right.

7*th*. First day; attended Horsham Meeting; it was very large in consequence of much notice being spread that a minister from the western part of our State would be there. I think he spoke more than two hours, and I verily thought it an historical lecture, which, had the speaker been eloquent, might have been more interesting. I suffered in body and mind. I was disappointed, for I was in hopes I could have another sweet silent meeting at Horsham; but I must be content to suffer, and oh! that it may be for Christ's sake.

8*th*, 9*th*, 10*th*. Industriously engaged at my business, but not without some failure in religious care and strict attention to the truth, which I quibblingly avoided in a very trifling circumstance, and felt condemnation. Was invited to the funeral of Susan Stapler, but did not go, being feeble in body and mind, and having no special commandment from the Divine Master.

11*th*. Our midweek meeting. I could only get a little crumb of bread, the loaf was so tossed about by our preachers. One youngish woman, who is paying a kind of running visit to our families, spoke I think five or six times, and apppeared once in prayer, with four other communications from our own members. In the afternoon attended the wedding of J. L., and

A. S. They were married according to the new discipline; notwithstanding which, it was to me an interesting opportunity. The young people spoke I think, the best I ever heard.

12*th* and 13*th*. At work in my shop in peace and quietness.

14*th*. First day; a pretty large meeting, and to me the first part was precious, my soul being permitted to enter the house of silent prayer. The religious solemnity might have been better preserved, could I have remained silent; but our dear little E. S., I thought gave us a sweet little communication. In the afternoon there was a very large meeting, for W. M.; but being worn out by getting the house ready for meetings and so very feeble both in body and mind, I staid at home, and let all my family go. There was much complaining with some, of the man's long speaking; and I fear it was too much like some of my great preaching, as the people were pleased to call it; too much the product of a cloven tongue as of fire, and if so in addition to a subtle, selfish desire to get subscribers to a book, the great preacher is in a sad condition; and certainly needs to be possessed of Paul's concern—a godly care, lest while he is preaching to others, he himself becomes a castaway. But let me remember that it was only twenty-one years ago, that Edward Hicks was preaching in the neighborhood of poor old Richard Jordan, then on his death bed, and according to the statements of his friends, crying out "Oh cannot there be some way to stop such unsound preachers?" Now as I have taken the liberty to fear that *that* once highly favored minister, died in a bad state of mind; would it not be profitable to extend that fear in a godly manner over myself? and remember seriously the late exhortation of A. A. P., when visiting the families of our Monthly Meeting; "Thou hast been joined to a company of angels and just men made perfect, and canst thou not distinguish between the precious and the vile—art thou not still in danger of the sentence, go ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels?" Although I feared at the time the dear young women was a fanatic, which has been confirmed by her subsequent conduct; yet I ought to remember that a dumb ass was once made use of to reprove the back-sliding of a once highly favored prophet. At the close of the afternoon meeting, one of our cunning, selfish, wise, political, prudent men of the world, and one of the excellent of the earth, mark, "*of the earth*, earthy," gave public notice that a meeting would be held for the purpose of collecting alms for

the poor in Ireland. I am glad I was not present, for notwithstanding there had been a great deal of preaching, I should have been tempted to add an extract from *Christ's* sermon on the mount; "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise you have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogue, &c." I say I am glad I was not there, for I should have given offence, and perhaps done no good; for it seems that even Friends are determined not to "exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees."

I heard asserted in the same house where the notice had been given of the Irish meeting,—and that too, by a professed Quaker preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ,—that a certain Roman Catholic priest in Ireland had done greater works than ever Jesus had done. I cannot help wondering what has become of that wonderful Catholic priest, and why he is not now exerting his wonderful power in keeping his countrymen from starving to death. We are told that the blessed Jesus had so much sympathy for hungry people, who had come some distance from their homes to attend one of his meetings, that he would not suffer his disciples to send them away without giving them something to eat; and there happeningto be a lad in his company who had five barley loaves of bread, and two or three fishes, with these, he fed five thousand men, besides women and children, and had twelve baskets full of fragments left. This is recorded in the Holy Scriptures, and we old fashioned Christians believe every word of it. Now I cannot help asking, where is that wonderful Roman Catholic priest, the idol of certain professional Quakers? Can it be possible that he and his quondam friend, O'Connel, have been wheedling their poor weak countrymen out of their money to support them in the costume, equipage and luxury of fine gentlemen of the world, and now are not exerting their wonderful power to save their countrymen from starvation! Why, if the reverend gentleman can do greater works than Jesus Christ, would it be unreasonable to suppose that he now might be feeding the poor starving Irish, at the rate of ten thousand men, besides women and children, with ten loaves of bread and five fishes, which would soon bring down the price of American produce, and supercede the need of building more vessels

to carry it. But enough of this, for I have been reading a wonderful account in a Quaker paper of the sufferings in Ireland, and it appears they forgot to tell us that the Catholic priest had sold his fine gentleman's dress, and was appropriating the money, together with what he had been getting for silver shrines for Diana,—no, no; I mistake, pewter medals for temperance,—to purchase barley loves of bread for his poor starving countrymen; and that O'Connel has sold his splendid coach and fine dapple greys, and is, in company with the Reverend Father, spending the money, with the thousands he has been getting from men, women and children, to buy bread for his starving countrymen. I say, perhaps, the Quaker paper has forgot to show us this pleasant side of the picture, and that it may come next week. But, alas! the subject matter before me is of too serious a character for irony or sarcasm, and therefore I had better recall some of my remarks.

But I am perplexed and worried with the acts and sayings of some of my friends, for I remember that in addition to the declaration of the old popular minister, that the Catholic priest had done greater works than Jesus Christ,—a young conceited bantling of a Quaker preacher, justified and united with Daniel O'Connel's abuse of George Washington about his slaves, whose every comfort and enjoyment was almost infinitely superior to those of his own degraded and wretched countrymen. Indeed my soul is grieved and disgusted with the vain, empty boasts of proud impious England, reiterated by weak, superficial, apostate Americans, who, I fear, can be hired for almost any wages, to get up a begging mania to feed their wretched poor, while their priests may continue to be worshipped, and their lordly clergy, pampered nobility, and avaricious money-mongers, continue their blood-sucking system in exacting the utmost farthing to keep such abominable hypocrites wallowing in wealth and luxury. And should the working poor manfully attempt to redress their own grievances, the standing armies are commanded to murder them by thousands as rebels, turning the remnant, like paupers, over to America, to be fed and clothed by the abused slave-holders.

Ah! poor, worthy English operatives—I have loved you, I have sympathised with you; I have prayed for you ever

since I heard from the mouth of that excellent female minister, E. C., of New York, the following affecting circumstance which she was a sorrowful witness of. She said, in substance, that when she was in Ireland, near fifty years ago, after being at a Friends' meeting in a certain town, she was invited to dine with a wealthy Friend. She had not been long in the house before she was sent for to visit a poor sick neighbor at the point of death. She was introduced into the most miserable hovel that she had ever seen—and mark, she was a citizen of New York, and in the practice of visiting the sick and poor,—where she beheld on a bed of straw, something like the skeleton of a man in the last stage of starvation, whose only attendant was a daughter about eighteen, whose pale, emaciated form, loudly proclaimed that she was following her father to the gates of death. Indeed, if I recollect rightly, the poor girl told my friend she had only eaten one potatoe in the last twenty-four hours. I need not tell any more, although it would be highly honorable to the Christian feelings of the dear Friend whom I love as a precious sister in Christ. Suffice it to say, there is abundant evidence that the sufferings of the poor Irish are not peculiar to 1846–'7, though they now may be increased by the failure of some of their crops. But their exaggerated sufferings having now the advantage of a popular mania, almost peculiar to America, it will for a while, make a great sound, if it can be fed with puffs innumerable in the newspapers, affording an opportunity for doggerel poets to convert trumpetting hypocrites into angels, and newspaper scribblers and political office-hunters into saints; while the humble, consistent believer in *Jesus Christ*, in that faith that works by love, silently and quietly obeys his commandment, "But when thou dost thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." With such humble, consistent, unpretending Christians, I would freely unite, and, poor as I am, throw in my two mites, not doubting but that an easy and quiet channel could be found to convey our contributions to the real sufferers in Ireland.

15*th*, 16*th*, and 17*th*. Busy in my shop, trying to walk honestly towards those who are watching me, that they may not have wherewith to accuse me before the brethren. I am furnished from time to time with renewed evidence that it

was right for me to publish my little book, especially in the manner I did, giving it away. I am satisfied it will promote the cause of truth as professed by religious Friends, and that encourages me, for I love religious Friends.

18*th*. Our Preparative meeting; I thought I got a little heavenly bread near the close, although I was so shackling in my mind that it was very little that I deserved. I had an opportunity I long wished for with M. S., a daughter of my dear deceased friend H. and J. J. I sorrowfully thought her self-righteousness and religious consequence was marked in the lines and configuration of her face; and as she had anticipated the interview, she was prepared to tell me how much her father had done for me. But I had forgot that I ever stood in need of her father's assistance to put me forward, for I was in the station of a recommended minister, and passing for more than I was worth before I was acquainted with her father, who, I believe, was not then in the station of an elder, though a very kind common Friend. I tried to give her the advice and counsel that dear old Oliver Paxson gave me when young in the ministry—to keep in the bosom of her friends at home, and not be under foreign influence, and then her friends would carry her in her infancy in their arms; but if she suffered herself to be under the influence of that cunning artful L. M., and a faction in Philadelphia, that she would be in disunity with her Monthly Meeting. I told her that I felt it my duty to deliver that message to her, and that I had tried to save her brother from the same faction, and hoped I would now be better prepared to meet the glorified spirits of her dear father and mother in an awful eternity. But alas! I fear in the case now before me, the saying of the blessed Saviour is applicable: "The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick. The Son of Mary came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." But perhaps I am influenced by prejudice and wrong feelings; the Searcher of hearts only knows.

19*th* and 20*th*. Spent in attention to my business.

21*st*. First day—a very stormy day, and a small, but comfortable meeting.

22*d*. A high day with some of our political companies in consequence of its being Washington's birth-day. Forty-seven years ago, I too participated in this festival, and marched in the ranks as a soldier. Alas! where are my comrades and fellow-

soldiers? Gone! gone—"Oh! eternity—eternity, thou dreadful—awful thought." One poor, unworthy wretch is left a monument of adorable mercy.

23*d*. Spent too much in idleness, with this language sounding in the ears of my soul: there is no such thing as an idle, shackling Christian, no more than a fighting Christian.

24*th*. Our select Quarterly Meeting held at Wrightstown; a solid encouraging opportunity.

25*th*. The general Quarterly Meeting; a very snowy morning. Notwithstanding the meeting was well attended, and conducted with more propriety than has been usual for several years. An encouraging time, though it was my lot to suffer in silence without one crumb of heavenly bread.

26*th*. Received this evening from a very wealthy, respectable Orthodox Friend, an account of the life, death and burial of that distinguished Quaker preacher, Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, in England, a man of princely fortune, and great scholastic education; the possessor and inhabitant of Earldom Hall, the palace of the once great Lord Bacon.

The pamphlet appears to have been written by a priest, or one of their satellites, probably a catch-penny newspaper scribbler; be that as it may, after reading said pamphlet, I went to bed sorrowful and discouraged, tempted to call in question what I had thought was to me most sacred and clear, my early impressions in favor of the precepts and example of Jesus Christ, who I verily thought was God manifest in the flesh, the great head of the Christian church, and pattern of everlasting righteousness. Alas! I was ready to say for poor me, I have had wealth and scholastic education both offered to me, and refused them, and now what am I but a poor ignorant mortal, reduced to this sad conclusion, that the record of the New Testament was not the sayings of eternal truth, or this idolized Quaker preacher was no Christian or follower of Jesus Christ, no more than the Bishop of Durham or Dublin.

27*th*. Arose this morning refreshed with sleep, but so light in my spirit as to think of Pope's pertinent remarks:

> "'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
> A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

After attending to what I consider my daily duties, reading a portion of the New Testament, I was led into secret, silent, and I trust, fervent and effectual prayer, that I might not be

deceived. When it appeared to open with clearness that the sayings of our blessed Saviour are the testimonies of eternal, unchangeable truth, and the standard of everlasting righteousness, and his humble, lowly cross the only way to the crown. And if I understand him, he compared his true followers to a poor beggar, and nominal professors to a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and says there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, that was laid at his gate full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table—moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeing Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; he cried, father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, son remember that thou, in thy life time, received thy good things, and Lazarus his evil things, but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. Awful query! which is the best likeness of J. J. G., the rich man or Lazarus.

In confirmation of the above, we have the Divine Saviour saying most emphatically, "Wo unto you that are rich, for you have received your consolation." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "For those things that are highly esteemed amongst men are an abomination in the sight of God." These solemn truths were fully understood and believed by the primitive saints, and hence their powerfully corroborating testimonies. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you! Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have lived in pleasure on earth, and been wanton." "For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some have lusted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "For they that would be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in perdition and destruction." I will

leave the reader to make his own comment, while I anticipate the reply of the trumpeters of the fame of J. J. G., that he gave liberally to Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c., and mightily assisted the hireling priests in bearing rule by their means, and their people in loving to have it so. Yes, he gave more than one year's income of his princely estate for this great purpose, besides feeding poor beggars with the crumbs that fell from his table, while the dogs may have had more compassion for their sores. That is, the common people, such as J. J. G., and his priests would call heretics and unbelievers, have more Christian sympathy for the suffering, starving, dying English subjects. Witness their passionate attacks on the abominable aristocracy and hierarchy of the British government, the anti-christian source of all their sufferings, supported and held up by such men as J. J. G.

The pamphlet further says, that the Gurney family has been rich and great, and consequently influential in Norwich, for near two hundred years, but that J. J. G. was the greatest of all. Keeping the standard of Christianity before us, the humble, illiterate carpenter of Nazareth, who maintained his widowed mother by humble industry, while neither of them had where to lay their heads as to earthly possessions; and the poor, illiterate fisherman of Galilee, and the industrious tent-maker of Tarsus, who ministered to his own necessities and those who were with him, by the labor of his own hands,—I say let us keep this standard before us, and compare an humble trader in Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends, with the great idol of Norwich. His parents, about twenty-five years ago, were sold out of house and home, in consequence of being eaten up by usury. Falling short of satisfying the demands against him, near five thousand dollars, the poor old Friends, almost broken hearted, went to Philadelphia, taking this son, about fourteen, with them, and with difficulty got a trader to take him. His humble industry and faithfulness, soon gained the respect and confidence of his master, who, after he was free, gave him a chance in business, where he succeeded in making money enough to pay all his father's debts, which was the first of his noble acts. Since which, he has given away thousands to poor, helpless, suffering mortals, but in such an humble, unobtrusive way, that his left hand did not know what his right hand did. Nor should I have

known as much as I do, had he not made me the distributor of some of his alms, expressing a wish that I would not mention his name, but I proved such a tell-tale, that he discharged me from my stewardship, and employed others with less tongue. Being inquisitive, I found out that he was still distributing to the necessities of the poor, agreeably to the commandment of his Divine Master; "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and streets, that they may be seen of men; verily, they have their reward." Now if we add our Lord's views of the poor widow's two mites being of a more heavenly character than the abundant gifts of rich men, I think we shall be prepared to come to this conclusion, that C. H., the the poor tradesman of Philadelphia, walking in the path of humble industry, paying his father's debts, and cherishing his poor widowed mother, is, according to the Christian standard, far superior to J. J. G., of Norwich, in England, notwithstanding his yearly income of thousands of dollars.

28*th.* First day; we had a good meeting, especially after our dear little E. S. preached the gospel; my poor soul was nourished with a morsel of heavenly bread.

3*d month*, 1*st*, 2*d* and 3*d*. At work in my shop, trying to earn something, so that I may be able to meet all demands against me this Spring. Oh! how thankful I ought to be for the blessing of being relieved from debt, which once almost broke my heart. Friends have certainly lost much of their dignified character for punctuality and justice in the payment of debts, and so far from paying their parents' debts, they will not pay their own, even when able, which has almost become fashionable. Therefore, C. H., before alluded to, has been guilty of a great departure from the too common custom and fashion of the day.

4*th.* Our Monthly Meeting at Makefield; silent worship, and a comfortable encouraging meeting for business.

5*th* and 6*th*. At work in my shop.

7*th*. First day. Last night, near eleven o'clock, a messenger arrived from New York, with information that our dear daughter, Susan H. Carle, was sick; and to-day, our daughter Elizabeth went on. Our meeting was pretty well attended. Our sister, S. W., I thought, gave us a good little discourse, and I added a few words that might as well have been left,

for all that they were worth. I tried to have a good meeting, but for some reason the heavens seemed like brass, and the earth like iron.

8*th*. This day one year ago, our dear little grand-daughter, Phœbe Ann Carle, breathed her last, and my eyes are filled with tears whilst writing the record. Oh! the love and tenderness I feel for that precious child, while I rejoice at her safe arrival among those blessed angels that always behold the face of their Father. Received an invitation to the funeral of our aged aunt, Mary Hilborn.

9*th* and 10*th*. Industriously at work in my shop. It was so rainy I could not go to aunt Mary's funeral, but felt peace of mind: yea, sweet peace to flow as a river of life, for which my soul bows in thanksgiving and praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne and the Lamb. Read part of what is called a thanksgiving sermon, by the great Albert Barnes, a Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia, which I consider a great political oration, embracing important political truths, but nothing of the Gospel of *Jesus Christ*. Indeed I have reason to fear that the preacher is not a heart-felt believer, for if he was, or is, how could he live in pride and idleness on the industry of others. Two thousand dollars a year for preaching. Alas! my soul grieves at such palpable inconsistency.

11*th*. Our midweek meeting; a laborious time till dear E. S. rolled away the stone from the well's mouth, when my soul could sing, I trust, like one formerly, who said, "Spring up, O well, and I will sing unto thee." Indeed I had a precious meeting, in silent, solemn supplication.

12*th* and 13*th*. Industriously engaged in my shop, with peace and plenty.

14*th*. First day; a precious, good meeting. I awoke this morning with this language impressed upon my mind, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there are that find it. Because, wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there are that go in thereat." And Christ says, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but through me, and he that hath seen me hath seen my Father." When I took my seat in meeting this morning, this prayer sprung up in my heart, "Oh! for an establishment upon that rock against which the gates of hell shall never prevail." This led to what

I call a precious meeting, and could I have remained silent, it might have added to my peace of mind. But I felt it my duty to give a little transcript of my exercise to the meeting, which I fear, did not add much to the stature of truth.

15*th*, 16*th* and 17*th*. Spent in my shop in close application to business. Received an invitation to the funeral of Abraham Buckman, near the Buck Tavern, but did not go, but staid and attended our own midweek meeting, which was large and one of the most precious, encouraging opportunities. J. S. appeared in solemn testimony, and his dear little wife in solemn supplication. Indeed it was a refreshing time to my poor soul, for I was silent, only speaking of the funeral of R. J., an aged Friend, say eighty-seven. This woman was left a widow nearly thirty years ago, with an income of ten or twelve hundred dollars a year, from rents and usury. I did not attend her funeral, for I was afraid I would find a house of rejoicing and jealousy, instead of a house of mourning; and besides, there are always enough to attend upon the rich, and I was fearful if I went I might do more hurt than good.

19*th*. At work in my shop; and on the 20th, went in company with my brother-in-law, Isaac Parry, to see D. H., a man with a handsome wife, handsome children, handsome farm, handsome buildings, and a handsome fortune, but with a broken constitution, and melancholy mind, brooding, I fear, over the gloomy apprehensions of an after state. Oh! the fatal mistake that poor, short-lived mortals continue to make.

21*st*. First day; a rainy morning, and of course not a large meeting. Several of us ministers and elders had some public service that did not appear to me to amount to much, especially the part that came from me. However, the silent part I thought was a good meeting to me. In the afternoon had an invitation to the funeral of Obadiah Willet, who lived nearly ninety-three years, but at last had to die. "Yes, he is gone—that is all—we know not where," "or how the disembodied soul doth fare." We may know that he has left a pretty large estate, and two sets of high spirited children, and we may have reason to fear there will be too much bad feeling, if not too much bad action, with reference to law and limitation acts. I have been acquainted with Obadiah Willet nearly fifty years. He once had a lovely daughter, near my age, and some of my happiest juvenile hours were spent under his roof.

22*d*. In my shop, where I was most agreeably visited by my dear Friend, Emmor Kimber.

23*d*. Attended the funeral of Obadiah Willet. It was quite large, and I spoke to the company at some length, but I fear to little purpose, though I thought at the time, and especially when I had done speaking, that it was a solemn opportunity. I now think my communication a poor heterogeneous mixture of undigested matter, something like a half baked cake. I was certainly led somewhat singularly. I began to speak with a prospect of giving a paraphrase of the 14th chapter of John, and the 13th of first Corinthians, but struck off upon something like the following remarks, touching the character of the deceased: "That he was able to say, after he had lived to the full age of a man, say seventy years, that he had never used tobacco in any way, nor had he ever been drunk." Now in estimating his character let us act upon a principle of justice—if we charge him with his deficiencies and vices, let us give him credit for his perfections and virtues. If we charge him with not being religious, that is, not going to meeting, nor paying his money to support a hireling ministry, Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c. &c., let us give him credit for setting a better example, of a dignified, consistent, rational being, by not using tobacco, or not getting drunk for seventy years, than ninety-nine out of a hundred hireling priests, or their satellites, or even numbers of the religious Society of Friends. This view, taken in connection with his other traits of character, I am induced to believe would present a balance in favor of my deceased kinsman, Obadiah Willet. We are told that the chief end of man, is to glorify God on earth, and enjoy him in heaven for ever, and the primitive Christians testified that God ought to be glorified even in eating and drinking. Now please to consider, whether God is glorified by a high professor of Christianity, when, perverting the whole order of creation, he takes into his mouth a nasty weed, whose poisonous, nauseous qualities are such that a hog, one of the filthiest of animals, will not touch it; or whether a lovely woman, who ought to stand next to the angels in heaven, glorifies him when she defiles her lips with abominable snuff; or when, indulging an irritable temper, she uses *harsh* language, unbecoming her position, and calculated to sully or blot out every agreeable quality; I say, how does such a woman glorify God, more than the poor man who

gets drunk on whiskey, abuses his wife, and swears. Indeed, I have considered them so nearly equal in perverting the divine harmony of creation, that they have no reason to quarrel who should be the greatest, or rather the worst.

24*th*. Closely employed in my shop.

25*th*. Our midweek meeting; a comfortable encouraging opportunity.

26*th* and 27*th*. Very busy trying to get some work done by the terrible, "first of April," a day of trouble and rebuke to poor me for many years. Oh! how thankful I ought to feel for the fulfilment, so far, of dear old William Blakey's prophecy when encouraging my wife and self thirty years ago, "that our last days should be our best days."

28*th*. First-day. I had a precious silent meeting after hard work to get at the life, though the solemnity was disturbed by a cold lifeless lecture on the Sabbath, but closed well by being favored with a little new wine of the kingdom handed to us by our dear little friend, E. S.

29*th*, 30*th* and 31*st*. Spent in finishing some work and trying to persuade a young man who possesses talents to be greatly good, to reform from the errors of his way, he having lately given some grounds for hope by an act of justice towards the woman he has married. A man may be a drunkard, a swearer, and indeed, a very immoral man; still there is hope for him; but if he uses a woman badly, gaining her affections and then leaving her in a helpless state, the victim of despair, reproach and shame, such a man, being a great sinner, must be a great penitent or be greatly tormented.

4*th* month 1*st*. Our midweek meeting, or rather Preparative Meeting, unusually small, but comfortable and edifying. Went in the afternoon with my wife to Warminster, to see our sister E. and her daughter, and our dear S. P., husband, parents, &c.

2*d*. Returned home and received an invitation to the funeral of my dear afflicted friend, Sarah Hulme, of Mount Holly, N. J. This day I have had another evidence of my constitutional weakness—too easily provoked—Oh! when shall I overcome this enemy of my soul.

3*d*. Another polite invitation to the funeral above alluded to; in a serious difficulty about going; feebleness of health and activity of mind are discouragements. The first, to my

bodily health; the second, a fear I shall preach in my own will, and scatter, instead of gathering to Christ. Finally settled not to go to the funeral of dear Sarah Hulme.

4*th*. This day I am sixty-seven years of age, and seriously think of closing my writing concern, but it being First-day I will try to weigh the concern in the balance of the sanctuary, and view it in the light of the gospel, if I can be favored with a good silent meeting. A good meeting, but not as much light as I could have wished, but if I am not mistaken, the balance of impression is in favor of sealing up such visions and prophecies as may hereafter be given, and write them not, only publishing them by preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, the only way the gospel was ever preached. I had better for ever be silent than to speak in my own will and my own strength, for it is an unchangeable, eternal truth, that "He that gathereth not with me—Christ—scattereth." The Society of Friends are scattered and divided, and I fear will too soon be subdivided. The two extremes which have produced this, appear to me now to be carrying out their effect. The Orthodox Friends are in two parties called Gurneyites and Wilburites. The Gurneyites are the extreme Orthodox, and are preparing to amalgamate with the Episcopalians, as the Episcopalians are preparing to amalgamate with the Roman Catholics. Friends, or what are called Hicksite Friends, are in two parties, which I shall call, for the purpose of explaining my views, Hicksites and Foxites. The Hicksites appear to me fully prepared to amalgamate with the Unitarians, as the Unitarians are prepared to unite with the Deists, and finally join the confederacy or conspiracy to destroy the religion of Jesus in its blessed simplicity, and introduce the reign of reason instead of revelation. The Foxites, or rather the Society of Friends that unite, or are in union with Fox, Penn, and Barclay, with which I include myself, are in a society capacity in a suffering state, and which will be most likely to increase. The friendly Orthodox are in a similar state and condition. Now if the extreme Orthodox or Gurneyites would quietly go to the Episcopalians where they properly belong, and our ultra reformers go to the Unitarians, their right place, and religious Friends and religious Orthodox could hold a conference, and let that "charity that suffereth long and is kind," sit as moderator, I think there would be but little to prevent their

uniting again. The greatest difficulty will be the deep rooted prejudice against that excellent Friend, Elias Hicks. Indeed the Orthodox spirit has most improperly and unjustly dubbed as Hicksites the great body of Friends constituting the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, when neither Elias Hicks nor his doctrine had any thing to do with our Quaker revolution in Pennsylvania, which originated in a contest between the republicanism of William Penn, planted in America and watered and cherished by the free institutions of our country, and the aristocracy of the Yearly Meeting of London, under the influence of the British hierarchy. This being the fact, and that Elias Hicks never united with John Comly's excellent Christian plan of re-organizing our Yearly Meeting, through its constituent branches, nor came into it, till after it was effected, and the Genius of Pennsylvania had offered its protection to Friends; this of itself, certainly shows the inconsistency of calling us Hicksites. If we must have a nick-name there would be much more propriety in calling us Comlyites. But be that as it may, one thing is pretty certain with me, that dear old Elias in his day saw but one of the sad extremes which are now distracting the whole Society of Friends. He only saw, as he thought, the Society going, "to use the figure of a distinguished minister, full gallop towards Rome," or, in other words, towards Trinitarianism; and fearing they would finally split on that fatal rock of anti-Christ, Elias exerted himself with great zeal and ability; and as great men are not always wise, nor wise men always prudent, he might sometimes have run so near the opposite rock of *Unitarianism* as to be a little scratched and injured by some of its cold barren points. But even that partial evil, if it may be called an evil, proved the truth of the Scripture testimony, that all things work together for good to them that love God, for it convinced him that the Unitarian rock was likely to be the most dangerous to his professing Friends. Hence his declaration a short time before he died, "that he was now more afraid of his professing friends, than he was of his professing enemies;" and had the dear old man lived until this time, he would more than have realized his fearful apprehensions, in beholding his professing friends, to use the figure by way of parody, so afraid of galloping to Rome that they were on something like the long trot to Constantinople, with not as much reverence for Jesus Christ as

the Turks, and where he might have heard one of their most distinguished speakers declare from a Quaker gallery, as a gospel truth, that a Catholic priest in Ireland had done greater works than ever Jesus Christ had done; and that peculiar doctrine or position of the primitive Quakers, that Christ had come as a quickening spirit to teach his people himself, was all a delusion; and that Friends now going to meeting and sitting in silence, to wait upon him as a teacher that will lead into all truth, was an abomination in the Divine sight; and all those Scripture testimonies that Friends being in favor of such a practice, are absurdities, as well as many other parts of the New Testament. Add to this, Hannah Barnard's skeptical speculation about the Scriptures revived, (by a nursling of a boarding school) with all the flimsy sophistry of a quibbling age,—I say had dear old Elias Hicks lived to see and hear all this, and had he been in the same state of mind that he was when seventy years of age, he would have looked upon such professing Friends as his Divine Master did upon the hypocritical priests, "with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts."

I am aware that these sorrowful truths may give offence, and some Orthodox may reply that what is acknowledged above is nothing more than the carrying out of the doctrine preached by Elias Hicks. To which I answer; not as much so as the opposite extreme, now existing among Orthodox Friends, which is driving their members by hundreds to the priests, is the effect of the preaching, writing, and example, of Joseph John Gurney and Elisha Bates; and if Orthodox Friends would be honest and candid enough to make a fair comparison between their redoubtable champions, Joseph John and Elisha, and that venerable and consistent Quaker, Elias Hicks, I think they would be ashamed of themselves, and be willing to put up their sword into its sheath. I could say much about the inconsistency of the wealthy and learned Joseph John Gurney, in continuing his connection with the Society of Friends, and at the same time going hand and glove with hireling priests, giving them thousands of pounds to support their Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c., the means by which they bear rule. I could say much about the learned and mutable Elisha Bates' extreme orthodoxy, but final consistency, in leaving Friends and joining the Episcopal Methodists. But enough,

if not too much, has already been said, and my object is to try to restore peace among religious Friends, and get them together again, for they will stand in need of all the sympathy and help that they can give each other; and I should be willing to retire with such religious Friends, from all these noisy, turbulent parties, now in Society, and let them have our big meeting houses, and money at usury, boarding schools, worldly honors, &c. &c. All we would ask would be our old-fashioned Quakerism, whose gratitude and love to God could wet the floor of a log cabin with its tears, and whose excellent old-fashioned discipline was particularly concerned that poor Friend's necessities should be duly inspected, and they relieved, and assisted in such business as they were capable of. With such Friends I should be more than willing to renew covenant with a covenant keeping God, and with each other, in the good, old-fashioned resolution, that, let others do as they would, we would love the Lord Jesus Christ, and try to promote his blessed cause on earth, in accordance with the views of Fox, Penn, and Barclay. My precious mother died in this faith, and left her infant a legacy of unutterable love—the fervent, effectual prayer of her righteous soul—that the Shepherd of Israel, the Lord Jesus Christ, would bless and preserve her son; and it seemed so ordered, in infinite goodness and mercy, that my lot was cast under the superintending care of a pious Quaker woman, who, like Cowper's cottager, knew,

> "And only knew her Bible to be true,
> A truth some modern schoolmen never knew,
> And led her infant charge, with sparkling eyes,
> To seek a heavenly treasure in the skies."

This was the instrument that was made use of to assist in kindling the first devotional fire on the altar of my heart; a fire that was partially covered, but never put out—a fire that was kindled with renewed fervency, under a heavenly visitation, about the twenty-first year of my age, and now furnished with additional fuel, from the grateful remembrance of the unmerited mercy and goodness of my Heavenly Father, in keeping me and feeding me, to the commencement of my sixty-eighth year. I can set up my Ebenezer, and say, hitherto the Lord has been with me, he has blessed me with every thing in this world that I could ask for. It is true, my comfortable home consists of a house which some might think of but mean

appearance, and a lot of twelve acres of land, the produce of which, with my working industriously with my own hands at my trifling trade, I can pay cash for every thing I buy, and owe no man; and, taking the apostle's advice, can "Study to be quiet, and do my own business, and work with my own hands, that I may walk orderly towards them that are without, and that I may lack nothing." How much better is such a Christian independence, than living idly, on an income drawn from the sweat of the brow of a poor Christian brother, by usury, or even the rent of a farm. I can now appeal to the elders of Bucks Quarterly Meeting, as Paul did to the elders of the Grecian Church, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and them that are with me."

I am aware I stand charged by the priests and their satellites, with receiving pay for preaching, and presents and favors from Friends, with an extraordinary price for my work; which charges I now solemnly declare to be false. I admit that I receive ten dollars a year of Newtown Preparative Meeting, for taking care of the meeting house, making fires, sweeping, &c., out of which I pay from a dollar to two dollars towards the contingent expenses. And as to favors and presents, with the exception of the Leedom family, descendants of my adopted mother, I receive no presents or favors. Indeed, a case has just occurred that will show what kind of favors I receive from Friends.

When I bought the last addition to my little lot, I borrowed of a member of a neighboring Monthly Meeting, one hundred and fifty dollars; and after paying him more than one hundred dollars usury, or interest, when I sent him a day or two since, his one hundred and fifty dollars, he refused to give up the obligation until I paid him about twenty-seven dollars, compound interest. This man has no children, and is putting out every year near a thousand dollars at usury: therefore let the priests and their satellites put their hands upon their mouths, and be silent, for the reverse is the fact, as respects us poor Quaker ministers, since our Quaker revolution. Excepting a few cases of popular bubbles, we are the butt, the jest, and the laughing stock, of the fourth proof dandy, who has learned at school how to write a receipt, cut up a dog, and argue against the immortality of the soul; and by the assistance

of the redoubtable Thomas Paine, to consider the Holy Scriptures a mere jest book. Yes, I know three poor Quaker ministers, within ten miles, that have been permitted to sink—one of them, I fear, downright.

"O'er him and o'er his name,
The billows of affliction e'er will close;
The morrow knows not he was ever born."

This poor dear brother was a member of one of the richest Monthly Meetings, whose active members have latterly appeared to me pre-eminent for usury, ranterism, and self-righteousness. Another has a short memorial of mercy from his friends, connected with the records of his Preparative Meeting, which, like the flag floating when the bark is engulphed, may

"A moment float, and then be seen no more."

A third, although not a recommended minister, but acknowledged by his neighbors to be a most excellent young Friend, was sold out by the Sheriff for a debt of two hundred dollars, and then his Monthly Meeting, with funds at usury, tried to disown him; while in the same and an adjoining neighborhood, six hundred or a thousand dollars could be raised for the benefit of a colored man, a native of Maryland. I do not make these remarks from any unkind feeling I entertain against these Friends, on account of any treatment I have received; far from it. But I make a statement of facts, in defence of the cause of truth, as professed by Friends, to meet the charges of a set of lazy, proud hirelings, who can live idly on the industry of their weak, superstitious satellites, and to relieve the wear and tear of their guilty consciences, are throwing out their unjust insinuations against poor Quaker ministers, who receive no salary nor favors, more than other members of Society, but have to exert every energy of body and mind, to meet the contingent expenses of a too often too extravagant family; and should they fail to meet all their engagements, and pay their simple and compound interest, are suffered to sink, if not downright, in a crippled state for life; while the Monthly Meeting to which one of them belongs, has ten thousand dollars at interest or usury. But the present leaders of the meeting, and managers of the funds, appear to have no Christ-like mercy or forgiveness, and hence no sorrowful look is cast upon poor Peter, while perplexed and worried by a set of inquisi-

tive, supercilious creditors; on the contrary, his sins must be confessed to the Monthly Meeting, in a degrading acknowledgment. Oh! that there could have been honest Christianity enough in that Monthly Meeting, to have recorded at the same time its own acknowledgement, that a little timely Christian care, with a very small part of the compound usury that that Monthly Meeting had been exacting from honest industry, would have saved this poor Friend. Oh! how unlike the babe of Bethlehem—oh! how unlike the Lamb that groaned on Calvary—oh! how unlike that darling attribute of mercy, that suffering Saviour, who turned and looked upon Peter, when overwhelmed with temptation, confusion, and darkness, he was equivocating, lying, and swearing—not a look of anger, not a look of reproach, but a look of sorrow and sympathy for poor, sinful, fallen man; a look of light and life, that made poor Peter's sins appear exceeding sinful, and he wept bitterly tears of repentance not to be repented of. It was all that was deemed needful; he was never charged with being a liar and a swearer. He was only cited three times in the following language: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" when Peter could sorrowfully answer, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Some of the foregoing remarks may be thought rather too invidious, but, dear reader, they are not made on my own account, or in consequence of the dealings of Friends towards me; far from it: for however delinquent I may have been, the Shepherd of Israel, the Lord Jesus Christ, has raised me up *Friends*, who have kept me above the disciplinarian treatment of such cold, unfeeling Monthly Meetings. One whose name already stands recorded in the narrative of my life, I again refer to in this closing paragraph. Dear S. H. of New York, an honor to the commercial character of that great city, not only stood by me as my friend while living, but I believe remembered me in death, and requested his children *to do as he had done.* Hence, his beloved son H., a wealthy and respectable merchant of the same city, who I hope is walking in the footsteps of his honored father, called on me, generously offering to assist in any thing I needed. I told him I needed nothing that this world could give me, and while I was able with these hands to minister to my own necessities, and them

that were with me, I felt conscientiously bound to do it, and covet no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.

And here I will give my reasons for not submitting my writings to the Meeting for Sufferings, or Representative Committee. Because they would not have united with their plain, simple form, neither would they have published them so that they could be given away. Nevertheless, had all the members been like my very dear friends John Comly, Isaac Parry, &c., &c., I should not have been afraid that my writings would have lost any thing of their Christian character by their revisal. But as too many members of that committee would be a much more consistent ornament to a seat in Congress, than a Quaker gallery, and consequently much better qualified to serve on a committee of "ways and means," than to judge of Christian experience, I am not at liberty to submit to that order of Society, believing I have a right, as a member of the Society, to have them published on my own responsibility, and clear Friends from any accountability whatever, for any errors that may be in them.

And now, before I lay down my pen, I think it right to declare again an increasing love and unity with faithful, religious Friends, wherever they are to be found: mark what I say, faithful, religious Friends; such as love the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe, with Fox, Penn, and Barclay, that He has come without sin unto salvation, as a quickening spirit, to teach and save his people himself, agreeable to his own heavenly promise and the faith of his primitive disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," in the character of the spirit of truth that shall lead into all truth, which the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; "But ye know him, for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Therefore, "you need not that any man teach you," save that Holy anointing "which is Christ within, the hope of glory," which teacheth and leadeth *into all truth.*

Newtown, 7th mo. 13*th*, 1849.

I feel as if I ought to try to write a few lines more before I die, which some of the Doctors think will be this summer. Indeed I feel scarcely able to walk up and down stairs, such is the weakness of my body, though I humbly hope, I am favored with sound mind and memory, and want simply to say, in as few words as possible, something by way of encouragement

to such precious visited minds as may come after me and read this.

Dear, precious children, believe me, an establishment in the ever blessed *truth* as it is in Jesus, is infinitely—infinitely superior to every thing of this world. Press after it, lay fast hold of it, in this your day of visitation, remembering that by "Grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Put no confidence in your own strength, your own resolutions or resolves, for should you thus attain to a religious standing among men, it may terminate in self-righteousness, or at best, that of the elder brother, which was not the Christian state.

I now feel that it was a great blessing when I came to see my lost state, about the 21st year of my age, that I lost all confidence in myself, and felt the need of a Saviour to save my sinful soul, for I knew without such a Saviour I must fall; and this fear of falling, which has been the companion of my mind for nearly fifty years, I now see has been an additional blessing to me, for it led to care and concern, and this concern, in the day of my espousal, when I first began to attend Friends' meetings, led to fervent prayer, which was effectual, and hence my preservation as a monument of the mercy and goodness of God. I say monument of mercy, for I certainly have no merit, and am really astonished that such a poor creature as I have always been, should have ever attained to such a standing in Society, and had so many good friends.

I now have a lively recollection that in those days of temptation and tremendous tossings, when I sometimes thought I was lost for ever, when favored with the spirit of prayer, how I begged for preservation. I felt as if I ought to suffer the due reward of my evil deeds, but like the penitent sufferer on the right hand of *Jesus*, I often exclaimed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." This prayer has been graciously answered, and I have been snatched as a brand from the burning, and preserved as a monument of unmerited mercy and goodness, which has put it into my heart, especially these last years of my life, to pray daily for an increase of *faith* in *Christ* and an increase of love for him; and I now think I feel an incontestible evidence that this prayer has been granted, and my poor soul has become established in the eternal *Truth*, as it is in Jesus, with that *faith* that works by love; for oh! the love I feel for my dear Redeemer is inexpressible, and the

increase of love I feel for all his dear children the world over, let their name and profession be what it may. This faith in Christ and love for him, furnishes the precious hope that I shall be saved, and this hope is like an anchor that keeps me quiet, steady and *firm* under the canopy of heavenly peace; *that* legacy that he hath bequeathed to all true believers, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." I therefore humbly hope that death to me will have no terrors, nor will the grave have any victory, but through that faith that works by love, my soul will triumph over death, hell and the grave.

I write this seriously, and awfully, and thoughtfully, being under no excitement from preparations of opium, or any other medicine. But in a short time I fear I shall not be able to say so, for unless I can get relief some other way, I shall have to have recourse to some kind of an anodyne; and in that case, whatever expressions I may use, will be more or less incoherent, in proportion to the irritability of the nervous system, the exquisite connection of soul and body.

In the covenant of grace, all are included under sin, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God should abound in Heaven with the angelic host over repentant sinners. Hence Paul felt himself, in the presence of Infinite purity, the chief of sinners, saying, oh! wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death; but joyfully exclaims, I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. This faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, Paul considered worthy of all acceptation, and although he looked upon himself as the chief of sinners he could testify that the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, had made him free from the law of sin and death, and that he had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the *faith;* henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, would give him at that day, and, (O encouraging consideration) not to him only, but to all that love his appearing. With these views and experience of the beloved Paul, I most cordially unite, according to my little experience; and with much more propriety than Paul can sincerely say, that in the presence of infinite purity I view myelf not only the chief of sinners, but a wretched sinner, a fool, a worm of the dust, a nothing; but oh! that compassionate darling at-

tribute of mercy, which seeks to save that which is lost, that saw me when a great way off, and came to meet me, and I humbly hope is preparing my poor soul to add to the joy in Heaven, over one sinner that repenteth.

But I am writing too much and saying too little, and had better mind my own business, which if I am not mistaken is to bear a simple, child-like testimony to this mercy and goodness of my blessed *Saviour*; which will subject me to be pitied by the wise and prudent of this world, as a fool, or ridiculed as an enthusiast; my doctrine considered madness, and my end without honor. Yet I would not part with this child-like belief in Jesus Christ, for ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, and I am encouraged in this faith by his precious testimony, where he says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes; even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Oh that I may be a babe in Christ, and permitted to cry Abba, Father! Oh that I may have that precious life that is hid with Christ in God, as a passport from this world to the Heaven of Heavens.

A LITTLE PRESENT

FOR

FRIENDS

AND

FRIENDLY PEOPLE:

IN THE FORM OF

A MISCELLANEOUS DISCOURSE.

BY A

POOR ILLITERATE MECHANIC.

PREFACE.

The heads only of the following Discourse were delivered at Goose Creek meeting house, Loudon county, Virginia, on the 22d of the 2nd month, 1837, and taken down in writing by a person then present, who subsequently placed the manuscript in the hands of the speaker, with a request from his hearers that he would publish it. And notwithstanding he had hitherto rejected all such applications, especially when he suspected that pedling and speculation were the principal objects of the Stenographer,—having a righteous testimony to bear against making a mercenary traffic of gospel truths,—yet, the disinterestedness and respectability of the present applicants induced him again to take the subject into serious consideration, when he apprehended he felt more than a freedom to comply with the request by writing out the several heads,—of course there is now more than was then delivered,—which is offered to the public without money and without price.

DISCOURSE.*

(See Math. chap. xvi. 24; and Isaiah, xi. 6, 7.)

Since I took my seat in this meeting, my mind has been arrested by the unchangeable terms of salvation laid down by the Divine Saviour: "If any man will come after me, let him deny *himself*, take up his daily cross, and follow me;" and as the subject has spread before the view of my mind, it has opened into a wide field of instruction, and whether I shall be able to lay it fully before this large and interesting assembly, depends much upon Divine assistance, and the Christian sympathy and feeling of others. As I feel very poor and weak, and as the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much, I feelingly desire the prayers of all that can feel for and with me, to enable me to fulfil the important trust of a gospel minister, to the honor of my Creator, the edification of my fellow pilgrims, and the peace of my own mind. It was in a view similar to this great testimony of Christ that the divinely inspired prophet Isaiah held forth this language when alluding to the fulness of the glorious gospel dispensation: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;" "The cow and the bear shall feed; their young shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox." Now the prophet was not only a righteous man, but a true philosopher, and understood the astonishing variety embraced in the wonderful creature called man, viewing him, no doubt, as he ought to be viewed, as the

> "Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
> Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
> Midway from nothing to the Deity."

"In the beginning GOD created the heavens and the earth—and *he* said, let there be light, and there was light." "In the beginning was the *Word*, and the *Word* was with GOD, and the *Word* was GOD: all things were made by *him*, and with-

*The MS. of the following Discourse was put into the hands of the printer by a respectable merchant, with a request that it might be published—together with another edition of "*A Word of Exhortation.*"

out *him* was nothing made that was made: In *him* was *life*, and the *life* was the *light* of men." In these last days GOD hath spoken by his *Son* (Jesus Christ), whom *he* hath appointed heir of all things, and by whom *he* made the worlds. Thus the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, which contain the most important history, the purest morality, and the finest strains of poetry and eloquence, that can be found in any book, in whatever age or language it may have been composed, tells us that this wonderful phenomenon of the material universe was created by the eternal WORD in six days, and pronounced by Infinite Wisdom to be good.

> "Look nature through, 'tis neat gradation all;
> By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
> Each middle nature joined at each extreme,
> To that above it joined, to that beneath!
> Parts into parts, reciprocally shot,
> Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns:
> Here dormant matter waits a call to life:
> Half life, half death, joined there;"—

As in the egg and some of the lower orders of animal existence, particularly a species of shellfish, called the polypus—

> ———"here life and sense;
> There sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;"—

As in the fox, and the dog and some other animals subservient to man, whose actions, at times, evidently appear to partake of something like reason; but

> "Reason shines out in man. O how preserved
> The chain unbroken, upward to the realms
> Of incorporeal life; those realms of bliss,
> Where death has no dominion. Grant an earthly part
> And an etherial; grant the soul of man
> Eternal; or in man the series ends."

The animal body of man was the finishing work of all animated nature, and consequently the highest order of terrestrial creation; being compounded of the four principal elements—Earth, Air, Water and Fire. As either of these predominated in the animal economy, it gave rise to the constitutional character or complexion, called by the physician and philosopher—melancholy, sanguine, phlegmatic and choleric. Hence

arises that astonishing variety in the appearances and actions of men and women, as creatures of this world. As the animal man possessed the nature and propensities of all other animals, being superior to them all,—so that strong law of animated nature, called self or self-will, was commensurate with or equal to his standing in the scale of beings; that is, his self-will was as much stronger as he was superior to other animals; being the spirit of the animal so essentially necessary to its perfection, and in man was to be governed by his superior rational, immortal soul, which was created in the image of God, who said—Let us create man in our own image: God being an all-powerful, incomprehensible, eternal mind or spirit, that pervades immensity of space; a being whose centre is every where, and whose circumference is no where; the God and father of all, that is above all, through all, and in all; in whom we live, and move, and have our being. If the soul of man is made in the image or likeness of such a being as this, it must be spiritual, infinite in its nature, everlasting in its duration. Hence the correctness of the conclusion that the soul of man is the lowest order of celestial, and his body is the highest order of terrestrial creation; which is confirmed by the testimony of the inspired psalmist, "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with honor and glory; thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." Thus man is placed before us a superior being, composed of two natures, material and immaterial: the first, being a part of the material universe, was designed by its author for change and decay, as it is written, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The second is an immaterial being, possessing an immortal life that can never be annihilated. It was into this spiritual, or, as the apostle calls it, the inner man of the heart, that God breathed the breath of life, and it became a living soul—not a living body, for the body had been completed in all its organic structure in the finishing of animated nature, and, breathing the atmospheric air that surrounds this globe, it became a living creature; which life continued several hundred years after Adam ate of the forbidden fruit, and therefore could not have been the life involved in the solemn declaration of JEHOVAH, when he said, the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. But the life that was lost by

transgression was that precious life of God that was breathed into man's immortal soul; that not only made him a pure, free, intelligent being, but endowed him with a capacity for the everlasting contemplation of infinite goodness and perfection, placing him amongst the constellations of heaven, where he might shine with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity, where the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God forever shout for joy.

But this wonderful being, created to glorify God and enjoy him for ever, gave way to temptation, which is the best described by the apostle James, where he says, "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed; when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." This is the death that Adam died the day he transgressed the Divine command, having lost that life that is hid with *Christ* in GOD; the stream of heavenly light and love that united him to his Heavenly Father, which constituted the only substantial source of rational happiness in time and eternity, was cut off, and his soul fell from its dignified station in the divine harmony, (when it governed the animal man with all its propensities, making them subservient to the purposes for which they were intended,) and became a slave to that cruel, selfish nature, emblematically described by the wolf, the leopard, the bear, and the lion; having lost the innocent angelic covering of GOD'S righteousness, in vain did he attempt to hide his nakedness with a patched covering of fig-leaves;—there was nothing now so suitable to his state and condition as to be clothed with the skins of beasts. Therefore the Lord's prophet was bid to make use of the interesting figure contained in the text. The lamb, the kid, the cow, and the ox, are emblems of good men and women—while the wolf, the leopard, the bear, and the lion, are figures of the wicked. These last, we know, if they were confined in a small enclosure, would cruelly destroy each other, while the four innocent animals in the same enclosure would dwell harmoniously together. It was the innocent nature of the lamb that ruled in Abel, that made his offering so acceptable to God, while the cruel, carnivorous nature of the wolf was producing in Cain jealousy, envy, hatred, and murder; so that

it was marked in the very lines and configuration of his face. Hence the expostulation of the Almighty with him, saying, "Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? if thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? but if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." It was this wrathful, selfish, cruel, carnivorous nature that so increased and predominated over all good in the antediluvial world, that mankind became so dreadfully wicked that they were destroyed by an awful deluge.

Noah and his family, in whom the most of the innocent nature reigned, was saved to re-people the earth; and notwithstanding his own uprightness, the same evil genius made its appearance in his family. The same was prefigured in Ishmael and Esau, as allegorically alluded to by the apostle Paul, and therefore the paradoxical difficulties that some have discovered in the writings of that truly spiritually-minded saint, with respect to the Almighty's loving Jacob and hating Esau, is easily understood; Jacob being in the innocent nature of the lamb, while Esau was in that of the wolf, the leopard, the bear, and the lion, where cursed self reigns with all its cruel, blood-thirsty violence—the fountain of hatred, envy, jealousy, and all those malevolent passions and propensities that make man the enemy of man; producing not only bloody and destructive war, but all that dark catalogue of crime that characterises a fallen world of intelligent beings separated from the Divine harmony—justifying the correctness of a further view of the apostle James, when he says, "From whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain. Ye fight and war." Oh! the confused noise of garments rolled in blood! Oh! this direful disease of the soul, that commenced with the fall of man! when the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world, and a door was opened at which a dreadful wolf has entered, and made great devastation among the flock and family of God. This inveterate foe or enemy to man's happiness again showed itself in the elder sons of Jacob, when they sold their brother Joseph into slavery, an act of cruelty and injustice that has continued from generation to generation, down to the present day; and is certainly one of the dark shades that tarnish the lustre of our excellent republican government, that

might be more and more the admiration of the world; a shade that can only be effectually and consistently removed by the shining of the same sun of righteousness that shone forth in Joseph, that enlightened the whole circle in which he moved, and opened a way where there appeared no way, not only for his emancipation from slavery, but his exaltation to the highest station of trust and honor, where he manifested the most merciful, forgiving and benevolent spirit towards those that had cruelly treated him, by tearing him, as it were, from the arms of a fond and affectionate parent, and selling him to the Ishmaelitish merchants, that dealt in slaves. Oh! that the descendants of Africa could be influenced by the same blessed spirit! The same blessed God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, could open a way where there appears no way, so that the master and slave could settle their own business in justice, equity, harmony and peace, without the interference of political abolitionists, whose zealous exertions, notwithstanding the sincerity of their motives, appear to me to be obstructing the peaceable kingdom of Christ. I have a case exactly in point that now occurs to me, that will be an additional matter of fact argument in favor of my position. There lived, some sixty or seventy years ago, not twenty miles distant from the place of my nativity, a young colored man that was a slave, and being brought into a strait and difficulty in his mind from the fear of death, he entered, like Jacob and Joseph, into covenant with God; and witnessing the regenerating power of eternal truth, it set his soul free from the law of sin and death. Thus become a changed man, the light of his meek and humble spirit so shone before his master, that he glorified God by an act of justice and mercy in setting his slave free, and that too without any solicitation from man. And the young man that was thus freed gave abundant evidence that he was worthy the blessing he enjoyed, by continuing to follow his Saviour in the path of humble industry, all the days of his life, which was lengthened out to more than ninety years. Oh! that every slave and every slaveholder in my beloved country would go and do likewise. The first would realize the estimable blessing embraced in the doctrine of Christ: "If the Son and Truth set you free, then are you free indeed;" while the second would fulfil one of his greatest commandments, that embraces practical righteousness in its bless-

ed simplicity, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Oh! that our modern philanthropists who, like the sister of Lazarus, are busy and troubled about many things, and who are complaining and casting reflections on their brethren and sisters who may be afraid of being impertinently officious without the gracious word from the Divine Master,—I say, O that these would attend more to the one thing needful, and choose, like Mary, that better part, the glorious liberty of the children of God, which can never be taken away from them.

But to return from a digression which some may be ready to think improper. The same enemy of man was again prefigured in Pharaoh king of Egypt, the same was also in Amalek, Moab, and all the enemies of Israel, influencing the apostate kings of Israel and Judah, the priests and false prophets—causing the Lord to mourn over his people, through the mouth of his true prophet, in language like this: "Oh, my people! they that lead thee have caused thee to err, and have destroyed the way of thy paths." Thus heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, crowding a dreadful account, that people whom He had known above all the families of the earth, had forsaken him, the fountain of living water, and had hewn out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that would hold no water. So that when the fulness of time had come, and God sent his Son, made of a woman, made under the law to redeem them that were under the law, that they might receive the adoption of sons, he came to his own, but his own received him not; but to as many as received him he gave them power to become the sons of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. But such was the corrupt and desperately wicked state of the Jewish priesthood, the arrogance and spiritual pride of the high professors of religion, the sordid, selfish, avaricious, hard-hearted state of the great mass of the Jewish nation, that the Son and Sent of God was constrained to tell them that they were the children of the devil, and the lust of their father they would do, who was a liar and a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth; and for bearing testimony or witness to the Eternal Truth, they not only rejected him, but used all the power they were clothed with, and put the man that had told them the truth, and that was made of a woman, to

the ignominious death of the cross. While the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, remained a propitiatory sacrifice for all that believe in him and experience repentance, to the end of the world, the Jew as well as the Gentile. Thus the darling attributes of everlasting mercy and goodness triumphed over all the power of darkness, opening a way for the restoration of a fallen world to its primeval state.

When the blessed Jesus beheld the city of the Jews that was the subject, as it were, of a thousand prophecies, he wept over it in language like this—"Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Your house is left unto you desolate. Oh hadst thou but known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." The destruction of that devoted city by the Romans, and the dispersion of the Jews, is a catastrophe that has no parallel on the page of history; fulfilling literally that remarkably prophetic declaration of the divine Saviour, "They shall fall by the edge of the sword, they shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, till the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." And when we take into consideration that there remains but about one hundred and sixty years of the two thousand granted to the Gentile world, and that professing Christians have apostatized further from the precepts and example of their Holy Lawgiver than ever the Jews did from the law of Moses, it is a rational conclusion that tremendous and awful judgments will be poured forth upon Christendom in proportion to their high and holy profession. For the Saviour says, "Where there is much given, there is much required: and he that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Notwithstanding the ushering in of the glorious gospel dispensation was attended with the heavenly anthem, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to all men, the same evil spirit that appeared in the Garden of Eden, in the infant state of the human family, made its appearance in the infant state of the church of Christ, presenting a temptation to the lowest and most grovelling propensity of the human mind—a propensity which, whenever given way to, is peculiarly cal-

culated to make man a devil; and hence the declaration of the Saviour, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" He spoke of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. This man's besetting sin appears to have been the love of money; and notwithstanding he belonged to the first Christian meeting that was blessed with the ministry of the Saviour of the world, and had actually received from him a commission to preach the everlasting gospel, and to travel in the service, he had never submitted to the conditions contained in the text—"If any man will come after *me*, let him first deny himself, then take up his daily cross and follow me." Therefore his cursed selfishness strengthened his love of money, and led him to assimilate with his own likeness, the priests and their satellites, who are not only lovers of money, but the greatest enemies of Jesus Christ, whom they bought (as they supposed) of this traitor, for thirty pieces of silver.

Poor, unhappy, melancholy money-monger! Instead of submitting to the unchangeable terms of salvation laid down by thy blessed Saviour, thou sufferdest thy cursed selfish lust for money, and the friendship of the priests, to conceive and bring forth sin; and that sin, when finished, produced the death of the Lamb, and the carnivorous reign of the Wolf; and therefore thy name, O wretched man that thou art, instead of being gloriously enrolled upon the records of eternity, is only to be found in the long living annals of infamy. Seeing then, that the love of money not only led one of the first Christians to commit the unnatural, unmanly and wicked act of suicide, is it any marvel that it should have occupied so prominent a place in the last exercises of that great apostle of the Gentiles, that, when writing to his son Timothy, he warns him to flee from all its consequences, adding, "they that would be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and many hurtful and foolish lusts, which drown men in perdition and destruction; for the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

I now feel a freedom in the ability I may be endowed with, to apply the subject more particularly to the several states in this large company of men and women, who, notwithstanding they may be composed principally of Friends, and friendly people, are before me as an epitome of the great family of man-

kind, whose animal bodies being compounded of the four principal elements—earth, air, water and fire—I shall divide them into four classes, and denominate them melancholy, sanguine, phlegmatic and choleric.

The man or woman in whom the element of earth predominates, so as to produce that peculiar constitutional trait of character called melancholy, in their unregenerate state have all the characteristics of the wolf; and the Lord's prophet could not have been more happy in his choice of a figure, had he searched the whole chain of animated nature. The skulking solitary habits of the wolf, who generally retires in the daytime to the inmost recesses of the swamp, or the gloomiest glens of the forest, only coming forth to prowl and devour innocent and helpless animals under cover of the darkness of night,—he whose carnivorous appetite can never be satiated, presents the strong law of nature called self, in one of its most incorrigible attitudes; and the reasonable beings whom it represents, that will not submit to the terms of salvation laid down by the blessed Saviour, to deny this cursed self, and take up the cross, are undoubtedly the most unhappy of mankind. This gloomy, hidden, reserved disposition enables them to keep their sorrows to themselves, till in the accumulation of imaginary troubles, their animal spirits, and indeed their whole system, become so affected as to produce that dreadful disease called complexional melancholy, which is as hereditary, and almost as incurable as the pulmonary consumption; and all the cases of suicide, from Judas down to the present day, have sprung from this source. I know of no state more to be pitied, or one that has stronger claims on the sympathies of the true Christian disciple; and it seems as if the beloved Paul might have been led to describe this state, when he so emphatically exclaimed, "Oh wretched man that I am!" who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and oh that they could see like this precious saint, that it is Jesus Christ our Lord, who, when suffering in the flesh without the gates of Jerusalem, the just for the unjust, and baptized into this dreadful state, cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" When these make profession of religion without being regenerated and born again, they are wolves in sheep's clothing, and hence the origin of hypocrisy and deception in the religious world; for this complexion being naturally disposed to be re-

ligious, there is more of them than all the other three put together. Their steady, solid deportment, and very serious, solemn countenances, enable them to pass, as religious men and women, for more than they are worth; and they are put forward in religious communities, as the leaders of the people. This was, I apprehend, the state of Israel in the apostacy, when the Lord, through his prophet, solemnly reproved them; and our Saviour advises his disciples against carrying their religion in their faces, saying: "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear to men to fast." Nothing is so obnoxious to this infinitely pure Being, as a hypocritical state; and indeed it may be said at this door the enemy entered and made great devastation in the Christian church, and none have suffered more according to their relative numbers, than the Society of Friends.

And here permit me to declare the sentiments of my heart. Independent of all sectarian prejudices, I verily believe the people called Quakers, or Society of Friends, as they stood a distinct organized body of Christians, in the days of Fox, Penn and Barclay, were nearer the primitive standard than any others, both as respects doctrine and discipline. I loved them in my infancy, and although not born a member, I received my earliest and best impressions among them; and during my juvenile infatuation, when marching in the ranks as a soldier, my heart elated with the sound of the martial music, and the feathered foppery of the regimentaled warrior, the very sight of a plain, steady, consistent Friend, either young or old, filled me with respect and awe. And when I arrived at maturer age, and more serious consideration, I was united with them in religious fellowship, and few that have ever come among them have less cause to speak of their failings, or uncover their weaknesses, than I have; because few have ever been treated with more brotherly kindness and affection; and however diversified with affliction the remainder of my life may prove, I shall ever consider it one of the greatest blessings that my lot was cast among them; nor can I conceive of any greater trouble in this world, than to be separated from the Society, and lose the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. Nevertheless I dare not omit the discharge of a duty that appears to be required of me—to endeavor to

point out some of the causes that have led to the present weak state of Society. Therefore, bear with me, beloved Friends, for flattery and smooth tales may feed fools, but it will not be acceptable to intelligent, honest people; much less will it please Him whom I would wish to please in the gospel of his dear Son.

I have already said that there were more men and women of a melancholy complexion professors of religion, and I may add especially in the Society of Friends: their quiet, steady, unobtrusive habits—their silent retirement—exemplary industry and frugality—all unite in forming an asylum peculiarly fitted to a melancholy complexion, where its first nature may remain unsubdued; or, as our Saviour says, the strong man armed may keep the palace, and his goods be at ease; where men and women that have never denied self, never witnessed the wolf to dwell with the lamb, may fill the most important stations in Society, if they are only steady in their attendance of meetings, exemplary as to plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel; and more especially if they are of respectable connections, and are in the way of making money, and can lend their poorer brethren a few hundred dollars every year on usury—notwithstanding lending money to a brother on usury or interest is condemned and positively forbidden by the infinitely wise Jehovah, through his faithful servants, Moses, Nehemiah, David, Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and in these last days by his beloved son Jesus Christ. Friends not having recognised it as an evil, it by no means disqualifies them from being appointed clerks, overseers, elders and even preachers; and the apostle's excellent advice to his son Timothy, when making such appointments, not being attended to, in many meetings, the dreadful consequences that Paul alluded to have been realized; they have been puffed up with pride and too many have fallen into the condemnation of the devil, ending, a disgrace to the cause of Christ, and a burthen on Society. In the small circle in which I have moved, I have, alas, known too many Friends, and among them three ministers, two of which crossed the Atlantic ocean, come to this most wretched and melancholy end. I am aware I may lay myself open to censure by publishing such things; but the time has come that the hidden things of Esau must be brought to light, and effects traced to causes: for I have no doubt but

that one of the principal causes of the weak state of Society is the injudicious appointment or promotion of Friends, both young and old, to important stations, that are what the apostle Paul called *Novices*, that is, men and women without heartfelt religious experience; having never denied self, or witnessed the wolf to dwell with the lamb. Hence the spiritual pride, religious consequence and malignant enthusiasm that characterized the belligerent party among Friends, in the late unhappy and disgraceful controversy.

And here I will meet the sceptical cavillers, and more orthodox enemies of Friends—one of which, a neighboring physician, informed me that it was the opinion of the faculty that there were more cases of suicide occurred in the Society of Friends than in any other society. Since which I have been informed, by respectable authority, that it was the prevailing opinion among the same class in England. Admitting it to be the fact, there being so many more melancholy people belonging to the Society, for reasons already given, rationally accounts for it, without leaving a stigma on the principles of the Christian religion as professed by Friends. Indeed, I have no doubt but the greater part of the Friends of the first convincement were of this constitutional make; but as the great doctrine of regeneration and the new birth was the burthen of their ministry, they had experimental knowledge of it within themselves, and knew Christ, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, to bring into subjection all their wolfish nature, and establish the kingdom of heaven, which Jesus emphatically declared was within. Hence their non-resistance, their love for each other, their unexampled patience under suffering, and steady perseverance in well-doing to a peaceable and happy conclusion. But such as did not witness this change of heart, but retained a part of their first nature, not having the same swamp of worldly-mindedness, or comfortable glen of money-making, to retire to, like the Quakers of the present day, in consequence of an unjust and cruel law then existing in England,—by which they were dragged from their religious meetings, arraigned before a despotic tribunal, where the oath of allegiance being tendered, which they could not take for conscience sake, their real estate was confiscated for life, and their personal estate for ever, and their bodies imprisoned during the king's pleasure: I say, such of

the primitive Quakers as remained in the mixture, and were like Ephraim, a cake not turned, showed their wolfish nature by the same wild, fanatical howlings and eccentric wanderings that have hung upon the rear of the Christian church in all ages, from the hateful Nicolaitans alluded to by John in his Revelations, down to the wrong-headed enthusiasts of the present day. Witness John Parrott's insignificant quibble about rising in the time of public prayer, which ended in his decided opposition to Fox, Penn and Barclay, and becoming one of the most subtle and bitter persecutors of our early Friends; witness, too, the fanatical ranterism of Story and Wilkinson, opposing the established order and discipline of Society, which ended in a similar manner.

Oh! how sorrowful the consideration, that the religion of Jesus Christ, embracing a system of ethics so pure, so heavenly, so rational, so peculiarly calculated to make mankind happy in time and in eternity, should be so shamefully mangled and perverted by that man of sin and son of perdition, when the evil can so easily and certainly be prevented by submitting to the unchangeable terms contained in the text. What a pity that a people that the Lord Almighty raised up for the purpose of reviving and preserving primitive Christianity, who were led to assume the awful responsibility of being the *friends of Christ,* to do whatever he commanded them, should by their disobedience be only the transient glory of a couple of centuries, when it was designed in the councils of infinite wisdom they should be an eternal excellency—the joy of the whole earth. A people that have proclaimed to the world that they have submitted to the terms laid down by Christ, by placing self-denial on the forehead of their high and holy profession, but have suffered an insidious enemy to draw them so far away from the weightier matters of God's holy law, judgment, mercy and faith, as to be in danger of being engulfed in the same vortex that has swallowed up other reformers from the church of Rome.

Oh! that the precious visited youth would arise and shake themselves from the dust of the earth—the love of money—the love of superficial learning—the love of fame—the love of speculation, and those vain babblings that are leading them away from the religion of Jesus in its blessed simplicity into the broad way that must lead to destruction. Oh! that they

would put on the beautiful garments of primitive Christianity, that they might be judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning—such ministers of the Lord as would weep and pray between the porch and the altar before offering their gifts —such gifts as would sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and them that suck the breast, from the renewed visitation of Infinite Goodness and Mercy to the rising generation.

I am revived with a hope of better things and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak; and if there is now within the audience of my voice, one poor, dear, suffering child of God, that in consequence of this melancholy cast is ready to sink into the quicksands of despair, whose sins have become so exceeding sinful that they are crying, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" let them thank God, who will undoubtedly give them the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised to him that overcometh evil, "will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I have overcome and have set down with my Father in his throne; let them be encouraged from the consideration that they are now drinking of the cup the Saviour drank of, when he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, but how am I straightened till it is accomplished;" and that they are filling up their portion of his sufferings when he said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" let them lift up their heads in hope, for their salvation draws nigh, when the comforting language will be addressed to their souls—"Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom."

The best examples of practical righteousness I have ever known, both amongst Friends and others, have been of the melancholy cast, that have denied self, taken up the daily cross, and followed Christ; they become as innocent as lambs; and though playfully cheerful, they are as incapable of hurting their fellow-creatures; and in whatever nation, tongue, or people, they are to be found, they are such as fear God and work righteousness, and, consequently, are accepted with *him*,—and whether an Indian or an African sun has shone upon them, they are Christ's sheep, that hear his voice and follow him, and he will give unto them eternal life, and none shall pluck them

out of his hand. Some of the brightest stars amongst our primitive Friends were of this constitutional cast. Dear J—— W——, whose righteousness, innocence, and purity of life has never been exceeded in latter days, manifested, when on the confines of eternity, what I consider the true Christian state, self-abasement and humility of soul, as expressed in the following testimony: "My trust is in the Lord Jesus, who, I hope, will forgive my sins;" and in allusion to the trials and temptations through which he had passed, he added, "they now seem to be pretty well over, and I look at the face of my dear Redeemer, for sweet is his voice and his countenance is comely." These last expressions shew such a belief in Christ as my soul longs after. Oh, that every melancholy soul could arrive at this truly Christian state,—they would be happy in time and in eternity.

I have still greater encouragement, as well as some solemn instruction for my fellow-pilgrims of this class. The beloved John, as well as Judas, was constitutionally melancholy; the one shews that by denying self and taking up the daily cross, and steadily persevering in following Christ, the highest state of perfection may be attained. While the other places before us the dreadful consequences of slighting a Saviour's supreme command, and giving way to that sin that ceaselessly besets this state—the love of money. For we are told, that at the last supper Judas sat next to the beloved John at the table, and though apparently listening with the greatest attention to the gracious words of his Divine Master, his right hand appears convulsively to grasp the bag of money, for he had just been preaching, what in this day might be called a charity sermon, shewing the impropriety of wasting any thing that could be sold for money. Hear a part of it, and what the inspired writer says of him: "For what purpose is this waste? this ointment might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor; not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and kept the bag and bare what was put therein." I do not wish to dwell on this gloomy subject, but really, dear friends, my mind is most seriously and solemnly impressed with an apprehension that this, our besetting sin—the love of money—is sending more Quakers to perdition and destruction than all other causes put together; for this appearance of Satan is so insidious—so subtle—keeps such good and respectable company

—goes so well dressed, and has become so popular and highly esteemed among men, that although an abomination in the sight of God, the devastation that it is making in his family is incalculable; and the consideration is awful that this sordid, selfish spirit, will constitute that worm that will never die, and the malevolent passions of jealousy, envy, and hatred, which stands inseparably connected with it, will form a part of the flames of that fire that is never quenched; and this fire, said the primitive Quaker preachers, the unregenerate soul must dwell with to all eternity.

I said that the beloved disciple John was constitutionally melancholy; I verily think so; and I may add, that George Fox was of the same natural complexion, being remarkable for his sobriety and seriousness from a child; so was John, who even in his minority became one of the first converts of his namesake, that truly great Baptist preacher that produced such an effect upon the Jewish nation, that all Jerusalem and Judea went out to him and were baptized in Jordan. The beloved disciple was now a follower of the Baptist, and one of the testimonies of this great preacher appears to have made the deepest impression on his mind, where he said, "I indeed baptize you with water, but there cometh one after me that is preferred before me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" and seeing Jesus pass by he cried out, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." This appears to have convinced John that he must now leave the Baptist and follow Christ. And notwithstanding that he was evidently advancing in the great work of regeneration, his selfish nature was still strong, more especially when he wished to monopolize the chief seats on the right hand and on the left in Christ's kingdom, and actually made private application, in company with his mother and his brother James. This act, together with his forbidding one that he saw casting out devils in the name of Christ, because he did not follow with him, is abundant proof of that selfish, narrow, contracted spirit that is ever the companion of the unregenerate, melancholy state; and the reproof that it met with from the Divine Saviour, ought for ever to silence such intolerance and bigotry: "Forbid him not, for no man can do a miracle of this kind that speaketh lightly of me;" "he that is not against us, is on our part." This short but powerful

sermon had the desired effect, and this beloved disciple was prepared to follow a suffering Saviour to Golgotha; and when the other disciples forsook him and fled, John was found with the mother of Jesus and those faithful and affectionate women that stood by the cross, where neither the grim visage of the Roman soldier, nor the malignant scoffs and sneers of the priests and their satellites, could prevent them from pouring the tenderest sympathies of their souls in a flood of tears, till it drew from the Heavenly Sufferer a language like this: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me;" and although laboring with the most excruciating pain of body, with still greater anguish of soul, occasioned by the tremendous weight of the sins of a fallen world, which caused him to cry out, "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani!" he remembered his precious mother, commending her to the care of his beloved John. Oh! what depth of solemn instruction is presented here.

"Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on and close around the prisoner of amaze.
In his blessed life we see the path, and in his death the pure,
And in his great ascent the glorious Truth supreme.
Did he arise? He did! Hear it, oh ye heavens!
Hear it, oh thou earth! He rose! He rose!
He burst the bands of death! Lift up your heads,
Ye everlasting gates, and give the King of Glory to come in."

Oh! dear young man, whoever thou art, that feels a longing after heaven and holiness, here is not only instruction, but great encouragement. See what a state of perfection this young man arrived at by obedience and steady perseverance in the line of Divine appointment. What an important lesson to young men, touching the concern they ought to feel for their dear mother, who supported them on her breast in their infancy, watching their sleeping couch, and anticipating all their wants; that mother that nursed them in sickness—the blessed instrument that should kindle the first devotional feelings on the altar of the heart. Oh, dear children, you owe much to this precious parent; and if she is a widow, she has a double claim upon your attention—an attention that will undoubtedly be paid by the peculiar blessings of heaven. Never then, I beseech of you, pierce with sorrow that breast that has been your support in your infantile years, by acts of disobedience, impertinence, or neglect. What confidence was placed in the beloved John, that he should have the care of the mother of the blessed

Jesus; and then be the first man that witnessed his resurrection, and continuing with him during the forty days he was going in and out amongst them, speaking of the things pertaining unto the kingdom of God. He was present on the ever memorable day of Pentecost, and received *him* in his blessed spiritual appearance, agreeably to his promise, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you again in the character of the Comforter, or the Spirit of Truth, which the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not; but ye see him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you, and at that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you." From henceforth the beloved John shone forth as the brightness of the firmament, and as an instrument that turned many to righteousness. He will continue to shine as one of the brightest stars for ever and ever.

Such was the perfection of this precious saint, that he seemed all light, and all love; and like his Divine Master, he delighted in saving that that was lost. A certain young man, that was convinced through John's ministry, whose talents and qualifications were of the highest order, and whom he had adopted as one of his children, during his absence on a long journey, went off, and walked no more with him; joining a band of robbers in the mountains, he had become their captain. When John returned, he made particular inquiry after this son, of those to whom he had committed the care of him, no doubt with a charge to deal gently with the young man. When he was informed of his departure, he wept and grieved like the patriarch Jacob, in beholding the bloody garment of his dear Joseph, but not willing to give him up, he determined to leave the ninety and nine and go after the lost sheep. In vain did his friends try to persuade him his life would be in danger, and that the object of his pursuit was irreclaimable; he persisted in his determination, and had not penetrated far into the mountainous country before he was taken by a straggling detachment of the gang, and he requested they would take him to their captain. As soon as the chief of the robbers recognized his Christian father, he precipitately fled, when the dear old man ran after him, crying, "Stop, my son, my dear son," in so affecting a manner that the young man, who by this time was so overcome with emotions of sorrow, stood still,—when the loving disciple fell upon

his neck weeping aloud and kissing him as a mother would her only child. The ferocious visage of the mountain robber was now changed into more than female softness, and baptized, as it were, in his own tears, he returned with his Christian father as a penitent prodigal to the bosom of the church, and continued faithful to the end of his days. Oh! ye that profess to be fathers in the church, ministers, elders, deacons, or overseers, here is an example worthy of your imitation. How many precious young men that have gifts and qualifications to be greatly good, through a want of your *Christian care,* have strayed from the fold of Christ, and though they may not directly be joined to a band of robbers, or idle speculators, are they not wanderers on the barren mountains of empty profession, exposed to those devouring wolves in sheep's clothing—and are calling loudly for such fatherly concern as was manifested by the beloved John; a concern that continued with him to the close of his earthly pilgrimage, in his ninety and ninth year; for we are informed that the last meeting he ever attended, he was so weak and feeble his friends had to carry him in their arms, when he preached his last sermon, which should never be forgotten—*dear little children love one another*—"God is love, and they that dwell in love dwell in God, and *God in them.*"

Seeing then, that there is such a state as perfection in Christ to be attained to, even in this state of existence, or *he* never would have commanded his disciples to be perfect, even as their Father that is in heaven is perfect, let the aged, the middle-aged, and the dear youth of this class be encouraged, for the same God and Father of all, that is above all, through all, is in you all, an omnipresent Saviour, pre-eminently clothed with the glorious attribute of mercy, and will never leave nor forsake you; but will preserve you in the time of temptation and deliver you from all evil. Lift up your heads in hope, oh ye that see your sins to be exceeding sinful, for your salvation draws nigh. It is true you owe an abundance to your God, and there is an abundance that you can never pay, but oh that precious Saviour that said to the poor palsied man, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee," and to the tender-hearted woman that washed his feet with tears, "Daughter, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee," will speak peace to your afflicted souls. Let not, then, your hearts be troubled; believe in God; believe also in

his dear Son, who emphatically declares to his discouraged disciples, "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come unto you again, that where I am, there ye may be also. My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."

I come now to a class so entirely different, that they may be considered almost like antipodes to those I have been addressing; men and women in whose animal economy the element of air predominates, producing that constitutional character called sanguine. To describe these, in their unredeemed and unregenerated state, the Lord's prophet has been equally happy in the selecting of his figure from the animal creation, "The leopard shall lie down with the kid." The leopard is the most subtle, cruel, restless creature, and at the same time the most beautiful of all the carnivorous animals of the cat kind; but wo be to the unsuspecting admirers of its beauty, should they attempt to manifest any personal familiarity or kindness, because it will destroy the very hand that feeds it. Men and women of this class, in their sinful state, are not to be depended upon, and when young are impatient of the restraints of virtuous discipline; and even in their minority, break through the enclosure of parental care and commence that terrible career in vanity that must end in vexation of spirit. Excessively fond of company, more especially where there is gaiety, music and dancing, they frequent taverns and places of diversion, where young men too often become an easy prey to the demon of intemperance and sensuality; and the poor negatively innocent female is too often seduced by these beautiful monsters, more cruel than the leopard, who rob them of their virtue, and destroying their innocence and reputation, leave them in a state of desperation or despair, where, afraid to meet the tears of their parents, the chidings of their relations, or the scoffs and sneers of their youthful companions, they too often fly to those sinks of pollution in our towns and cities, where being further debased, even below brutality, they blot out of their very nature every thing that was once agreeable and beautiful, and, at last, come to an untimely and most miserable end.

"Where groaning hospitals eject their dead,
While many groan for sad admission there;
While many, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity."

Oh! that such libertines would solemnly reflect upon the dreadful account that they must finally settle before the judgment seat of quick and dead; and oh that they could be persuaded, before it is too late, that there still remains an everlasting friend and blessed Saviour of sinners, that seeks to save that that is lost; the same that cast out of one formerly the whole number of evil spirits: *licentiousness—ignorance—intemperance—wrathfulness—devilishness—covetousness—pride;*—and filled the empty soul with seven heavenly and angelic spirits — *virtue—knowledge — temperance — patience—godliness—brotherly kindness* and *charity;* but alas! for these when they reject this darling attribute of mercy and call into their aid that abominable abomination of all abominations, unbelief, and a persuasion that death is an eternal sleep. To such, the writings of the sophistical Paine are the most relieving and edifying, because they are peculiarly calculated to work on their narrow and debauched understandings. Should such men and women marry, the act certainly would be highly honorable; but the sacred covenant would be likely to be broken, if not trampled under foot with impunity; for there is no confidence to be placed in such, particularly men, who too often leave their poor wives to suffer for the want of the comforts, if not the very necessaries of life, while the careless, shackling, unmanly husband is found spending his time and money at taverns, tippling houses, gambling tables, or houses of ill-fame, participating in the most tremendous quarrellings and fightings, attended with blasphemous expressions and the most vulgar and bitter imprecations, with a confused noise that could scarcely be equalled by the howling of the wolf—the screaming of the leopard—the growling of the bear, or the roaring of the lion—thus debased below the very brute creation, with all the manly feelings totally extinguished. Such poor creatures are too often seen in our country, staggering along the high way, with their black jug and corncob stopper, containing the remains of a quart of whiskey, purchased of some Judas that would sell his Saviour for money. Should the sanguine wife of such a man as this be, what they too often are, prodigious

scolds, the scene that would be likely to take place, when he arrived at his uncomfortable home, I have no language that possesses force sufficient adequately to describe. I shall, therefore, leave it for the temperance lecturer, who, perhaps, has ransacked the scriptures from Genesis to Revelations for appropriate texts, and committed to memory the novel incidents so awfully painted in the temperance tracts; telling the same story so often, that by this time he has it so pat that his eloquence may be irresistible; notwithstanding it may be among the possible circumstances that he has never denied self, or taken up the cross of Christ, but is pursuing that echo of folly and shadow of renown, called popularity, or the more common and, if possible, more selfish object of a good salary. If so, he is an hireling, to all intents and purposes, and careth not for the sheep, and, therefore, may be compared to one of the seven sons of Sceva, a Jew and chief of the priests that we read of in the days of the apostles, who undertook to make a mercenary concern of casting out evil spirits, saying, "We adjure you by Jesus that Paul preaches;" and the evil spirit answered and said, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye;" and the man in whom the evil spirit was, leaped upon them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded; but the man who seems to have gained the victory remained possessed of the devil.

Such appears to me most likely to be the end of all these popular advocates for moral reform, that has neither the pure religion of Jesus, nor the noble patriotism of Paul.—The drunkard will leap upon them and overcome them, while the demon of intemperance will keep possession of his unhappy victim. I know of no class of American citizens more truly to be pitied and felt for than the poor, habitual drunkard, deprived of almost every acquisition that can procure the comforts of life; deprived of the social and relative enjoyments of their own families—scolded by their wives—hated by their children—despised by the proud and looked down on with contempt by the rich; shunned by the moral and pitied by the pious, without reputation, without property, compelled from necessity to undergo the most unpleasant and laborious employments, by land and by sea, by night and by day, in summer's heat and winter's cold; and after thus ploughing the waves of the deepest affliction, they at last may reap despair. Oh! that the Shep-

herd of Israel, that sleeps not by day nor slumbers by night, would extend the crook of his love and mercy and snatch these poor dear creatures from the horrible pit. Oh! that he would now, in his spiritual appearance cast out the legion of evil spirits, and bring these poor bruised and naked souls to his blessed feet, where, clothed in their right mind, they will know Jesus Christ to be a propitiation for their sins. And oh! that these poor, discouraged, peevish, fretful wives, and all cross, scolding women, especially such as have been so long afflicted with this direful disease, so as to become crookedly deformed, (that is) entirely different from what they were when they constituted the beloved object of their husband's youthful affections, —I say, could these believe in an omnipresent Saviour, and press through the crowd of difficulties till they could touch, in a spiritual sense, the hem of his garment, his heavenly virtue would cure their sin-sick souls, as certainly as he cured the woman we read of in the New Testament; and that selfish, catlike nature, that was the source of their misery, would be denied, and taking up the cross of Christ, they would witness the leopard to lie down with the kid; and when they had experienced this great change of heart, they could no more hide themselves amongst the gay, the light, and chaffy spirits of the world, than the woman that was cured by touching the Saviour's garment could hide herself in the crowd; but like her, they would be constrained to come forward, and in the presence of Christ, declare publicly what great things he had done for their souls. Blessed are such among women, and blessed is the fruit of their lips. I have heard the everlasting gospel preached in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with more feeling power, from such a woman, than I ever heard from the lips of man.

I will now take a view of sanguine men and women. As members of civil society, while under the influence of their first nature, they are so light and chaffy in their spirits, and moreover as changeable as the element and animal that rules them, that there is very little confidence to be placed in their promises or engagements. Having more imagination than mind, they too often spend their little stock of energy in thinking and telling what they intend to do, so that they have nothing left to carry out their plans, or meet their contracts. Hence the cause of the almost total loss of private and public

confidence, by a series of failures and bankruptcies, that are not only unchristian, but unmanly and dishonorable, a disgrace to religion, and a serious injury to the commonwealth. Speculation being so fashionable, attended with a gambling spirit so fascinating, that sanguine people I fear are approaching a vortex of greater ruin, as respects the risk of credit, the war of interest, and the crush of property, than this country has ever experienced; when the wolf, the leopard, the bear and the lion, while biting, scratching, squeezing, and tearing each other, will cause many a poor lamb, kid, cow, and ox to suffer severely.

But it is under a profession of religion without a change of heart, that sanguine men and women do the most injury to the cause of Christ; for they are quite disposed to be religious, provided they can have it on their own terms; but it must be spotted, like the beautiful animal that rules in them, and full of excitement and activity. They are more especially at home in their favorite element, under the influence of a popular mania, called religious revivals and moral reforms. Every kind of business must give way to religious meetings, night meetings, camp meetings, class meetings, prayer meetings, singing meetings, temperance lectures, abolition and colonization lectures, and many others that I cannot mention, where they are the most active and the most happy creatures; but being naturally disposed to shackle, they too soon fall into the sin that the primitive saints considered worse than infidelity; that is, neglecting to make a proper provision for their own families. For the sons of that glorious morning were so very tenacious of the example that God had placed before them in the person of his dear Son, walking in the path of humble industry, that they required of every member of the church, that they should maintain or support themselves and families by the labor of their own hands, (not their heads): and hence the commandment in their pure but simple discipline, "if any would not work, neither should they eat:" a commandment that would be very unpopular amongst the sanguine members in the present day, who not only neglect to work with their hands, that they may walk honestly towards them that are without, and that they may lack nothing; but are content to live on the industry of others, by getting a salary as preachers, or their expenses borne out of the funds of

Society, or some profession or office of profit and honor, by which they can live without working with their own hands; and such as cannot gain this point too often run in debt and borrow money: then the melancholy and phlegmatic brother must be applied to for money or credit, with all the sanctimonious, long-faced innocence of a very pretty spotted kid; their feelings and interest being excited, the money is forthcoming, and a promise is made to pay at a certain time, with legal interest from the date thereof. But when the kind usurer calls for his money, the poor sanguine debtor is neither able nor willing to pay; and should the honest creditor appeal to the laws of his country for redress in such a grievance, he will soon find himself in contact with something like a cruel leopard, that would now destroy the hand that was stretched forth for relief; tearing the reputation of their friend to pieces and having the eye of the cat, that is peculiarly calculated to see best in the dark, with a restless impetuosity they will try to destroy every good trait in the character of the object of their resentment. Such are the effects of the besetting sin of sanguine men and women, professing to be Christians while they remain strangers to regeneration and the new birth. The astonishing quickness with which they can see faults and failings in their friends and neighbors, often reminds me of the man in the fable, who had his neighbor's faults and his own in a wallet on his shoulder, taking good care to have his neighbor's always in the fore end of the wallet, so that he could always see them first. Such, I conceive, were those women that Paul tried to silence in the Corinthian church—the same that he alludes to in one of his epistles to Timothy—idle women, wandering from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things they ought not. Now such women as these, that always will have their friends and neighbors' failings in the fore part of the wallet, under the continual inspection of their restless cat's-eyes, which, as I said before, can see best in the dark, unless they can be persuaded to have the wallet turned so that their own faults can be placed before them, are very troublesome members of meeting, and hence the propriety of the apostle commanding them to be silent in the church; but I am not prepared to believe that the great apostle of the Gentiles would ever command a good woman to be silent in the church. Paul was a heavenly-

minded man, and consequently, as a man of good sense, must have known that there were no sexes in souls, and that the gift of the ministry was a gift bestowed upon the soul to save souls; and having declared his belief that male and female were one in Christ, he never could have been so inconsistent as to have even supposed that in the church of Christ men were only eligible to the office of prophet, or preacher, when he must have known and united with the four daughters of Philip, that prophesied, and his beloved sister Phebe, whom he so highly commended, and by whom he sent his epistle to the church at Rome, and all those women that he tells us helped him in the gospel; and as to his remarks about the woman being in the transgression, they appear to me to embrace the same allegorical instruction as similar remarks about the son of the bond woman and the son of the free woman, in the case of the children of Abraham; and even if Paul was at times partially influenced by the prejudices of his college education, or the traditions of his fathers, the very declaration he makes, that the Son of God was made of a woman, will more than counterbalance all the illiberal and irrational constructions that have been put upon his sayings touching the rights of women. Adding to this the fact, that the first perfect Christian that was made by this Son of God was a woman —a woman, too, that manifested more Christian tenderness, more Christian humility, more Christian love, more Christian faithfulness, than eleven out of twelve of the men that were first chosen by Divine appointment to preach his gospel,—and mark, it was this woman that had the high honor of being the first witness of his glorious resurrection; no doubt the beloved Paul would place such women, where every consistent Christian man ought to place them, next to the angels of heaven: and so far from commanding them to be silent in the church, would further unite with every consistent Christian in sincerely wishing that there were more such precious women that were constrained by the love of Christ to preach the everlasting gospel. But I am free to confess that I think it quite possible that the apostle Paul felt a freedom to call into his aid the opinions of darker ages respecting the inferiority of women, in a case of a serious difficulty in the Corinthian church: for it appears that some deluded females then and there perverted the order of nature, and destroyed the divine

harmony of grace, by usurping an authority or position that did not become them, and sacrificing modesty, humility, and love, (the crown and diadem of a good woman), at the shrine of pride, presumption, arrogance, malignant enthusiasm, bigotry, hardness of heart and cruelty—those seven spirits that our Lord said entered into the man out of whom the unclean spirit had gone, and made his last state worse than the first. When such women as these have sufficient influence to be acknowledged teachers or preachers, they are likely to make sad work in the church, by tearing asunder the most sacred and tender ties, separating husbands and wives, parents and children, brethren and sisters, and causing some that professed to be the friends of Christ to hate one another. And, should I be at liberty to judge from the fruits I have seen of such preaching even in my day, had I Paul's authority and influence, I should, like him, command such women to be silent in the church; but I wish distinctly to be understood, that I do not apply this mischievous spirit exclusively to females; far from it: for I think I have seen too many men that would wish to pass for gentlemen and Christians, that were like Paul's silly women, led captive by this sin, and laden with the lusts thereof, and therefore never could arrive at the knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus.

These deluded votaries of Anti-Christ, wherever they are to be found, are too often blowing the flames of discord and contention; not only destroying connubial happiness and the peace of private families, but the harmony of neighborhoods and the unity of religious associations, to the great grief and trouble of the more peaceable members of civil and religious society. I would appeal to the presiding elders among the Methodists, the respectable deacons among the Presbyterians, and, in a word, the faithful watchmen in all societies, with the overseers among Friends, for the truth of the declaration.

I believe there are fewer sanguine people among Friends, in proportion to their numbers, than any others, (for reasons which I think I have already given,) and what there is are mostly birth-right members, who are too often finding fault with the order of Society—particularly plainness of dress, behaviour and apparel; and animadverting with great severity on the bigoted notion of keeping to their own meetings, and not mixing with other societies; and

appear so liberal that I am afraid they would turn Christian liberty into licentiousness. These kind of Friends remind me of a set of restless, discontented Jews, that we read of in the days of the outward advent of the Saviour, called Gadarenes, who opposed the order and economy of the Israelitish church, and seemed so particularly offended at Moses prohibiting the use of swine's flesh, (in consequence of its predisposing the human body to putrid diseases in that warm climate,) that they would, in their perverse selfishness, keep whole herds of hungry hogs on their barren mountains, to the great annoyance of their more orthodox neighbors. These sanguine Gadarenes, being in a state of mind in such perfect accordance with their favorite animal, it is no marvel that our Saviour found a legion of devils among them; which, when dispossessed of their more comfortable quarters, would naturally wish to go into what they would think the next best place for them, notwithstanding the rational supposition that such a superabundance of obstinate selfishness might drive the poor swine headlong to destruction; and being disappointed in their hoggish speculation, it is no wonder these Gadarenes wished to get rid of so unprofitable a visiter as the Divine Saviour.

This singular miracle appears to me designed to show the Jews, in the sad condition of the swine, the national destruction their growling and cruel selfishness were bringing them to; that the evil spirits that had degraded the Gentile world, which are represented by Legion, would be cast out, and entering into the Jews, would complete their ruin; and the Gentiles would come and take away their place and nation. I believe in this remarkable circumstance that was recorded for our instruction; and while it excites the sceptical smile in these sanguine latitudinarians, it allegorically describes their unhappy state and condition. And it is certainly an awful consideration that if they continue obstinately to follow this selfish, swinish speculation, that however glossed over with all the subtlety of the serpent, it will be likely to lead down a steep place into that lake where they will eventually be choked. No marvel that the *name* of our Lord Jesus Christ should be so unpleasant to them that they seem to carefully avoid it, if not, like the Gadarenes, beseech it to depart out of their coast. No marvel that too many of them should seem to prefer the sceptical philosophy of Thomas Paine to the precepts

of Jesus; and even publicly declare that it was as good as the scriptures. This cold, withering spirit, which was described by the Lord's prophet under the figure of the east wind, commenced its blasting influence on this continent, with what are called the New Lights in New England, and extending west as far as Friends were settled, formed something like a conspiracy against the doctrine and discipline of Society; but the chain that was stretched to so great a length broke by its own weight, and its disconnected links are now hanging as dead weights on the skirts of the several Yearly Meetings, and wherever they have spliced on with modern abolitionism and temperance, they are causing considerable unsettlement; for while they are in the leopard state, to be still seems impossible; and hence their fondness for preaching—following popular preachers from meeting to meeting, and by puffing them up with flattery and smooth tales, they assist the devil in placing them upon the pinnacle of the temple, from which too many popular but sanguine preachers have fallen—disgracefully fallen—while they presumptuously expected that the very angels of heaven would bear them up.

There must be a cause for this direful effect; and having been led to the subject unexpectedly, I feel more than a freedom to give some views, touching the ministry, that I think have been given to me from the right source. The requisite qualifications for preaching the gospel of Christ are the same that they ever were, and are most admirably described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The subjects for this great work must first be gathered together in Christ's *name*, which is *his* power; and then, agreeably to his promise, where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am *I* in the midst of them, will be fulfilled. They must be of one accord, that is, they must be in perfect unity. Then the following appropriate figure describes the exercise of the soul on which the gift of gospel ministry is bestowed: 1st. "And there was a great sound, as the rushing of a mighty wind." The nervous system, the exquisite connection of soul and body, is first affected; and such is its irritability, that the whole body shakes, sometimes to a degree bordering on convulsions; and too often, for the want of getting into the child like state of resignation, ends in fanatical derangement. 2dly. "And there appeared to them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and sat

upon each of them." This figure is peculiarly appropriate; for the light and power of Eternal Truth, which may be compared to the sun when it shines in the soul, giving the knowledge of the glory of God in the spiritual appearance of Jesus Christ, that faculty of the soul called reason is enlightened, and shines forth like the moon, a glorious but subordinate luminary. But having been so long the distinguished agent of self, (the strongest law of the unregenerate man,) reason yields with great reluctance its independence, and the disparity between reason and revelation divides them into two parts, and hence the gift of the ministry in this mixed state is called a cloven tongue as of fire; and while reason continues its separate standing, and refuses to be entirely influenced by the Divine light, being ever fertile in invention, it produces that astonishing variety of speculative opinion in the Christian church; and though such preachers may continue to preach with the tongue of men and angels, for the want of celestial charity, it will end in sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. Thirdly and lastly: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost; then spake they *with other tongues* as the *Spirit gave them utterance.*" Mark! they now spoke with other tongues (not cloven) as the Spirit gave them utterance. Here was the everlasting gospel of Christ preached in its blessed simplicity and purity, that reached the witness in those devout people that were then in Jerusalem from the surrounding nations. Those precious visited children of God that had been born of the Spirit, were now spoken to in a language they understood; not an unknown tongue, but their own tongue, in which they were born. Such was the preaching of the first disciples of Jesus Christ, from the day of Pentecost, which shook the foundations of the Jewish hierarchy; and such I believe, in a good degree, was the preaching of the first Quakers, when they shook the foundations of the church of Anti-Christ in England to the very centre.

The devout people, that Luke tells us were then in Jerusalem, providentially drawn there from all nations under heaven, appear to me to have been the representatives of those several nations that the disciples were commanded to go and teach, *baptizing them into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,* which commandment was obeyed, and the end and design of the Saviour fulfilled on that ever memorable day of

Pentecost, when three thousand were converted to Christianity. This stupendous act superceded the necessity of the disciples travelling further than their Divine Master. And moreover it appears clear to me that had those representatives of the various nations of the earth that were thus miraculously introduced into the gospel dispensation, returned to their several places, keeping their eyes single to the pattern of everlasting righteousness placed before them on the holy mount, they would have shone as stars in the firmament of God's power, and their several lights within their several orbits would have properly enlightened the whole world of mankind with the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, agreeably to the heavenly plan of Infinite Wisdom, as expressed by the prophet Isaiah in this beautiful and appropriate language; "And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the *Lord's house* shall be established in the top of the mountains and exalted above the hills, and all *nations shall flow unto it.* And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up unto the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

But it appears to me that this most glorious work of the Almighty to restore a fallen world, by the establishment of peace on earth and good will to man, was marred or frustrated by some cause or other; and what cause can we more reasonably suspect than that which showed itself amongst the first disciples: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" This devil that influenced Judas to associate with the priests and their satellites, Christ's greatest enemies, and finally sell his master for money, may have worked more subtilly, but too effectually, on the weaknesses and prejudices of those sons of the morning, who being Jews, were so strongly attached to the rituals of the law as to introduce circumcision and water baptism among those Christian converts, which became a bone of contention and kept alive the spirit of war. Add to this the strong prejudice in favor of missionary travelling, then in

great estimation among the apostate and forsaken Jews, and although condemned by Christ in this most powerful language, "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, you make him twofold more the child of hell." Yet some of the disciples appear to have embarked in the missionary travelling far beyond the jurisdiction embraced in the example of their Divine Master, and although they may have made a hundred converts where their Master made one, it does not appear that the true joy or interest of the church was increased.

For alas! the successors of the apostles preferred preaching with cloven tongues, as it was more pleasing to itching ears, which soon degenerated into wind, and became, like Ephraim, a cake not turned. A ministry that commenced in the mixture, led into the apostacy, robbed the church of its perquisites, its liberty and its life; and from generation to generation its footstep has been marked with darkness and blood, down to the present day, when it is followed by flatterers and fools, sung to by silly women, (male and female,) fed by witches with calf on its way to Mount Gilboah, stimulated by the genius of intemperance with the sly behind-the-door beverage of a little hot toddy, a little brandy and sugar, a little egg and wine,—and worst, and worse than all, and most to be deplored as popular preachers' foulest blot, the snug little opium pill, slipped into one corner of the mouth under cover of the handkerchief, while entering the pulpit, or even the Quaker gallery, where I have heard with my own ears, to my after mortification and sorrow, an extemporaneous effusion of eloquence peculiarly calculated to captivate the ear and bring tears from the eyes of poor, weak, silly, sanguine people. Is not this something like the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not, in the most holy place? And if the condition contained in the text is the unchangeable truth, that *self* must be denied, what must be the ultimate end of such ministers as take Christ's jewels and deck and adorn their cursed self? Is it not to be feared that they will have their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers, and go out of the world without God, without hope, and without one comfortable assurance from the sacred ransom of a dying Saviour. Will it not be in vain for these to plead before the judgment seat of quick and

dead,—Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have we not cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? Will not the answer be—Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Oh! that I could sound the alarm in the ears of all such preachers in Christendom, that they might be brought to see their state and condition before it is too late. Oh! that the millions of blind sanguine professors, that are led by these blind guides, could be saved by an omnipresent Saviour from that ditch or gulph into which they are led. Such, I fear, are the priests and such are the people that compose the mass of the professors of the religion of Jesus in gentile Christendom. Would not the Lord's holy prophet Jeremiah, were he now a divinely anointed minister of the everlasting gospel, take up the lamentation when he mourned over apostate Israel—"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

I turn from this sorrowful side of my subject to considerations more encouraging; to things that accompany salvation, though I have thus spoken: for the truth remains to be truth, though all men forsake it; therefore let God be true, if every man is a liar; for his foundation for ever stands sure; having this seal, the Lord knows who are his. Therefore let sanguine men and women be encouraged, and lift up their heads in hope, for their salvation will draw nigh just in proportion as they are humble and obedient: for there is no constitutional character among mankind on which sorrow and trouble has a better effect through the sanctifying influence of the Spirit of Truth. Is there then within the audience of my voice, a dear brother whose debts and difficulties are so great that he is ready to sink into the quicksands of despair? Is there one whose sleepless pillow has been a witness to many a mournful sigh, while the anticipated sufferings of a beloved wife, and consequent separation from precious children, rend his soul with anguish, and makes even life itself a burthen? I have a word of encouragement for such, from heartfelt experience having been in the same state; and like one formerly, when in the street called Strait, I fervently prayed, not that I might be relieved from suffering, for I was suffering the due reward

of my deeds, but that the cause of the blessed Saviour, that I had espoused, might not suffer and be reviled through my disobedience to the heavenly vision. And when I was brought to the depth of humility, and could thankfully adore the chastening hand, it was made bare for my deliverance, and the good Ananias was sent to remove the scales from my eyes, and show me a way, where there appeared no way. Thus my feet were plucked, as it were, out of a horrible pit, and placed upon a rock, where I have sung the praises of Redeeming Love on the banks of deliverance.

And here permit me to say, that it has been a source of uneasiness to my mind, when I see religious young men, especially such as believe they are called to the work of the ministry, branching out into business so extensively as to be under the necessity of borrowing money. Oh ! that such could read with a seriousness and instruction proportionable to its value, the advice given by Paul to his son Timothy, when warning him of the danger of the greatest evil in the Christian church—the love of money. "But thou, O man of God, flee those things, and continue to follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out; and having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." The poor sanguine minister that neglects to attend to this apostolic advice, and goes on borrowing money of usurers till he sells his Christian liberty to money-mongers, is really to be pitied; for should they, by the most assiduous attention to business, succeed in meeting all their contracts, and at last extricate themselves from the fangs of the usurer with that honor that is so highly esteemed among men, it is often at the expense of some of the finer feelings of an enlightened and quickened soul, and the establishing of a habit of money-making and money-loving, which if it does not drown the man in perdition and destruction, it too often eclipses the glory of that star-like radiance that was to shine forever in the firmament of God's power. Therefore, dear sanguine children, young men and young women, that have just come upon the stage of active life, let me conjure you by all that is sacred, and by all that is dear, for God's sake, for your own soul's sake, for the sake of the cause of everlasting righteousness, submit to the conditions contained in the text—deny self, and take up the daily

cross; then your life and conversation and all things may be like that blessed pattern shown you on the holy mount; for when the infinitely wise Jehovah was pleased to manifest himself in the fulness, and present to a world of intelligent beings a perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness, in the glorious appearance of his beloved son Jesus Christ, that blessed pattern was found walking in the path of humble industry—showing with indubitable clearness that the path of humble industry will not only lead to the enjoyment of rational happiness in this world, but everlasting happiness in the world to come. If you have true Christian humility, your wants will be so few, that your industry will more than supply them, and you will be prepared to minister to the necessities of the poor that are hungry, or thirsty, or naked, or sick, or in prison, or strangers, and should these be the least of the brethren of Jesus Christ, as beautifully alluded to in that inimitable parable, you will be prepared to receive that blessed sentence; "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

I will now close this part of my subject, by a concise view of a penitent prodigal, who appears to have been of a very sanguine constitution, in hopes it will be an encouragement to some dear children that have left their heavenly Father's house, and in a far country spent their portion of the unsearchable riches of Christ, that was graciously given to them in the visitation of their youth, and are now endeavoring to satisfy the cravings of their immortal spirit with spiritless husks and shells of sensual enjoyment, which they find to be vanity and vexation of spirit; and while they cast many a mournful look towards their Father's house, they are ready to say—How many hired servants are there in my father's house, that have bread enough and to spare, while I am here perishing with hunger. To encourage these to arise and go unto their Father, who is undoubtedly disposed to meet them though they may be a great way off, I will place before them an interesting example, in the young man alluded to. He was the son of a humble dedicated minister of Jesus Christ, and had received a guarded religious education, that had made deep impression on his youthful mind. During his apprenticeship in a populous city, he strayed far away from the fold of Christ, participating in almost every species of folly and wickedness. But

about the twenty-first year of his age, he was renewedly visited with the dayspring from on high, and it was moreover shown to him that this would be the last visitation he would ever receive; but trying to persuade himself it was all a delusion, he was determined to join his bottle companions and drink it off, or disown his solemn convictions. But, on his way to join his company, he had to pass the meeting-house, where he had heard his father preach the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel to penitent sinners. Such was the deeply exercised state of his mind, that he thought he saw over the door of the house, in large letters of gold, the language addressed to the apostle Paul. This appears to have been conclusive with him, for he gave up to what appeared to be a heavenly vision, and consulted no longer with flesh and blood, having the Son of God again revealed in him. Like Paul, he was constrained to preach to others, and for their encouragement tell them what God had done for his soul; thus he became one of the most dignified ministers of Jesus Christ of his day. In his last sickness, some of his friends called to see him on their way to attend the Yearly Meeting, to whom he addressed himself as follows: "I should be willing that the Yearly Meeting, might be informed, that as I have lived, so I shall close, with the most unshaken assurance that we have not followed cunningly devised fables, but pure, living, and eternal substance; and if I am to be removed now from the church militant, where I have endeavored in some degree to fill up my duty, I have an undoubted evidence that I shall be received into the church triumphant in heaven." And his last expression was—"my dear love is to all them that love the Lord Jesus." His biographer (though not a member of the same Society) closes with these expressions: "Such was his exemplary life, and such was his triumphant death; a life so spent is truly honorable, and such a death unspeakably glorious."

Dear sanguine young men, that are now spending your precious talents in riotous living—talents that are almost angelic in their nature, and have been given you to make you greatly good—will you not be encouraged to return to your heavenly Father's house, where a Saviour stands graciously disposed to receive you, and clothe you with the best robe of his righteousness, and qualify you to gather his scattered and dispersed sheep, from the east and from the west, from the north and

from the south, to the one great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. My dear elderly friends of a sanguine constitution, let us not be discouraged in a retrospective view of what is past; for Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour, that has come spiritually a second time without sin unto salvation, is a propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world of rational beings, provided the sorrow for sin is a godly sorrow, that worketh repentance not to be repented of, as in the case of the apostle Peter, who, when he saw his sins to be exceeding sinful, wept bitterly—

> "When the cock crew, he wept—smote by that eye
> That looks on me, on all—that power that bids
> The midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
> Emblem of that that shall awake the dead,
> Call souls from slumber into thoughts of heaven."

It appears that Peter indulged so much in pride and speculation, as to be in the spirit of the devil; and hence his Master's severe reproof, "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men." Dear Peter, notwithstanding he had the inestimable privilege of the personal presence and precepts of the Saviour of the world, he showed in strong colors the besetting sin of poor sanguine mortals, who promise much and perform little—assent to the blessed truth, and then depart from it in the first gust of impetuous passion. "Though all men forsake thee, yet will I never forsake thee; though all men deny thee, yet will I never deny thee; I will follow thee to prison and to death; I will lay down my life for thy sake." This last promise Peter was certainly disposed to fulfil; for, when the enemy appeared, he asked permission to smite with the sword; but his leopard nature made him so impatient, that he could not wait for permission, but, under the influence of impetuous passion, smote one of the servants of the high priest, and cut off his right ear; and although the act was in direct opposition to the commandment that Peter had received from his divine Master, to love his enemies, and not to smite even when he was smitten, yet the gentleness of the reproof seems to show that it was Peter's least failing. "Suffer it thus far," said the merciful Saviour, and he put forth his finger and healed the wound of his greatest enemy. Then

turning to Peter, he said: "Put up thy sword, for they that take the sword shall perish by the sword"—a prophetic declaration that has been verified and will be fulfilled, in individual experience, families, societies, communities, nations, empires and kingdoms. I said this warlike act of Peter's appeared to be the least of his failings, for there was something noble, generous and brave in his defending his master, whom he so dearly loved; for the Saviour says—Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend. The man that has arrived at such a state of disinterested friendship, as to sacrifice his own life to save his friend and fellow-citizen, is the first of patriots; and although it is not the Christian state, it is certainly one of the best stocks that Christianity was ever engrafted into. And hence Peter, who appears to have been the only warrior among the disciples, is styled the Prince of the Apostles. Now it appears to me that all those great and good men that we read of, who professed to be Christians, and yet have drawn the sword to smite their enemies, either in defence of their own persons, their property, or their friends, the rights and liberties of their country, or their religion; they are at best no further on their way to the Christian state than Peter was when he drew his sword to defend his Divine Master. And may we not reasonably conclude from the sacred record, that Peter was not only not in a Christian state, but too soon lost the nobility of the patriot and the man. And the cause for this additional weakness, if not wickedness, appears to be his associating with the servants and satellites of the priests; for he continued to follow on after Jesus, but he got into bad company; and what appears to have made bad worse, the priests' party made a fire to warm themselves, and Peter stood with them and warmed himself; and after getting warm by the priests' fire, this courageous warrior became so cowardly, mean and wicked, that the inquisitive look of a servant girl set him to quibbling and evading the truth; and being closely questioned by the enemy, he not only told a positive lie, but cursed and swore that he knew not the man. But when the cock crew, the Saviour turned and looked upon Peter, not with anger, nor yet with a frown of contempt, but with a look of sorrow and love that so affected the confused and wretched heart of Peter, that he was broken into self-abasement and contrition, and he went out and wept bitterly.

My dear sanguine friends, is there not the greatest instruction and encouragement in this remarkable circumstance? Instruction, by showing the cause why so many great and good men, that once appeared as spotless patriots and distinguished advocates for the rights of man, should at last become the assassins of Christian liberty; encouragement, by showing us that God our Creator, in the blessed appearance of Jesus Christ our Lord, is no angry God, neither is he clothed with vindictive justice; neither is there wrath in heaven that refuses to be appeased by heartfelt sorrow and repentance. But God is love, and they that dwell in love, dwell in God, and God in them. The dispensation of the gospel of Jesus Christ is all mercy and goodness, and they that come to it and dwell under its influence will love their enemies, do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; such are the true children of God, and if children, then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. These can never smite with the carnal sword, neither can they lie or swear; for they are all taught of the Lord, and in righteousness and peace shall they be established for ever. This state Peter came to on the day of Pentecost, and was made a Christian by receiving Christ in his spiritual appearance, without sin, unto salvation; and thus he was anointed and appointed on that memorable day, to preach the everlasting gospel, not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, as his sermon plainly shows, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power; for he was now changed from a bloody warrior to a Christian, from a leopard to a kid; and, self being denied, he had become a soldier of the cross, and was following the captain of his salvation—being willing to spend and be spent. And such was the humility and self-abasement of his soul, when he was condemned to be crucified—thinking himself unworthy to suffer like his Divine Master—he is said to have requested to be crucified with his head downward.

In this remarkable and interesting history of the apostle Peter, we are shown what a sincere heartfelt belief in Jesus Christ will do for one of the most sanguine of mankind, and notwithstanding all their restless eccentricity, what a state of perfection they are capable of coming to. Peter's name is not only gloriously enrolled on the records of eternity, but as the prince of the apostles is beloved and revered by millions of intelligent beings.

I now come to a third class of mankind, called Phlegmatic, in whose animal body the element of water predominates. This element is cold and unfeeling, but powerful by its great weight and influence upon the other elements; and when put in motion by the laws of gravitation, or agitated by air or fire, its strength is irresistible. Hence the Lord's prophet, in describing these in their unregenerate state, brings forward in poetical figure two of the larger and more powerful animals: "And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young shall lie down together." Men and women of this class, while under the influence of their beastly natures, are not only cold and unfeeling, but dull and inert; but when agitated by some of the stronger passions, they are too often powerful, cruel and voracious, and therefore more like the bear than any other animal. For the bear is a dull, sluggish, inert creature, and appears more peaceable and contented than most of the carnivorous tribe, and will seldom if ever prey upon other animals, if they can find plenty of nuts, fruit, grain, or even roots; they will then, especially in autumn, become very fat, and retire to their den, curl themselves up in their bed of leaves, and live by sleeping and sucking their paws. In this quiet retreat, they may appear inoffensive and entirely harmless; but wo unto the man or beast that would presume to take away one of the leaves that compose their bed, or even disturb their repose; they would soon show their carnivorous teeth, and if within their reach, they might feel the weight of their tremendous paws, or be crushed in their powerful hug.

Could the prophet have found in the whole chain of carnivorous animals, one link that would so completely describe a phlegmatic worldly-minded man, wholly intent on the acquisition of wealth? One who adopts for his motto the Dutch proverb, "My son, get money; get it honestly if you can, but be sure to get it." One that pursues this object with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; if he can get money fast enough, and by the regular routine of business and a legal six per cent., may be apparently satisfied; but if trade should be dull, and the regular course of business obstructed, attended with some loss of property, he will have recourse to shaving some poor, weak, straitened brother's notes or paper, and then adding their shavings to his bonds and mortgages, he will have a comfortable dry bed to retire to; and having grown fat

like the bear, he can sleep securely, and while sucking the paws that have done such great things, can adopt the language of one formerly: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up in store for many years; take thy ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But if God should say to such a man as this, as he did in the parable, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee," then whose would all these shavings and dry leaves be? what relief could they afford?

"The frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain. How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves, is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a stanch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track; but presses on,
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

For the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; and he cried, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." Ah, my dear friends, what will be the difference in the eternal world between such rich men and their poor debtors, that have been brought, Lazarus-like, to their gates, full of sores, occasioned perhaps by being squeezed too hard in dealing with something like a grizzly bear, while their only crime may have been they could not add sufficiently to the superabundance of his dry bed, by paying up their interest or rent. In vain did the poor Lazarus desire a crumb of mercy; the dogs were only permitted to lick his sores. But it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Oh! that I could persuade professing Christians to return to those first, glorious, and heavenly principles, that so adorned the infant and innocent state of the primitive church—sympathy and feeling for suffering humanity—which laid the foundation for true Christian discipline; which made

provision for the poor saints;—when ministers of the gospel were conscientiously concerned to maintain themselves and families by the labour of their own hands, and could appeal to the elders of the church in a language like this: "I have coveted no man's silver or gold, or apparel; yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me: and I have shown you, that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Such was the precept and example of the first Christian ministers, and such was their sympathy for suffering humanity in the household of faith, that they begged the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, not to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, but to relieve the poor Lazarus that lay within their own gates, full of sores. Oh! that I could persuade the Society of Friends to return to their first principles, that Christian benevolence that shone so conspicuously among them for the first half century, when poor Friends' necessities were duly inspected, and they relieved, and assisted in such business as they were capable of. They would then cease their running in the ways of the Gentiles, and joining those extraneous speculations, so popular in the cities of the Samaritans, for they would then find the lost sheep of the house of Israel; or, to speak in plainer terms, they would no longer spend that time and money on Indians, a people that do not even profess to be Christians, that ought to be appropriated to save their own poor members from sinking into the quicksands of despair. How many Friends that might have been ornaments to Society have sunk and are sinking for the want of that relief that our early Friends were the most prompt in affording. How many have had to give up to their creditors, and are either disowned or under dealing for partial assignments, when it was occasioned perhaps by a cold unfeeling creditor, that had let in the suspicion that he would lose his money if it were not immediately secured, and therefore had presented himself before his poor debtor in all the terrific appearance of a grizzly bear, demanding security by judgment bond or partial assignment; the poor man, who has now become like a striken deer, or a poor chased and starved heifer, without strength or spirit to resist, complies with the unjust demand, by which other creditors are excluded, and he must be excommunicated at a time when of all other

times he stands most in need of friends and assistance; while the triumphant creditor, like the fat bear, retires quietly to his den, with the commendations of society for being wiser in his generation than the children of light. My soul feels for these poor Lazaruses that are full of sores and discouragements, too many of whom I fear are attempting to drown their sorrows in the gulf of intemperance. Others, under a consideration of hard treatment from those they once thought their Christian friends, have let in hardness of heart and difficulty of understanding, and are descending the dark turbulent stream of doubt which too often ends in the ocean of scepticism and infidelity. Many of these might be saved to sing the praises of redeeming love on the banks of deliverance, had they only a little timely advice and assistance. But, alas, alas! that Christian sympathy and tenderness, that was once the crown and diadem of the religious Society of Friends, the radiance of whose glorious light caused even their enemies to exclaim—See these Quakers, how they love one another—seems now rapidly transforming into the speculative popular mania that characterizes the deluded votaries of Anti-christ, in compassing sea and land to make proselytes. This philanthropic gambling has been placed before the public in rather a ludicrous point of view by an ingenious American writer, one of whose figures, if I recollect right, was something like this:

"I was sitting in my study, when my reverie was broken by a confident rap at the door, and the entrance of a respectable looking elderly woman, with a book in her hand, who thus addressed me: 'I have come, sir, to request you to subscribe to a mission to the Hottentots.' I answered—'Why do you go so far from home to exercise your charity? Can't you bestow it upon the poor colored people in this city, who, in many places, are as ignorant and wretched as the Hottentots can be: and if you must go from home, why go further than the poor slaves at the south?'—when she gave me this conclusive answer: '*La, sir, nobody thinks of things so near home, and besides, the Missionary Magazine never mentions them;*' so I subscribed and paid my money, in hopes of getting my name in the Missionary Magazine."

Would it not be a sorrowful consideration if this ingenious satire should apply to the Society of Friends in their Indian and African concerns? Oh! that I could persuade them that

while they profess to be the Israel of God, or the Lord's chosen people under the gospel dispensation, that they would obey that imperative and positive commandment given by the infinitely wise Jehovah to his people Israel—"If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen into decay with thee, *then thou shalt relieve him*; take thou no usury of him, nor increase, but fear thy God, that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase. If thou lend money to any of my people that are poor by thee, thou shalt not be unto him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury; thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother, usury of money; for he that by usury and unjust gain increases his substance, shall gather it for them that will pity the poor. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that putteth not out his money to usury—he that hath not given forth upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent. He that turneth away his ear from hearing this law, even his prayers shall be an abomination. Thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hath forgotten me, saith the Lord God." These are the words of the Lord through the mouths of his prophets and faithful servants, embracing the great commandment to Israel, touching the subject of usury—a commandment that contained a political as well as a moral good to his people; and although it was only expressly given to the Jews, the light thereof appears to have dawned on the Roman republic; for when a proposition was made to the Roman senate for laying a one per cent. usury, it was opposed by the most illustrious senators, particularly by the elder Cato, or Cato the Censor, who considered the deleterious effect of usury on the social happiness of the people to be equal to taking their lives. And had those illustrious American senators, that organized the federal compact, taken the same view of usury, and recognized that great commandment given by Jehovah himself, "Thou shalt not lend thy money upon usury to thy brother," our money matters would have been preserved from a vortex of confusion to which I fear they are rapidly approaching, and thousands of our citizens saved from ruin; for it appears to me that usury is the bane of a republic, and the lever of the power of aristocracy. How those professors of religion that

tell us that the Bible is the word of God, can ever reconcile lending their money to their brethren on usury, is a matter of difficulty and astonishment to me; and the difficulty is increased from the matter of fact recorded in the New Testament; the dear Son and Sent of God, instead of abrogating this commandment or word of the Lord, recorded in the Bible, has gloriously asserted and corroborated it in the following clear and powerful testimony: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away; and if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thanks have ye? For sinners lend to sinners to receive as much again. But do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great; and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for he is kind to the thankful and the evil. Be ye therefore merciful as your Father is merciful; ye are my friends, if *ye do whatsoever I command you.*" How the people called Quakers can assume the name of the Friends of Christ upon the unchangeable terms He has laid down, is paradoxical to me, while they continue to act in direct opposition to one of his positive commandments, and instead of doing good and lending their money without usury, they are, in too many instances, taking an illegal interest from a poor brother, that is falling into decay.

Oh this love of money, if it has not been the root of all, it has been and still is the root of much evil in the religious Society of Friends, and the cause thereof appears to me to be that evil seed of usury that lay snugly preserved in the bosom of the landed aristocracy of England, but never vegetated in the Society till after the Toleration Act; then the warming influence of the sunshine of worldly prosperity, and the great influx of wealth flowing, as a natural consequence, from that inexhaustible source—*humility*, *faithfulness*, and *industry*—acted as the summer's showers on the spontaneous productions of the earth, causing this evil seed of usury to put forth its branches, resplendent with evil fruit; amongst which, covetousness and pride shone the most conspicuous, and was highly esteemed amongst men, but an abomination in the sight of Christ, because they were the greatest enemies to his church militant on earth. About this time, that is, the latter end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, if I am not mistaken, Friends had near seven hundred meet-

ings in England, Ireland and Scotland; but the love of money and the love of the world, the inseparable friends of usury, were now insidiously drawing them away from their first great principles; and I think I am safe in saying, their meetings declined at the ratio of two meetings a year for the last hundred and thirty years; and what appears to have added to the rapidity of this retrograde movement, they were losing their faith in Christ as an omnipresent Saviour, and putting their dependence in the arm of flesh; hence, their attachment to those beautiful idols of a fallen world—*wealth, power* and *scholastic education*—the wonderful machinery by which the deluded votaries of anti-Christ vainly expect to establish the kingdom of heaven throughout the whole earth. I am aware that some of my best friends may be ready to conclude, that on the subject of usury I have certainly got wrong, and my enemies will be disposed to laugh me to scorn as a fanatic; but I shall comfort myself with the fact, that I have the unity of some of the brightest stars that ever shone in the old and new world of mind, with the testimony of God, who is judge of all, before whose righteous tribunal I may now leave the subject of usury to be settled.

As members of civil society, phlegmatic people, even in their unregenerate state, have the advantage of the other three; for they may, with some degree of propriety, be called the very sinews of the state. Their steady, persevering, plodding industry, in the pursuit of wealth, almost invariably puts them in possession of the object of their pursuit, and then their superior systematic judgment and pre-science enables them to make the best of their money and property; hence, they stand pre-eminent as farmers, merchants, and business men; and even in the arts and sciences they certainly may claim some degree of superiority, for the most of the useful discoveries and inventions were first found out by phlegmatic men; and hence Germany has been considered the most fertile in useful works. But in no case do they become substantially useful till they experience something of the change embraced in the prophet's figure; for the cow and the bear must feed, their young ones must lie down together; the wild carnivorous nature of the bear must be changed and become like the tame, ruminating nature of the cow; and although self may not be entirely denied, and they may be too much like the dry, fat

cow that keeps her substance within herself, yet with more than the strength and power of the bear, they chew the cud and divide the hoof; this is often the source of stupendous works as well as great and useful inventions. But it is when self is entirely denied, and the daily cross taken up, that phlegmatic men, that are rich, witness a thorough change from a state like that of the cold, cruel, selfish bear, to that like the noble, generous cow, with her distended udder quietly soliciting the hand of the lovely milk-maid to draw forth the rich nutritious stream that is to feed the helpless, hungry children of men. Such men, wherever their lot may be cast, or whatever their profession to religion may be, are a blessing to the city or country where they live, and an honor to the society to which they belong. Permit me to corroborate this position by the strongest of evidence, matters of fact, two of which I am a living witness of. I knew a poor minister, near twenty years ago, that, by imprudence and want of capacity, was brought into serious difficulties, for he had quit a business that he understood, and for which the Author of Nature had peculiarly qualified him, because he then thought it was inconsistent with his profession, and undertook a business he did not understand, by which he was brought to the eve of bankruptcy. Aware of his embarrassment, he exerted himself by working with his own hands, day and night, till his health was broken, and the symptoms of a pulmonary consumption caused him to look with sorrow and discouragement on a beloved wife and little family of children that in all probability must soon be left destitute, to be fed by the hand of charity, or coldly provided for by friends. Winter was fast approaching, and many things were wanting to make his little family comfortable, for which he had not the means. In this street called Strait, after spending some sleepless nights and discouraging days, like one formerly, in the depth of humility, he prayed to his blessed Saviour, who stilled the rolling of the tempestuous billows, and there was a calm, where heavenly hope became an anchor to the soul. A few days after this exercise, his neighbor, the postmaster, told him there was a letter for him in the post-office. When he got the letter, he directly discovered that the superscription and post-mark were entirely new; but what was his surprise on opening it, to find two fifty dollar bank notes, from a wealthy merchant with whom he

had but little acquaintance, who stated in his letter that he had been led recently to feel sympathy and tenderness for the poor man, and in contrasting his superabundance with a Christian brother's real wants, he felt it his duty to send that little present, and to inform him further not to suffer himself to be improperly discouraged for the want of any little pecuniary assistance—that he was at liberty, at any such time to draw on him.

This was one of those noble, benevolent men, that, like the generous cow, is a supporter and nourisher of the weak and helpless part of the human family; of such a man, a member of your own Quarter, I could relate something similar, were it not for reasons ingeniously expressed by the poet, that—

> "Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
> Is lost on hearers who their merits know."

Another remarkable case of the kind took place lately in one of our commercial cities. A valuable tradesman was so led astray by the sceptical notions of a popular woman, as to open his shop on what is called the Christian sabbath. The civil authorities of course interposed, by first soliciting him to desist from a practice contrary to the laws of the land; his friends joined in the remonstrance, but it proved in vain; he was obstinate and determined. A destructive prosecution ensued, which ended in the loss of his property, his business, and his friends. In this destitute condition, he had to move into a small house in the suburbs of the city, where he soon sunk into the quicksands of despair, and his life became such a burthen that he determined to commit suicide; but feeling a desire to solicit the attention of some distant friend or relative towards his helpless family, he went into the city to forward a letter, where he was met by one of those angels of mercy, who spoke kindly to him, expressing the concern he had felt for him, and wished to know what he was doing, and whether he was in any business. The wretched man told him all, and that he had no hope left. This excellent friend requested him to call at his store at four o'clock; he did so, and was asked how the corner of such a street would suit him to commence business. "I have taken that place for thee, and here is a check for a thousand dollars." What language possesses force suffi-

cient adequately to describe the feelings that must have been reciprocally experienced! What harmony of sounds can set forth the exquisite delight? The one must have experienced a foretaste of the beatific enjoyment of the ransomed and redeemed of the Lord, while the other participated in a portion of that joy that reigns triumphant among the angels of heaven, over one sinner that is saved.

Bear with me, my dear friends, while I add one more noble act of those truly great and excellent men. The story I shall tell was told to me near twenty years ago by an aged Englishman. The distinguished Dr. F., of London, in one of his nightly visits to the sick, was stopped by a robber, who demanded his money. The doctor, with perfect composure and presence of mind, handed his purse—observing, the money was of little consequence, but the consideration that a young man of such respectable appearance should embark in so dreadful an enterprise, that must eventually end in ruin, so affected him that he could not remain silent. The robber immediately burst into tears and sobbed almost aloud. The doctor, with his usual tender kindness, affectionately took the young man's arm, saying, "My dear youth, I feel a fatherly affection for thee, and wish to know what desperate circumstance has driven thee to this act." As soon as the young man could speak, he told the doctor he was a young trader, that had lately started business in the city, and had been persuaded to risk his little capital in an East Indian speculation, that was likely to prove his ruin, as the vessel had not been heard of; and after exhausting every honest means to raise money to meet his obligations, the dread of being to-morrow shut up in a jail, and his wife and child turned into a poor-house, had driven him to that desperation. The doctor heard him thus far and replied: "I am Dr. F.; I will never betray thee. Call at my residence to-morrow morning, and tell me all that is in thy heart, and whatever sum of money thou mayst need, thou canst have." They then parted; the young man to return to the bosom of his precious little family, for whom he had exposed all that was sacred and dear, to give thanks for having been snatched from the vortex of ruin by a truly Christian friend and father; and the doctor to his peaceful pillow, to be thankful for having done no more than what it was his duty to do, agreeably to the commandment of the Saviour to his disciples: "Make unto yourselves friends

of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." I was further informed that this robber was reclaimed, and lived and died a respectable and useful citizen, and near his close revealed the secret of this remarkable story.

Here were too men that appear to have been saved from eternal ruin by the care and generosity of phlegmatic Christians, that had denied self and witnessed that change of heart embraced in the prophet's figure. Oh! what a blessing it would be to the rational family, if this class of men and women would all become such Christians—they would be as Saviours on Mount Sion. But they must be born again—they must become new creatures; or at best, they will only be like the dry cow, keep all their substance within themselves, till they become fat and indolent, quietly lying down and chewing the cud, perfectly indifferent to the sufferings around them. Such dull, inert kind of creatures appear to be entirely innocent and harmless; but should some poor hungry being apply to them for relief, by attempting to milk them, they would soon find themselves in contact with a restive, refractory animal, whose heels or horns might seriously injure them. Men and women of this description, notwithstanding they may be valuable members of civil society, are too often as stumbling blocks in the way of humble enquirers after truth, because they are too often put forward in religious society as leaders of the people, in consequence of their wealth and steady habits, instead of Christian experience, and consequently are like Ephraim, a cake not turned. Hence the appearance of their bearish natures, when the township assessor calls on them to value their property and ascertain the amount of money at interest. Here too often, I fear, like Ananias and Sapphira, they make false statements, and lose all the little life of religion they have. When these hidden works of darkness come to be found out, they are a disgrace to their country and the religious society to which they belong. Wo unto such rich men, for they have received their consolation—the Saviour says that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Having shown to what a state of perfection such men and women may come by submitting to Christ's baptism, and having that cursed selfishness washed away, I will propose a

remedy for the diseased state of religious society. Let such of our precious youth as have been called with a high and holy calling, to follow the blessed Saviour of the world, continue to press forward to perfection; carrying out practically the three great cardinal principles of Christianity laid down in that memorable sermon on the Mount, embracing a conclusive testimony against war, law and usury; they will then mount upwards, as on the wings of cherubims, above all fighting and destroying of the lives of men, above all litigation and contention, above all money-mongering and covetousness; and as God's children they will become gentle, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgives them. Such young men and women, when joined in holy wedlock, would fulfil with propriety all the social and relative duties of life, and, like the little robins in the spring time of the year, they would be very industrious in collecting the particles or materials necessary to make their nest, or little home, for the comfort and accommodation of their families; and the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus would as certainly fix bounds to their desires and exertions, as the law of nature fixes bounds to the work and service of the robin; and such children of God would no more be permitted to lay up treasure on earth, for their children that may come after them, to purchase a home or nest, than the robins would pervert the order of nature by building a nest after harvest, for their young ones the ensuing spring; because such a provision would deprive their young ones of one of the greatest sources of happiness, the collecting the little particles that compose their nest. For it is evident from the sweet and beautiful manner of their singing when they are thus employed, that they enjoy life more than at any subsequent period of their stay. So, dear young men and women, mated together in the divine harmony, humbly and industriously exerting themselves to procure a little farm or comfortable home, and honestly and honorably paying for it with the labor of their own hands, would enjoy more rational happiness than in any other earthly situation. And oh that I could persuade such Christians, after they had paid for their humble home, and found themselves in possession of a few hundred dollars that they had no immediate use for, that they would apply to their Saviour with a spiritual prayer, like—Oh, thou that commandest me to do good, and lend, let the light of thy coun-

tenance go before me to where thy suffering child is, that Thou intendest me to be the humble instrument of relief. Such, I have no doubt, would be Divinely instructed, and led to some poor discouraged disciple that was almost ready to sink into the quicksands of despair; pressed down by the tremendous paw of grizzly bear-like creditor, who, not having received his interest, is sternly demanding the principal, or a judgment bond. Such a poor distressed brother as this, (and there are too many such,) after having spent a sleepless night in this street called Strait, where all the relief he could find was in prayer, should find at his door in the morning the good Ananias, addressing him in language like this—"Dear Brother, the Lord Jesus, to whom thou hast prayed, has sent me to give thee this money without usury: should it be a providential relief, let thanksgiving and praise ascend to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and only let me be viewed as a Christian brother, that has done what was my duty to do." What language can describe the feelings, the gratitude and thankfulness, that such a soul would realize? What sincere love and friendship he must feel for such a brother! Would it not lead to a friendship in Christ, that would knit their souls together with stronger ties than Jonathan and David? Yea, the sweet and grateful savour of such a good work might cause the children's children to glorify their Father that is in heaven. Let such of our precious youth be persuaded, especially those of a phlegmatic constitution, whose parents have left them in easy circumstances, to set such a practical example of everlasting righteousness, and thus lay up for themselves treasure in heaven.

I will now close this part of my discourse with reference to the apostle Matthew, who appears to have been of a phlegmatic constitution, and was found by our Saviour at the receipt of custom—a steady, sober, business-like man—and though he might have been looked down upon by the priest and the Pharisee, as a publican and sinner, that was very deficient in coming up to their traditional notions of the ten commandments, he was certainly an example in the eleventh commandment, which says, let every man mind his own business; or, as Paul has it —"Study to be quiet, and do your own business." There never was a time when such men were more needed in our country, to balance the light, idle, gad-about, shackling spirit

of the age. Yes, I repeat it again, that such men as Matthew was, even before his conversion, are the very sinews of the state, and although they make but little profession to religion, what religion they have is in their hearts, not in their heads. Hence their prayers are more like the publican than the Pharisee, short and to the point. And moreover, it appears that Matthew's steady attention to his business made him well off as to the things of this world, for he was the only one of the twelve that was rich; but having become a disciple of Jesus, he was noble and generous with what he possessed, and made a great feast for his Divine Master, inviting many publicans and sinners. Mark, he had now become a follower of Jesus Christ, and was therefore then more willing to spend and be spent; to make ample provision for the comfort and enjoyment of his friends. Now had he been like some of our phlegmatic professors of religion, that want the custom of making large feasts, or public weddings, changed to less expensive and more private concerns, he might have reasoned as plausibly as Judas, "for what purpose is this waste? this expense might have been saved and given to the poor;" and, like Judas, not have cared for the poor, but to save money, to shave notes, or lay usury upon some poor brother. But dear Matthew was changed from this narrow contractedness, having denied self, and, though a great cross, had left all the riches and honors of this world, to follow Christ, which led to the liberal, benevolent spirit embraced in the language of the prophet; "And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together." Had Matthew been like too many of our strong political men of the world, that are distinctly called with a high and holy calling, and righteousness, temperance and judgment to come so strongly impressed upon their minds, that, like Felix, they tremble under conviction, yet they continue to put it off to suit their own convenience;—I say, had Matthew been like these, and refused to follow his Saviour, what would have become of him? even if he had continued to hold his lucrative office, and increased in wealth and popularity so as to obtain a seat in the Jewish sanhedrim or the Roman senate, where would he have now stood? Would not his very name have been lost in the vortex of revolutions, instead of standing as it certainly now does, gloriously enrolled upon the records of eternity, while his gospel of heavenly truths adorns the first

pages of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; presenting his precepts and example as the most powerful and corroborating stream of everlasting light and love?

I come now to the fourth and last class of mankind, in whose material system, or animal body, the element of fire predominates, and hence are called Choleric. Now these, like the phlegmatic, being stronger in intellect, the Lord's prophet makes use of the most powerful and courageous animal as an emblem of their unredeemed and wicked state—"And the lion shall eat straw like the ox." Now the lion is not only the most powerful and courageous, but the most destructive among inferior animals; consequently the fear or dread of him is so universal through all animated nature, that he is styled the king of beasts. The besetting sin of men and women of this constitutional make is pride and arrogance; proneness to anger; impatient of contradiction, fierce, cruel. They are best described in the language of the patriarch Jacob: "Oh my soul, come not into their secrets—unto their assemblies, mine honor, be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall: cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel."

This beautiful prophetic declaraion was not only verified in the scattering of the Jews as captives in all nations, but the same cause is producing the same effects, from the domestic circle through all the social compacts, in all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people: for wherever such men and women are found, even in private families, they will be head, or contend, quarrel or fight for it. Hence the direful altercations that too often take place between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors; and hence too the litigations that occupy our courts of justice, and the bloody and destructive wars, where the lives and property of men are destroyed by the insatiable ambition of such men as Alexander and Bonaparte. But it is under the profession of religion, that a greater cause than the cause of empires and kingdoms is sorrowfully injured; for men and women of this class, when they profess to be religious, and have never denied self, or witnessed the lion to eat straw like the ox, become leaders of the people, (for leaders they will be,) that the cause of truth suffers;

which is abundantly proved by the page of history, from the orthodox priests and their satellites in the Jewish church, at the advent of the Messiah, down to the present day. For such choleric professors of religion are predisposed to be orthodox. And here I wish distinctly to be understood as not casting any reflections upon my Friends that differ from me in opinion. What I mean by orthodoxy is that malignant, persecuting spirit, that has shed more blood, and been guilty of blacker crimes, than any other spirit in Christendom. A spirit that I have detected in my own breast, that would lead me, through jealousy and envy, to hate a Christian brother or sister, for differing from me in mere matter of opinion, and which I am ashamed almost to think of.

When such choleric men and women get to be leaders in the church, and are not daily concerned to deny self and take up the cross, they are some of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of keen-sighted, intelligent inquirers. The self-will of such choleric people is the most beautifully described in the book of Job. In its primeval state, it is said to eat grass like the ox, and its increasing strength, while negatively innocent, is called behemoth; or, as the poetical language has it—"Seest thou not behemoth, that I have created with thee? lo! he eateth the grass as an ox." It is then described as gradually leaving the Divine harmony, in the figure of leviathan, and growing into a monster, that causes the sea to boil as a pot; and as a proof that it is the man of sin, or son of perdition, it expressly says, "he is king over all the children of pride," which cannot with propriety be applied to any animal creature. Thus it appears plain to me, that this self-will, or strong law of animal spirit in men and women of superior talents, when brought back to its original state, by submitting to the conditions contained in the text, is clearly embraced in the figure of the ox—strong and powerful, but perfectly docile and submissive. Such have ever been the most distinguished instruments in the cause of Christ. Oh, my dear friends, that you could be persuaded to obey your Saviour's command—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of mind, and ye shall find rest for your souls:" and of all the souls of the children of men, such as inhabit an animal body where the element of fire is predominant, are the furthest at times from this rest; for unless their spirits are daily qualified

with the waters of life, they are ever liable to be set on fire of hell. Then their tongue becomes a fire, a world of iniquity among the members, that setteth on fire the course of nature, an unruly evil full of deadly poison. The misery and suffering that springs from this source are incalculable, and the safety of such entirely depends upon denying self, and taking up the daily cross; they will then be concerned to watch and pray, and practise his blessed example of silence in the time of temptation. Then they may be angry and sin not; for Jesus himself was thus angry, when he saw the hypocritical state of the priest and his satellites, that were watching over him with an evil eye, in a place of worship on the sabbath day; and when he in mercy and goodness relieved a poor suffering cripple, they accused him as a sabbath-breaker, and tried to take his life, no wonder he looked round upon them with anger; for he was grieved for the hardness of their hearts. Thus it appears that when anger centres in grief, it is so far from being sinful, that it may be a virtuous and useful passion. When anger produces a lust for revenge, it is a temptation to evil; but it is no sin to be tempted except we give way to the temptation; and this lust for revenge conceives and brings forth hatred, which is sinful, when personally directed towards a brother or a sister, especially when finished by the death of the Lamb of God in the soul: for "he that hateth his brother is a murderer, and no murderer hath eternal life." But to feel hatred as an evil in the temptation only, is essentially necessary in order to overcome it. Hence we may understand a paradoxical saying of the Divine Saviour: "He that cometh after me, and hateth not his father and mother, his wife and children, his brethren and sisters, and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple." Hate is the opposite of love, and the apostle John says that "God is love;" and by a parity of reasoning we may conclude that the devil is hatred; now this evil must be made manifest by the light, and the sin of hatred must appear to us exceeding sinful before we feel the need of a Saviour to save our souls from it, and enable us to overcome it; for it is impossible for us to be the disciples of Christ without overcoming sin, our soul's enemy; and it is equally impossible to overcome what does not exist: for if there be nothing to war with, there is no warfare; and if there be no warfare there is no victory. But Paul says, in reference to this

very subject: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And that the true discipleship stands in the overcoming of evil through him that loved us, and gave himself for us, must be clear to all that believe this testimony; "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne; as I overcame, and have sat down with my Father on his throne." The first temptation to evil, presented to a rational probationary creature, is when a child is restrained in the indulgence of its self-will by the power of its parent or guardian; its little countenance will often be distorted with anger and hatred, and it will even strike its parent. But when the father or mother has witnessed an overcoming of this temptation themselves, they will exercise no other corporeal power but to hold the child still, while their souls will be engaged in fervent prayer to their Saviour for help, and while the tears of tenderness are rolling down their cheeks, the child will be baptized into the same precious spirit, and will then tenderly take the parent round the neck, and ask to be forgiven. Here is a victory over evil, and here is the true discipleship. A man, by the passion of anger, may feel hatred towards some action of his wife, and if he suffers himself to be drawn away and enticed by a lust for revenge, until this lust conceiveth and bringeth forth the sin of unkind treatment, he is on his way to eternal ruin; but if, on the first discovery of the feeling of hatred, he prays to his Saviour for help, and experiences all anger and hatred taken away, and that love that every good man ought to feel for his wife restored, he has gained a blessed victory, and consequently is a true disciple of Christ. The same is experienced in our intercourse with our brethren and sisters of the great family of mankind; for too often either real or imaginary injuries make us angry, and we feel hatred towards them, which, if indulged, becomes the fruitful source of much evil; but as no disciple of Christ can let the sun go down upon his wrath, or in other words, can close his eyes in sleep with hatred in his heart against a brother or a sister, so he must forgive, as he prays to be forgiven; in this exercise, he witnesses an overcoming of all hatred, and becomes more and more established in the discipleship—feeling love supreme to God his Creator, and love to all men and women his fellow-creatures.

In the same probationary conflict, every Christian soldier

will feel sin to be exceeding sinful, and will hate his own evil life, that brings forth sin. Oh that you, my dear friends, with my own soul, may so follow the Captain of our salvation, as to know the Seed or Word of God, to bruise the head of that serpent that is the author of all hatred against fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brethren and sisters; and so overcome as to be permitted to eat of the tree of life, that stands in the paradise of God. Be encouraged, my dear friends, that are of a fiery, passionate, vindictive temper, remembering that where this abounds, grace doth much more abound; and even where lust for revenge hath conceived and brought forth sin, and this sin reigned unto death, this grace of God, that brings salvation, may reign in righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Some of the highest stars in the firmament of God's power have been of this class. The most valuable father in the church of Christ I ever knew, was a man of a choleric complexion, and in his first nature like a lion; but when I knew him, he was as patient, submissive and powerful as an ox. He was truly to me a precious father, taking me by the hand in my youth, and leading by precept and example; and when my poor soul was under discouragement, or tossed on the tempestuous billows of confusion and darkness, he has taken me as it were in his arms, and, with all the tenderness of a natural father to an only son, he comforted and encouraged my poor drooping spirit. I never can forget his last, indeed I may say his dying, testimony, which was in substance like this: "I have heard some Friends prophesying thee would fall; but I said in my heart, God forbid! and looking for thee with the eye of my mind, I thought I saw thee sitting at thy Saviour's feet, washing them with thy tears; and I said in my heart—Dear child, if he continues thus, he can never fall. I have compared thee, sometimes, to Peter when he promised his Master what great things he would do, but so weak and unstable as to perform but little. Thou art not yet acquainted with thy own weakness; and yet, with all thy weakness and imperfections, I hope thou art a sincere believer, and so humbled at times as to feel the need of sitting at thy Saviour's feet to hear the gracious word. Ah! dear child, continue daily to repair to that secret hiding place, where thy enemy can never prevail. There may yet be a change in thy circumstances; thou art now poor as to the things of this

world, but having undertaken to be a farmer, thou mayst succeed in that business, and if thou should become a great farmer, thou mayest take a life in talking and boasting about thy great crop; and like the hog under the acorn-tree, eating the nuts but never looking up to where they came from, be anxious to sell thy produce for a great price, and get rich; and if in addition to this thou shouldst get to be a popular preacher, keeping company with the rich, and pleased with the praises of the weak and womanish,—I say, if I should live to see such a change in thy circumstances, I should be afraid thou wouldst surely fall."

Ah! dear, precious elder, thou wast worthy of double honor, and I would rather ten thousand times thou couldst have left me a portion of the mantle that clothed thy spirit, than the legacy of thy earthly estate. But I have still greater encouragement for high-spirited, ambitious, fiery men and women, and shall endeavor to demonstrate to a certainty, that if they will submit to the terms contained in the text, denying self and taking up the daily cross, that the lion will eat straw like the ox, and they may become the most distinguished and useful disciples of Jesus Christ. For I have no doubt that the apostle Paul was of this choleric constitution; and in the unregenerate state, while the carnivorous, voracious, cruel lion ruled in him, was one of the most malignant, bitter persecutors that ever lived; for he was so exceedingly mad against the children of God, that he persecuted them even unto strange cities; but when it pleased God to reveal his Son in Paul, he gave up to the heavenly vision, and witnessed a wonderful change from the greatest sinner to the greatest saint; and this change or miracle was as much greater than turning a lion into an ox, as an immortal never-dying soul created in the image of God is greater than an animal body.

Now it is worthy of the most serious consideration, that this wonderful miracle wrought upon the soul of Paul, by which he was changed from a proud, imperious theologian to a humble, industrious follower of Jesus Christ, was effected by the inward and spiritual appearance of the Son and Sent of God, the only thing that ever made a true Christian, or ever will; which Paul himself clearly shows by this memorable testimony; "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace to reveal his Son

in me, that I might preach him amongst the heathen, (or gentiles) immediately I consulted not with flesh and blood, but gave up to the heavenly vision." Hence it appears clear, that giving up to be led and guided by a *Christ within*, the hope of glory, not only made Paul a Christian, but furnished him with the only essential qualification for an apostle to the gentile world, which he further declares in this beautiful language :— "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God, given unto me by the effectual working of his power : to me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, that I might preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; making all men know the mystery that has been hidden from ages and generations, but now is made manifest to his saints ; to whom God would make known what is the mystery of this glory among the gentiles, *which is Christ in you, the hope of glory, whom we preach*, whereunto I also labour, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily."

I would wish here to give a view which I think is correct, and that is corroborated by matter of fact—that such professors of Christianity as place all their dependence on the outward appearance of Christ, and what that body that was made of a woman and made under the law, suffered for them without the gates of Jerusalem; I say these can come no further than the perfection of the law—no further than Peter came when he could fight, lie and swear. Indeed it is doubtful whether they come further than Paul came when he persecuted the church of Christ. Hence we may understand that sorrowful and affecting paradox, that Christendom is composed principally of warriors, liars, swearers, and oppressing, avaricious money-mongers. Now, as there must be a cause for this effect, I will try to show the cause, as I think it has appeared to me.

There are three portions of the divine power given to the souls of the children of men, according to their state and situation, in order for their salvation. These are embraced in that beautiful figure of speech made use of by the Divine Saviour; "The name of the Father, the name of the Son, and the name of the Holy Ghost;" (mark, the *name* and the *power* are here synonymous.) That portion called the name of the Father, was with the children of men when death reigned, from Adam to Moses, and was as a light shining in a dark place, to such

as had not sinned, according to the similitude of Adam's transgression, giving them some indistinct view of a great first cause, which they characterised by the terms of Ja, Jehovah, and God, which was systematised and enlarged by the introduction of the law and the prophets; by which God, at sundry times and after divers manners, spake unto the fathers, until He was pleased to manifest himself in the name of the Son. This Son, as Paul testified, was made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law. In this manifestation of the Divine power in the name of the Son, God not only gave to mankind a perfect pattern of everlasting righteousness, but the highest order of external evidence, by a display of his glorious attributes—his power in the most stupendous miracles—his wisdom, in a system of ethics embracing the purest republicanism, inseparable from the purest morality, the world of mankind ever saw—and, as the crown and diadem, the darling attribute of mercy that is over all his works, and by which God was moved to pardon guilty man, by finishing the transgression and making an end of sin, bringing in everlasting righteousness, and anointing the most holy, agreeably to the sublime view of the prophet Daniel. But the manifestation of the last and greatest portion of God's power, mercy and goodness, in the name of the Holy Ghost, never took place till the day of Pentecost. Then Christ, the Saviour of the soul, made his second appearance, according to his promise, without sin unto salvation; thus Peter received him, and became a true Christian, and never fought, lied or swore any more; thus Paul received Christ when he appeared to him between Jerusalem and Damascus, and giving up to the heavenly vision, he for ever ceased from being a persecutor: and thus were these eminent ministers qualified to preach the everlasting gospel in its blessed purity and simplicity, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; and hence they could say, in the powerful language of example, Follow us as we follow Christ.

It appears then clear to me, that all that profess to be preachers of the gospel of Christ, and are in favor of war, have never been baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost; or in other words, have never had Christ revealed in them; and therefore their dependence is in what Christ done without them, and as they can only teach as far as they have been

taught,—and that is the outward manifestation which the Saviour declared was to be removed, or go away, that the Comforter, or Holy Ghost, might come—it appears that our Saviour prophesied of those kind of preachers, (for they are many) when he said, "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many," (mark, this personal pronoun *I*, that was to go away.) Now does it not appear clear that these many preachers, that are telling the people that this *I*, or outward manifestation, is the Christ that is to save their souls and make them true Christians, are deceived themselves, and consequently are deceiving the people? That the people are generally deceived is evident from the spirit manifested throughout Christendom; for instead of being Christ-like, by denying self and taking up the daily cross, manifesting an innocence, liberality and patience, like the lamb, the kid, the cow and the ox, their fruits demonstrate to a certainty that self is the ruling principle, and that they are in their unregenerate state, and therefore like wolves, leopards, bears and lions—devouring, tearing, oppressing and killing one another. Is not this a truth that cannot be denied? and if so, is there not a cause for this sorrowful effect? And can there be any other cause than that the fighting, lying, swearing, wordly-minded professors of the religion of Jesus, that compose the great variety of names in Christendom, have either never been baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost, or had Christ revealed in them, or they are disobedient to the heavenly vision and do not follow Christ; and consequently are no Christians, but are at best only under the law covenant, that never could make the comers thereunto perfect? Hence the propriety of their dependence for redemption on the propitiatory sacrifice of that that was made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that are under the law. But all that are come under the covenant of grace, are made true Christians, by having Christ revealed in them as Paul had, or baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost as Peter was on the day of Pentecost. These have no need of going back more than eighteen hundred years to what Christ done without them, outside the gates of Jerusalem, for their hope of glory is now a Christ within; and by looking for his blessed appearance in their own souls, they will too often find him crucified in the streets of spiritual Sodom and Egypt, where the truly awakened sinner, like Peter, weeps bitterly in seeing a suffering Saviour.

Such enlightened souls have no need to support speculation and superstition, by paying their money to see West's celebrated picture of a Christ rejected, for they can see with their spiritual eye the reality within themselves, whenever they have refused to comply with the conditions contained in the text, and have followed cursed self instead of a Christ within, the hope of glory;—such, in substance, practically say, like the Jews that were blessed with his outward appearance, "Crucify him, crucify him, and release unto us Barabbas;" and as certainly as Barabbas was a seditious murderer, this cursed self, as the prime agent of the devil, was a liar and a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth. But all such as are obedient to the heavenly vision, denying self, taking up the daily cross, will partake of the everlasting advantages of the spiritual sufferings of Jesus Christ, knowing him in the present time to be a propitiation for their sins, These know, like Paul, a being crucified with Christ, and buried with him, in his spiritual baptism; so that, like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so they also walk in the newness of life.—These, and these only, have an experimental knowledge of that great, peculiar and standing doctrine of Christianity, delivered by the Saviour himself: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; that that is born of flesh is flesh, and that that is born of spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto thee, ye must be born again; the wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou knowest not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so are all they that are born of the Spirit."

Finally, my friends, farewell! May the melancholy be encouraged and the sanguine quieted; may the phlegmatic be tendered and the choleric humbled; may self be denied and the cross of Christ worn as a daily garment; may his peaceable kingdom for ever be established in the rational, immortal soul; then will be fulfilled the prophetic declaration of the infinitely wise Jehovah, through his evangelical prophet—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them; the cow and the bear shall feed, their young shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. The sucking

child shall play upon the hole of an asp, and the weaned child shall put its hand on the cockatrice's den. Nothing shall hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

A

WORD OF EXHORTATION

TO

YOUNG FRIENDS:

PRESENTED TO THEM

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

BY A POOR ILLITERATE MINISTER.

The following word of Exortation was written in connexion with a Narrative of the Writer's Life, with no expectation at the time of its being published in any other way. But the present unsettled state of the Society of Friends seemed to lay him under an obligation to make a feeble, and perhaps last effort to restore that peace and unity for which Friends were once so remarkable, by offering his mite at this time. The excuse offered for the shortness and deficiencies, observable to the reader, in the arguments on several subjects, therefore, is, that they were treated more fully and at large in the above mentioned Narrative.

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

Beloved young Friends,—

I feel a religious concern thus to address you, to try to encourage you to fulfil a duty that I think will be required of you by the Great Head of the church, to endeavor to build up the waste places that your fathers may have thrown down, and gather the scattered and dispersed sheep, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to Jesus Christ, the everlasting shepherd and bishop of souls, that the people who once called themselves the people of God, may once more be gathered into one. I had hoped at the time of the separation among Friends, I should live to see the Society come together again: but the wall that has been built by the Orthodox disownments, and the discipline that has been changed by the unsettling spirits among Friends, together with the feebleness of my hold on life, has dissipated that hope, and thrown it upon the rising generation. There is, however, now a valuable body of religious Friends on both sides, that might easily unite, if they were not connected with the two sad extremes; but these appear now to be going fast to their respective places,—the extreme orthodox to the church of anti-Christ, and the extreme ultra reformers to something like Unitarian scepticism; and a way is now opening for you, dear young Christian friends, to come together in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. Embrace then every right opportunity to promote this desirable end, by every act of Christian kindness and affection; this will prepare you to labor successfully in the church of Christ, bringing back our excellent discipline to the Christian standard,—throwing down that ridiculous wall of proscription, and for ever silencing all altercations and disputes about mere outward forms and inexplicable doctrines, those disgraceful bones of contention, that have been marked with darkness and confusion from the controversy in the Corinthian church, down to the unhappy controversy among Friends.

I wish distinctly to be understood, that, notwithstanding I

regret exceedingly the tremendous concussion that has shaken Friends to pieces, I am not prepared to condemn the part I have taken: far from it; fully believing that after Orthodox Friends had determined to adopt that anti-Christian policy of disowning, that had scattered and distracted Friends in Ireland and New England, the peaceable plan adopted by the great body of Friends, composing the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, assembled at Green street, 1827, was the very thing that saved, for the time being, the Yearly Meeting from total ruin. And it is now for you, dear young Friends, and Orthodox Friends, to carry out this plan as originally proposed, in the peaceable spirit of Jesus, with decency, forbearance and love to each other, and the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia will continue to be saved, with an everlasting salvation; and all honor, praise, thanksgiving and renown, will be ascribed to the Saviour of the world.

But in order effectually to attain to this desirable end, you must first become Christians, by a belief and faith in Jesus Christ, that works by love and purifies the soul. This belief and faith is the precious gift of God, and must be sought for; and let me tell you, dear young Friends, for your encouragement, what I most assuredly believe, that if you seek you will find, and if you ask you will receive. I know what I say by blessed experience; I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not. I sought on the bended knee of my soul, for this belief and faith in my blessed Saviour, and I know that it has been granted, with an increase of love for *him* and all my fellow-creatures; and I verily believe that if I can be favored to continue my daily exercise of prayer, thanksgiving and praise, my heavenly Shepherd will keep me in humble obedience to a peaceable and happy conclusion in his everlasting kingdom. This belief and faith in Jesus Christ does not stand in airy speculation, nor a mere acknowledgment of what Christ done without us 1800 years ago, though it reverences that stupendous event; but it stands in an unshaken, experimental belief of what Christ is doing within us, as an omnipresent Saviour, saving us from sin by casting out the evil spirits, and curing the diseases of our souls. Oh! the magnitude and importance of this distinguishing doctrine of the Society of Friends, which is nothing more nor less than the doctrine of the primitive saints, and the substance of the heavenly message to the gen-

tile world, "*Christ within, the hope of glory.*" Seek, then to know this Christ, as Paul did when he was revealed in him in such a glorious manner that Paul was determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified: do not lose this ever blessed knowledge, by vain metaphysical speculations about manner or form, that can never make you wiser or better; for if ever you succeed in raising the Society of Friends from the dust of the earth, to put on its beautiful primitive garments, it will be distinguished for practical righteousness, loving and helping one another, and for that plain way of living and plain way of preaching, that the father of the illustrious William Penn saw, if kept to, would put an end to priestcraft for ever. Return then, dear young friends, immediately to the path of humble industry—a path gloriously honored by the manifestation of God in the flesh—a path that will undoubtedly lead to rational happiness in this world, and everlasting happiness in the world to come.

And you, dear young friends, that are rich, submit cheerfully to the unchangeable terms of salvation, as proposed by the Divine Saviour to a rich young man formerly, "Sell that thou hast, give to the poor, and come take up thy cross and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Don't turn away as he did, sorrowful, lest in your case the additional testimony of the Saviour should be applicable, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than a rich man to enter into the kingdom." Think then of the uncertainty of all earthly riches, and their dreadful opposition to entering into the kingdom of heaven. Think then, I beseech you, of the awfulness of what is now at stake; if you are obedient to Christ's commandments, your happiness is secured in time and in eternity—if you are disobedient to the heavenly vision, you lose all that is worth living for, while you may only gain what may constitute the fuel for everlasting fire. I will now seriously propose to such of you as are in possession of a superabundance of the riches of this world, a superfluity that undoubtedly has injured the Society of Friends more than all other superfluities, because in fact it is, directly or indirectly, the mother of all, as certainly as "the love of money is the root of all evil:" I say I will propose, first, to the farmer that has 150 acres of land, to take

50 acres, with the buildings, for a home for himself and family —then sell 50 acres, and appropriate so much of the money as will put humble, comfortable buildings, &c., on the remaining 50 acres, making a snug farm; put the rest of the money out to some poor Friend without interest—then tell another young Friend that is a farmer, and about to settle, but has not the means to purchase a farm, "Dear friend, take my farm and pay the taxes, and thee shall have it five years without any other rent; that may assist thee to buy a little farm for thyself." Now it appears clear to me that 50, nay 25 acres of good land, with suitable improvements, are enough for any humble follower of Jesus Christ; for if he is clothed with Christian humility, he will not be easy with any superfluity. Hence, his wants being few, his industry will more than supply them, and at the end of every year he will have money to put out, which, if he is such a Christian as I wish him to be, he will do without usury; as the Lord commanded his faithful servants and prophets from Moses to Ezekiel, more than a thousand years, and then gloriously asserted the same great commandment through Jesus Christ our Lord. Think then, dear young friends, of the blessedness and happiness inseparable from such a course of life, and the certainty of the conditions contained in the text, "And thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" an inexhaustible treasure, whose heavenly fruition will continue throughout the endless ages of eternity. But oh! reflect with a seriousness proportionable to the awfulness of the consideration, that if you will, in direct opposition to the high and holy command, continue to hold on to the riches of this world, remember that the declaration of the apostle remains an unchangeable truth, that "they that will be thus rich, fall into a temptation and a snare, and into many hurtful and foolish lusts, that drown men in perdition and destruction." The above proposition will apply equally to the merchant, the tradesman, and the several occupations of life, because every Christian undoubtedly ought to be influenced by that wisdom embraced in the prayer of Agur, the son of Jaketh, "Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die; remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in

vain." These rational and heavenly views, so consistent with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, happy would it have been for the Society of Friends, had they more conscientiously adhered to them, at the rising of worldly prosperity amongst them after the passing of the Toleration Act, at the close of the seventeenth century; and continued to bring up their children in the path of humble industry, with no other dependence than the blessing of their Heavenly Father on their own exertions. This would have taxed their own resources, and called all the energies of body and mind into action, and hence there would have been a succession of standard bearers, more resembling the blessed pattern shown them in the holy mount. One would have really thought that the single circumstance of William Penn's children (anticipating the great estate and popularity of their father) leaving the Society and becoming prodigals and politicians, would have been sufficient to have opened the eyes of Friends, to see the direful effect that expected estates and popularity has upon the children of Friends; while the evil genius of usury, inseparably connected with such estates, influencing Quaker merchants of London, by the name of Ford, to sue William Penn at law, causing him to be arrested, taken from a meeting by the sheriff, and sent to prison for a debt composed in part of compound usury and trumpery, that abominable abomination to Christian justice and equity,—I say, one would have really thought all this would have been sufficient to open their eyes to behold the evil that was coming upon Friends by usury, the great high priest of the mammon of unrighteousness. Happy would it have been for the Society of Friends, had they recognised a testimony against usury with their other noble Christian testimonies, when they embraced the religion of Jesus suffering on the cross, as beautifully described by a late eminent English writer, in a language like this, "The glory of Christianity is its benevolent morality—its exquisite adaptation to the human heart—the facility with which it accommodates itself to the lowest human intellect—the consolation that it bears to the house of mourning, and the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a religion it can be no additional strength or beauty to make it a part or parcel of the common law. It would not be left for the first time to depend upon the strength of its own evidence, or the

beauty of its own attractions. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in a fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the kingdom that was not of this world. They, then, that would force temporal policy upon such a religion, treat her as the Romans did her Divine Author; they bow the knee, and spit upon her,—they cry hail, and smite her on the cheek,—they put a sceptre into her hand, but it is a fragile reed,—they crown her, but it is with thorns,—they cover with purple the wounds their own hands have inflicted, and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to suffer in ignominy and pain."

Thus suffering about the middle of the seventeenth century in England, Friends embraced this high and holy religion; happy would it be for the Society of Friends if they could continue in its bosom! But if they do, it appears to me they must return to the heavenly precepts of its Divine Author, and recognise that great Christian testimony against usury, that was seen so clearly by the Waldenses, the brightest stars in the night of apostacy, a people that took their rise in France about the twelfth century, and continued, if I am not mistaken, undivided witnesses for Jesus Christ for near three hundred years, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the secular power, and bitter persecution of the priests. The instrument made use of to gather this people, was an illiterate merchant of Lyons, who hired an ecclesiastic to translate the New Testament into his mother tongue, by which he saw that heavenly commandment of Christ to the rich man,—"Sell that thou hast, give to the poor, take up thy daily cross and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." He considered this commandment to embrace the unchangeable terms of salvation, and did not turn away sorrowful, reasoning with flesh and blood, but gave up immediately to the heavenly vision, sold his great possessions, giving to the poor, reduced himself to the necessity of laboring with his own hands for a living like the primitive saints. He was soon joined by the true lovers and followers of the Lord Jesus; adopting the sermon on the Mount for their creed, they carried it out practically, by bearing the most faithful testimony against hireling ministry; and consequently against superfluous school learning,

idleness and pride; and the strictness of their discipline against usury, and consequently against accumulating worldly estates, was such, that it enjoined even their ministers to be poor and illiterate, and earn their living by the labor of their own hands. They bore likewise a faithful and consistent testimony against war, and going to law, or taking an oath of any kind. These were the people that shook the very foundation of the church of Anti-christ in Europe, without making any resistance whatever. But alas! the evil genius of usury, or the love of money, joined with pride and power, produced a division amongst them, subdivisions soon took place, and they are now, if I am not mistaken, only to be found in fractional parts, spread over Europe and America, under the denominations of Menonists, Moravians, Anabaptists, &c.

The Society of Friends have not existed as an organized body two hundred years, yet the same evil geniuses, namely, usury, pride and power, have already caused a division, if not a subdivision; and if you, dear young Friends, do not arise, and shake yourselves loose from the fetters of Anti-christ, and put on the beautiful garments of primitive Christianity, I seriously fear, that before the close of the two thousand years, granted in mercy to the gentile world, the Society of Friends will only be found scattered in insignificant fractions, called Quakers, Friends, Orthodox Friends, Abolitionists, &c. Think then, seriously, of the importance of saving the Society, and removing obnoxious epithets, by the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, following after practical righteousness, in the blessed exam[illegible] of the Saviour of the world.

I have not lived to be sixty-four years of age, without observation on men and things as I have passed through the world, and my little experience I now affectionately offer for your serious consideration. I have observed a bad effect of expected property or estates from wealthy parents, on their children, and lived to see the ruin, as it were, of a number of the most interesting and promising families, in the little circle in which I have moved. Children too often anticipate the full amount of what their parents may possess, and in the indulgence of their cogitations, the enemy of their souls too often gains such an ascendency, as to tempt them to wish their parents or relatives dead, that they might get possession of their property; hence that hardness of heart and difficulty of understanding, attend-

ing the settlement of large estates, that too often ends in contention and litigation, destroying all that affection and good feeling that ought ever to exist between brethren and sisters: hence, too, the sorrowful feelings that have too often clothed my mind when attending the funeral of the rich, when I have seen and felt what is so beautifully described by Blair, the heirs impatient to examine the will, looking upon each other with jealous eyes, already beginning to dispute about the division of property. How then can a Christian parent spend the best of his days in accumulating food for that worm that never dies, and fuel for that fire that is never quenched?

I have observed another bad effect upon the children of such as are in the pursuit of wordly riches, by their exposure to bad company, and consequently bad influence. Such as have large farms, or large business, must necessarily employ a number of hands, amongst whom are too often the most immoral and profligate; and children seeming naturally fond of the company of such, it is in the *kitchen*, in the absence of the parents, that children too often receive the first rudiments of an education that is the ruin of their morals. It is too often in the kitchen of the large farmer or tradesman, that the poor bound girl is exposed to the wiles of the seducer, that too often leads to degradation, if not the ruin of her character for ever. I have seen myself, in my childhood, the most shameful and licentious conduct under the roof of the respectable farmer, in the absence of the heads of the family. On this subject I could say much, if it were not for brevity's sake, for my heart is full of sympathy and feeling for the sadly neglected and exposed children; especially poor little bound children, and more especially among Friends. What answer will such parents and guardians make in the day of final judgment, should the following query be put to them, "What hast thou done with those lambs that were placed under thy care in the wilderness of the world?"—How affecting must be the only true answer that too many wretched souls will have to give,—"I was so taken up with what I thought a proper provision, and laying up treasure on earth, that I neglected my proper care, and they have strayed away." Will not the righteous Judge say,—"Did I not tell thee plainly, to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things needful should be added? And did I not pcssitively command thee not to lay up treasure on earth?—

But thou hast broken my commandments, when thou knewest the condition of my friendship. For I said plainly, Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you; therefore having broken my commandment, as an enemy, thou must depart from me as a worker of iniquity."

Reflect seriously, my young friends, now in the morning of your day, of the vast importance of the salvation of the never-dying souls of your precious children; and do not furnish the enemy with the means of tempting them to their ruin, by laying up for them treasure on earth, where the moth of selfishness and pride corrupts—where the rust of usury eats like a canker, and gamblers break the laws of common honesty, and steal. But lay up for them treasure in heaven, by leading them in their infancy to the heavenly Shepherd, the Saviour of the world, and asking him in fervent prayer, to bless them with the earliest visitation of his heavenly love. Should you gain this great point, and be the instruments of kindling the devotional fire on the altar of their youthful hearts, you will lay up for them treasure in heaven, and will find but little difficulty in bringing them up in the way they should go, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—in plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel—in frequently reading the holy Scriptures, and restraining them from reading pernicious books, and the corrupt conversation of the world. The Lord knows that I can declare here, without boasting, that I know what I say by blessed experience, for I verily believe it was the dying exercise of my precious Christian mother, to present me in my infancy to Christ, who declared he had all power in heaven and in earth, and to beg of him to bless me with an early visitation of his love; and that prayer was not only fervent but effectual, and I was led in early life to love and adore him, to pray to him in all my trials and troubles; and in blessing, he has blest me with preservation; in multiplying, he has multiplied his favors towards me, and if I can only be humble and obedient, I have a hope he will crown me in the end with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Had I continued under the care of pious Friends, I think now that I should never have lost my first love; for I loved their plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel, because they were nearer the example of the great Christian pattern: and when I arrived at the age of twenty-one, being renewedly visited with heavenly love, notwithstanding I lived among the Presby-

terians, and attended their meetings, I turned towards Friends, and not only conscientiously adopted their plain language, but took off my regimental coat with pleasure, and put on a plain drab; and this being so contrary to my constitutional nature, I can attribute it to nothing else than the love of Christ, graciously instilled into me in my very infancy—hence arises my great concern that you, my dear young friends, may bring your children early to Jesus Christ, the everlasting Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

From the above observations and experience, I have now arrived at this conclusion, that if the children of Friends were rightly impressed with the *love of Christ* in early life, they would never leave the Society: for children are imitative creatures, and are naturally led to imitate those they really love and adore; therefore, seeing in the blessed pattern the beautiful propriety of plain language, they would conscientiously keep to it—seeing in *him* that meekness and lowliness of mind, clothed with a seamless garment, they would never follow the foolish shows of a vain world—seeing, as they must see, with indubitable clearness, that the priests were the greatest enemies to the blessed Saviour in his outward appearance, and equally hostile to his inward, they would have no confidence in the deluded votaries of Anti-christ; hence they would recognize Friends' great Christian testimony against a mercenary hireling ministry. Seeing in the blessed Jesus, the great principles of non-resistance, exemplified in his heavenly testimony against war, our young men could never become, or never continue, carnal warriors; for they would understand what he meant, when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom was of this world then would my servants fight. But now is my kingdom not from hence." His kingdom being a blessed state, arrived at by the redeemed soul, where there is no qualification for either war or politics, our young friends could neither elect others, nor receive any office of honor or profit themselves in the governments of this world, that are set up by the sword, and defended by the sword; but would feel conscientiously bound, in justice, to leave these offices to such as are better qualified to fill them, as some indemnification for the risk of their lives, their property, and what they consider their sacred honor, in the field of battle.

The Saviour's testimony against going to law being so clear

and conclusive, they never could prosecute any man on any occasion whatever, or appeal to the outward law for redress in any grievance; and if sued themselves, could make no resistance; therefore they would never be seen attending elections or courts of law, except when summoned there as jurymen or witnesses. And this great commandment of the Head of the Christian church, being so deeply inscribed on the tablet of their heart,—"From him that would borrow turn not thou away, but do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of God," they could take no usury for superfluous money, but would rejoice in helping their poor fellow men and women. Neither could they hold a poor fellow creature in bondage, because all acts of injustice and cruelty are condemned in this remarkable saying, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Nor could they ever become drunkards, because the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus being in them, it would for ever keep them free from that law of sin and death.

In a word, all those great Christian testimonies, recognized by the Society of Friends, and held up as a light to the world, having emanated from the great Christian Law-giver, they would be conscientiously embraced by the children of Friends, that had received a proper religious education, and in whom the love of Christ had been instilled in early life. Hence the vast importance of a religious education, and the awful responsibility that rests upon you, dear young friends, as delegated shepherds and shepherdesses, under the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Permit me, then, to beg of you for God's Sake—for your own souls and the souls of your children's sake—and for the sake of the cause of righteousness, as professed by Friends—unite again in the fellowship of the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, that you may be instruments in the Divine Hand, to save the Society of Friends from that vortex of anti-christianity that appears to be ingulfing all the reformers from the church of Rome.

I will now call your attention to the great importance of keeping up our religious meetings. Dear George Fox, in the last letter he wrote and left sealed, which was read in the Yearly Meeting, 1691, a short time after his death, begins with these remarkable expressions: "Keep all your meetings in the name of the Lord Jesus." This name of our Lord Jesus Christ,

which was so precious to the primitive saints, our early Friends considered the crown and diadem of all their meetings, for in them they experienced what the Lord's prophet saw in heavenly vision, that this precious name was Wonderful, was a Counsellor, was an everlasting Father and the Prince of peace; and they saw in heavenly prospective, that of the increase of his government there should be no end. Hence the peculiar devotedness of their spirits while sitting in their silent meetings, that frequently the tenderness and contrition were such, that the floor would be wet with their tears when not a word was spoken. It is this devotedness and fervency of spirit that constitutes the very life of our religious meetings, and without it, a Quaker meeting, held in silence, is a dull, insipid concern, having neither form nor substance. Therefore it is no wonder that the greater part of our meetings for worship, both in England and America, are on the decline.

Superfluity of wealth, and superfluity of scholastic education or worldly wisdom, have produced the love of worldly-mindedness in Friends, and the declaration of the apostle John, that "Whoso loveth the world the love of the Father is not in them," remains an unchangeable truth; the love of the Father being inseparable from the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such Friends as have not this precious life, are as dead weights in our religious meetings; and when such seekers as are saying in their hearts, "O Lord, who shall show us any good," come to our meetings, and see no evidence in the countenances of Friends that they have been with Jesus, but, on the contrary, see a sleepy, yawning, listless appearance, and feel no solemnity of devotion, they will go away discouraged; and therefore our meetings must continue to dwindle, unless you dear young friends, gird up the loins of your minds, be devoutly sober, watching and praying, least you enter into a similar tempation.—"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Oh, this weakness of the flesh! don't indulge it, don't give way to it to the neglect of religious meetings, or it will be a let to still greater weakness; for if it is our duty to meet together twice a week to worship our Heavenly Father, it is paramount to every other duty that relates to the things of this world, and faithful Friends will be blessed. I know what I say by experience, for from the time I entered into covenant to attend meetings for worship in the middle of the week, I have no re-

collection of neglecting one, when I was able to go, for forty years. I speak not boastingly, the Lord knows—and now those meetings are more precious to me than ever, though I often attend them under such bodily infirmity, that I seem trembling, as it were, on the brink of the eternal world. Be ye therefore encouraged.

Our Saviour has promised, and will fulfil his promise, that "Where two or three are gathered together in his *name*, there will *he* be in the midst of them;" hence the great importance of taking heed to the dying exhortation of dear George Fox, "Keep all your meetings in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Oh the blessedness of true heavenly devotion! it is a foretaste experienced by all God's children here on earth, of that fruition of bliss, which the ransomed and redeemed soul enjoys throughout the endless ages of eternity, and is certainly known by its own fruits, which are love unfeigned to God supreme, and universal love to all mankind. It is holy, humble, harmless; entirely separate from all justice, cruelty and pride, can love enemies, bless them that curse, and pray for them that act despitefully and persecute. Under the influence of this blessed spirit, my soul feels a sweet union and communion with all God's children in their devotional exercise, whether it is performed in a Protestant meeting house, a Roman cathedral, a Jewish synagogue, an Hindoo temple, an Indian wigwam, or by the wild Arab of the great desert with his face turned towards Mecca. The counterfeit of this UNDOUBTED REALITY is a curse to the human family, and the mother of all religious superstition, hypocrisy and persecution, and has permitted the unregenerated Quaker to be high in profession and low in practice; the Puritan Presbyterians to rise from their prayers and their sacraments, to massacre in cold blood the Indian men, women and children, original inhabitants of the eastern shores of America; the Catholic Crusaders to storm the cities of Palestine, and after indiscriminately murdering the inhabitants, not even sparing the unoffending mother with her helpless infant, they rushed, under the influence of this *counterfeit* devotion, to the holy sepulchre, and prostrating themselves with tears in their eyes, kissed the very ground on which it stood. The same cursed ungodliness of zeal, led the Jewish priesthood, with their satellites, to cause to be put to the ignominious death of the cress, the dear Son of God, who came to be their Saviour.

In a word, it was this dreadful spirit that was inseparably connected with the atrocious cruelties and treachery of a Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane; that produced that everlasting thirst for revenge in the breast of the murdering Indian, and directed the prayers of the Arabian robber for the destruction of the unfortunate Christian mariner on his coast. I say it was this wretched inconsistency in Christian professors, and murderous treachery in other selfish mortals, presented to the eagle eye of the great Frederick, Voltaire and Spinoza, that led to that confederacy with other powerful wits of Europe, in a conspiracy against all religion, even aiming their deadly shafts at the person and stupendous miracles of the Saviour of the world.

And oh, that I could stop here! But what have I seen and heard in my own day? A respectable member of the Society of Friends reading in his own house the productions of these wits, or their petty retailers, in the form of an Apocrypha to the New Testament! This pernicious book, with others of a similar character—their spurious bible—designed to turn the holy scriptures into perfect ridicule, together with Paine's Age of Reason, (though only calculated to work upon narrow and debauched understandings) I have reason to fear, are to be found in the houses of too many respectable Friends. Oh! will it not be an affecting and sorrowful consideration, if the people called Quakers,—whom the Lord Almighty appears to have raised up by his own invincible power, for the purpose of dispelling this black cloud, and so signally placed his name amongst them, that they bore a faithful and consistent testimony for more than one hundred and fifty years against those two tremendous enemies of the Christian cause, the orthodox persecutor and the deistical scoffer,—should now be found practising their spirit, and reading and harboring their pernicious publications? Alas! for the Society of Friends, unless you, dear children, unite as the young men of the princes of the provinces, under the ordering of the King of kings, to make war in righteousness against this dreadful Gog and Magog, that appears to be compassing the very camp of the saints! I conjure you by all that is sacred and dear, never indulge that bitter persecuting spirit, never read any of these abominable books; never harbor these corrupt doubtings of a fallen world, but pray daily for an increase of that precious faith, that works by love and purifies the heart, and you will become established as pillars in the Lord's house, that go no more out.

I will now endeavor to lay before my young friends the concern I feel for the preservation of a living gospel ministry, which, since the decline of the Society, has sadly dwindled into party declamation and political lecturing, with a multiplicity of words without either life or power, scattering and dispersing on the barren mountains of empty profession. Should you succeed in the unity I have hoped for, be especially careful in seeking for Divine wisdom in recommending of ministers, ever keeping in view this all important fact, that when God was pleased to send into the world the everlasting minister of the sanctuary, it was in the person of an humble, illiterate carpenter, and before *he* left the world, *he* chose for his successors the poor unlearned fishermen of Galilee. This important fact of itself speaks volumes; which is well authenticated by the living experience of the first and greatest of Quaker preachers, a poor shoemaker, with scarcely scholastic learning enough to read and write intelligibly; and so far from being eloquent, he was rather an unpleasant speaker: yet this was the instrument the great Head of the Church made use of to gather the people called Quakers, sanctify their congregations, and assemble their elders. Beware then, dear young friends, of being deceived by those superficial idols of a vain world,—eloquence, talents and learning,—for you will scarcely be able to find one eloquent and learned preacher among Friends, from James Naylor to the present day, but what have scattered more by their spirit and example, than they have ever gathered by their preaching of the gospel.

It is to me a matter of astonishment, that a disciple of Jesus Christ should be so anxious for the friendship of the world and the praise of men, as to sacrifice the legacy of a Saviour's love in pursuit of that echo of folly and shadow of renown, when the testimony of the Divine Master is so decidedly against it: "These things I command you, that ye love one another. If the world hate you, ye know it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." I say it is a matter of astonishment to me, that believers in this doctrine should manifest such a love for the world's idols as to desire an eloquent, learned and talented ministry. Why may it not be truly said of such Friends, "What do ye more

than others? Do not the deluded votaries of Anti-christ do the same?" See the testimony of the beloved Paul, who knew what value to set on scholastic learning and human wisdom; he certainly was religiously concerned to lay it aside entirely, and to consider it as dross and dung in comparison to the learning and wisdom of Christ. In his first epistle to the Corinthians, the first and second chapters, nothing can be more conclusively clear to my mind, than his testimony against those idols of a fallen world,—learning, talents and eloquence, the levers of the power of priestcraft,—"Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." And it is to me an encouraging consideration, that there is still raised up among Friends, a living gospel ministry, unadorned with the mighty and noble wisdom of the world, and we continue to have the gospel of Jesus Christ, in its blessed simplicity, from the stammering tongue of a weak, tender woman. This is the kind of preaching that has ever made the deepest impression upon my mind, and this is the only ministry I want you, dear young friends, to recommend; ever having a watchful eye to its humility and nothingness of self, for when weak men and women suffer themselves to be puffed up with pride and religious consequence, they are sure to fall into the condemnation of the devil.

I could wish that Friends could see the propriety of drawing some line, or fixing some limits to the missionary travelling of their ministers. They have certainly been favored to draw the line with great propriety in their testimonies against war, oaths, slavery, and hireling ministry; and as these lines were drawn from the precepts or example of Christ, I would propose that Christ's example should fix the limits of such concerns as ministers should feel to travel in the work of the ministry. Having already given my views touching this subject, in the narrative of my life, I would only ask my young friends whether they can believe that the missionary labors of the several sects in Christendom have, upon the whole, substantially benefitted the blessed cause of Jesus Christ? If they can, they must reasonably give the preference to that so-

ciety that has done the most: hence, the Roman Catholic missionaries, particularly the order of Jesuits, will have the pre-eminence. But I am rather disposed to think that some, if not all, would unite with me in believing that these missionaries have done more hurt than good:—and as enemies to civil and religious liberty, nothing but a *providential* interference has prevented them from destroying them both. "Ye shall know them by their fruits: do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

I will now try to bring the subject nearer home, by asking, whether the cause of Christ, as professed by Friends, has been substantially promoted by all the missionary travelling of our ministers, beyond the jurisdiction embraced in *his* example, especially for the last fifty years? If the present state of our religious society is permitted to answer, it will be conclusive: and you, dear young friends, will be justified in drawing the line and fixing the limits, by the example of the Saviour, who, notwithstanding he could walk on the waters and ride on the wings of the wind, never travelled in the work of the ministry further than one hundred miles in a direct line.

In reading the journals of Friends in the ministry, and observing their spirit and conduct, especially for the last fifty years, I have thought that Pride, Luxury and Idleness have been a great injury to them: for there are so many weak, foolish men and women, who will directly or indirectly flatter ministers, there is such good living among wealthy Friends, so much ease and idleness, and so many that have their troubles and difficulties at home, in consequence of their not filling with propriety their social and relative duties, I fear that some ministers have been tempted to get up concerns to travel, when they had better have stayed at home. In consulting my own experience, I am bound, in common honesty, to plead guilty at least to the first of these charges. I have certainly too high a conceit of my own preaching, and as I know I have secretly suffered the torments of jealousy and envy, so I have reason to fear the cause of Truth has suffered through me, for there is too much truth in that old saying, "like priest like people:" for a minister can only beget his own likeness: this is as certainly true as that a stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. But having already given, perhaps with too

much freedom, my views touching the spirit and conduct of ministers, I shall only say here, that I have observed in the journals and writings of some valuable ministers, a morbid melancholy, that has cast a discouraging gloom over a cause, dignified with immortality and crowned with eternal life,—a cause infinitely greater than the cause of empires and kingdoms,—an ever blessed system, designed for the perfection of human nature and the happiness of man in time and in eternity. The best cure for this morbid melancholy, (which I have seen too much of among religious people,) is humble industry: what a pity then they would not eat less and work more. I would propose, what I think would be a great improvement in Christian example, that ministers travelling in Truth's service should be more humble, and instead of going among the rich where they can fare sumptuously, and be waited upon every day, go among the poorer kind of Friends, and such as have large families of little children; and let our travelling women, instead of carrying with them a superabundance of fine clothes, take a suit of working apparel, and turn into the kitchen and help the poor woman of the house, who is often tried and discouraged, especially when company comes, for the want of such help: let them wash and mend, and do all such work consistent with the perfect woman, as described by the inspired poet, in the last chapter of Proverbs. Oh! how such women would endear themselves to such families, and leave impressions, especially on the minds of children, that would be of everlasting advantage. How infinitely more Christian-like would such an example be, than to sit idly in the parlors of the rich, to be waited upon and to be fed with luxury. Let our travelling men, if they are not shoemakers, learn the trade, like dear Samuel Bonas, or Bownas, did, and when travelling as Christian ministers, be more like the beloved Paul, and turn in with Aquila and Priscilla, and work at their trade;—if they take two coats, let them take off their fine and put on their coarse ones, with their leather aprons, and hunt up the children's shoes and mend them. If they have leather, a healthy man would make a new pair for some of the family, by making the best of a long winter evening, and rising early in the morning. This would be helping the family where their lot was cast,—then they could preach the gospel with Christian boldness, and say, like the beloved Paul,

"We behaved not ourselves disorderly among you, neither did we eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought night and day that we might not be chargeable to any." (Mark, the disorderly conduct that Paul here alludes to was idleness, a disownable offence among the primitive Christians—see 2nd Thessalonians, 3d chapter, from the 6th to the 12th verse.) How much more consistent would this be with the example of the humble carpenter of Nazareth, and the industrious tent-maker of Tarsus, than sitting in idleness in rich Friends' rocking chairs, cracking jokes, telling anecdotes, back-biting brethren and sisters, or musing and nursing fanatical melancholy.

Dear young friends, especially you that are called to the ministry, think seriously of what I now propose, that you may be the instruments in the Lord's hand, to gather the Society back to that rational consistency which secures a foundation that stands sure,—having this seal, the Lord knows who are his. Do not spend your precious time in idleness, nor sell your Christian liberty for money, lest, like Judas, you lose your part in the ministry, and others be chosen in your place. Let such as are poor, be content to be like their Divine Master, who had not where to lay his head; but never, *never* receive any thing like pieces of silver from the rich, as the price of a Saviour. This species of bribery, I fear, has made too many Quaker preachers too much like the hireling, and tarnished the lustre of some of the brightest stars that have appeared in our Society for the last fifty years.

If I had my time to go over again, I think now most seriously, I never would recive a favor from any without making a compensation, unless I was so situated I could not help myself; and in that case I would feel myself bound, when able, to mete unto others that which had been meted unto me, to the utmost extent of my ability. But there is no occasion for a young minister to get into such a street called Strait, if he will take the favorite advice of George Fox, "Mind the light;" or the excellent advice of our discipline, and keep within the bounds of his circumstances—if he earns but twenty-five cents per day, live on fifteen or twenty, and never go in debt nor ever borrow money. What a sorrowful and affecting sight, to see a minister of the gospel surrounded by a set of money-mongers, voraciously pressing their several demands, until he,

like Peter, in the awful confusion and impetuosity of passion, cuts off their right ears, or meanly equivocating like Peter, falsifying his word, becomes a liar, or in an extreme case, in the resignation of his property to his creditors, he may worse than swear in taking the affirmation; going out from the presence of his Saviour weeping, he may never return like Peter. Although I have never been driven to such an extremity, I am yet free to acknowledge, that when the light of the countenance of Him, who possesses the awful attribute of Justice, has been turned upon me with a language like this, "He that is unfaithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to his care the true riches?" I have wept bitterly as I stood trembling on the quicksands of despair.

Oh! dear young man, whoever thou art that may read this, keep to the path of safety, which is the path of humble industry, where thy wants will be so few that thy industry will more than supply them, putting thee always in possession of the means to practise Christian benevolence, and be taught, as Paul was by the Lord Jesus, that it is more blessed to give than receive. And if thou wouldst wish thy sons to be happy in time and in eternity,—if thou wouldst wish them to be benefactors of mankind, or shine as stars in the firmament of God's power, bring them up in the path of humble industry,—bring them up with no other expectations than the blessings of heaven on their own exertions, with no other means than those which arise from a tax laid upon their own energies of body and mind. These are the men that, in the varied ages of the world, have always made the most sustantial pillars of the church and the strongest sinews of the state. As a proof of the correctness of this important position, I could bring many examples, but I shall only produce two—George Fox, and George Washington.

Who was George Fox? The son of a poor Leicestershire weaver, brought up a shoemaker and shepherd, in the path of humble industry, and so far from having an academic or collegiate education, he could scarcely read or write intelligibly; yet this was the instrument the great Head of the church, the Saviour of the world, made use of to revive primitive Christianity, and institute a code of Christian discipline the most simple, the most evangelical, and the most republican, in Christendom. This man, as a scholar in the school of Christ,

by humble obedience to *his* teachings, was made a philosopher, a naturalist, a divine, and a pillar in the Lord's house, that goes no more out—whose name has not only left a sweet savor, grateful to surviving generations, but I trust will stand forever gloriously enrolled upon the records of eternity.

Who was George Washington? To make a parody of the language of a late historian, he was the son of a widow, born beneath the paternal roof of a Westmoreland farmer, on the banks of the Potomac. No academy ever welcomed him to its shade—no college ever granted him a diploma. To read and to write and to cipher, was the extent of his school learning, which he so improved in the path of humble industry, that he was found at the age of sixteen on the head waters of the Potomac, exposed to all hardships and dangers of a pioneer surveyor. In a word, a series of offices and appointments, involving the greatest responsibility, from his youth up, which he filled with perfect propriety and faithfulness, prepared him to stand at the head of a band of the most illustrious patriots the world ever saw; a set of men, of whom the great Earl of Chatham declared in the house of Lords, "That in the master spirits of the world, I know not the people or the senate, who in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in general congress at Philadelphia." Such then was George Washington, that distinguished instrument in the hand of the infinitely wise Jehovah, for establishing the American Republic, a system of government the most healthy and happy, the most successful and generous, now under heaven, whose benevolent institutions are becoming more and more the admiration of the world; and while virtue, liberty and independence continue to be esteemed among the children of men, the name of Washington will be pronounced with veneration and respect by millions of intelligent beings. But, remember that I do not present George Washington as an example that I wish Quakers to follow throughout—far from it; much less would I represent him as a pattern of Christian perfection; I produce him as a conspicuous matter of fact argument in favor of my important concern, that our American youth, if brought up in the path of humble industry, and thrown more on their own responsibility, even if they should not attain to the perfection of the Christian, would be most likely to make the greatest gentile

benefactors, or in other words, the strongest sinews of civil government.

Having now said sufficient, I hope, to establish the importance of bringing up the rising youth of America in the path of *Humble Industry*, I will try to express my views touching our Christian discipline, which I wish you, my dear young friends, seriously to consider. The Lord Jesus Christ, the only acknowledged head of our church, on discovering the seeds of aristocracy, priestcraft and kingcraft among his disciples, when disputing which of them should be the greatest, and even asking to be favored with pre-eminent seats in the kingdom, thus instructively reproved them: "The kings of the gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors: but it shall not be so with you; but he that would be great let him be as the younger, and he that would be chief as he that serveth; for whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? I am with you as one that serveth."—"And ye are they that have one master, even Christ, and ye are brethren."—Thus laying down the great principles of Christian government, which embraces the purest and most perfect system of republicanism the world of mankind ever saw. On this is founded our excellent discipline, as it stood after the re-organization of of the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, 1828, when we declared that we had no new doctrine or discipline. The aristocracy and arrogance that had almost imperceptibly been increasing for years in those two great committees of care, that have with very great propriety the management of the religious and civil concerns of Society, during the recesses of the Yearly Meeting, —I say, this aristocracy and arrogance had been successfully resisted by at least two-thirds of the meeting, and that most important republican rule of discipline was then established, that secures to the executive department of Society its legitimate authority or power, to appoint elders and members of the Meeting for Sufferings periodically. *Never*, never, dear young friends, let this great republican *way-mark* be removed.

All the changes that have taken place in our discipline since 1828, I fear have had a weakening and scattering tendency, especially that sorrowful change of our solemn, dignified manner of marriage. And here, while I would wish carefully to avoid impeaching the motives of my friends, I must express

my deep regret at such a sad mistake in bringing down our Christian discipline to suit the anti-Christian state of our members, instead of laboring to bring the state of Society to be consistent with Christian discipline. Hence I fear a door is now opened for a proud, aspiring ministry to run a lucrative race of popularity. I forbear to give the plan I think now I could adopt, were I only thirty-five years younger, and possessed of the talents, learning, eloquence and principles of some of our young preachers. Suffice it to say, that such ingenious, insinuating ministers, first robbed the church of its perquisites, and finally turned the marriage ceremony into their own pockets; and like causes may produce like effects, under like circumstances.

The lowering the dignified solemnity of George Fox's marriage, and weakening the sacred ties that should ever bind Christian men and women in that relation, has been peculiarly unfortunate as to time; for, independent of the alarming increase of applications to our Courts of Justice for divorces, there are men and women, professedly religious, that are reviving and practising a promiscuous intercourse that strikes at the very vitals of a moral decency. In the primitive church, this hateful Nicolaitan practice grew out of the community system, that prohibited its members from calling any thing they possessed exclusively their own, and when carried to the extreme, not even excepting their own wives. See Revelations, 2nd chapter, 15th verse. I say it has been peculiarly unfortunate to be nibbling and quibbling at our discipline in relation to marriage, at such a time as this, when I fear that too many of our own members are Nicolaitans in theory, if not in practice, considering marriage as a mere convenient civil contract, that may be entered into in the most selfish and mercenary spirit. Oh, how different were the views of Fox, Penn, and Barclay!

I am aware of the power of the popular argument that can be brought against the position I have taken,—that the world of mankind are growing wiser and better,—that the people of the nineteenth century are far in advance of the people of the seventeenth, and that our Religious Society ought to keep pace with the march of mind. I admit there has been great improvement in government, law, agriculture, engineering, machinery, mathematics, &c., for these are "the things of a man,"

and therefore can be improved by the powerful "spirit of man that is in him." But "the things of God knoweth no man but by the spirit of God;" therefore man can never improve them. The Christian religion is one of the great things of God, that never has been improved by man, but remains the same infinitely perfect system that has for its object the most glorious work of the Almighty, even the redemption of the immortal, never-dying soul. Nor am I prepared to unite with another popular notion that has obtained credence among too many respectable Friends, that the primitive state of the church was only a weak, infant state. This speculative delusion appears to me to have had its origin in ignorance, presumption, or spiritual pride; because, by a fair parity of reasoning, I might, as a professed minister of the gospel, come to this conclusion, that Jesus Christ and his first disciples were mere children, and that at any rate, I am a far greater Christian minister *now*, than the apostle Paul was *then*. Such presumption and pride would prepare me to unite with the sentiments of some of the most eloquent female orators, "That Jesus Christ is now but a very imperfect gentleman, and therefore no longer fit for a Christian hero, and that Father Mathew in Ireland, has done greater works than ever Jesus done." To me such sentiments appear the most awful presumption and pride; and my very soul abhors them. I should, I think, find but little difficulty in exposing and refuting such absurdities, were it not that I wish to avoid all doctrinal disquisitions, and only exhort my dear young friends to keep to the doctrine and discipline of Fox, Penn, and Barclay; carefully avoiding the two extremes to which that doctrine and discipline has been exposed—orthodox formality, and sceptical ranterism. These two great enemies to Christianity spring from the same root, notwithstanding in their luxuriant growth they seem to lean in opposite directions; the first appears to have its empire in Catholic, and the second in Protestant christendom. Orthodox formality, in its reign among the Roman Catholics, has written its own character with the blood of the Inquisition; sceptical ranterism has given a sample of its terrors, when clothed with power, in the reign of Robespierre during the French Revolution.

The Church of Rome, having added to its power a profound policy, that nothing but British jurisprudence could equal,

can now present a balance in numbers over its rival of at least thirty millions; with something like a practical argument in favor of the popular theory, that the Christian religion is a progressive science: while the great variety of Protestant professors are, more or less, shook to pieces by sceptical ranterism, so that the Protestant professor in the nineteenth century, who denies the immediate teachings of Christ, through the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, may hold the Bible in his hand, and not be a whit in advance of his brother with his Bible in the sixteenth century. In fact, from the best information I can get, I am brought to this conclusion, that all the movements of Protestant christendom for the last century, have been an eccentric course, to and fro, without any advance whatever; hence, I am strengthened in the opinion that the church of Anti-christ is gaining ground, and will continue to gain "till the times of the gentiles shall be fulfilled."—See Luke, 21st chapter, 24th verse. What will be the state of gentile christendom in the year two thousand, it is not for me to say; but if the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stood in the holy place, at the close of the two thousand years given to the Lord's people formerly, what may not we Christians expect, when a Saviour shall, for the last time, weep over us in a language like this: "Hadst thou but known, Oh thou! in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thy eyes—thy house is left unto thee desolate." Oh! that that peculiar branch of the Protestant church called Quakers, or Friends, could stand in their allotment in the last days of the Christian dispensation, and like the ransomed in Jacob and the redeemed in Israel, at the outward advent of the Messiah, turn many to righteousnsss and shine as stars for ever and ever!

I had hurried thus far, I fear, too precipitately to be sufficiently explicit, for I was not only very anxious, but fully expected to close the concern after writing the last paragraph, without any further addition; but having attended our late Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia, from the 12th of the 5th month to the 16th of the same, inclusive, 1845, I was much encouraged and confirmed in the belief, that if you, dear young friends, will now come up unitedly and practically, to the work of the Lord, keeping to the blessed simplicity as it is in Jesus, the Society of Friends will yet be preserved, notwithstanding

the great dasher-in-pieces has been so busy among us. I thought our Yearly Meeting was one of the largest and best I ever attended; and while in the city I saw a book written by a John Wilbur, that not only informed me that Orthodox Friends were in a very unsettled state, but confirmed me in a view which I have had for some time, and will offer for your serious consideration. I believe the time has now arrived, when Friends will be renewedly called to follow the example of a suffering Saviour, who told his disciples when the bitter cup that *he* had to drink of was filling up before him, "hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me"—he then suffered in silence. It was right no doubt at one time, for him to talk much with his disciples, and in the most public places deliver those tremendous truths, that not only made his enemies tremble, but produced such violent anger that they sought to kill him, while his friends glorified God in beholding his mighty works. But when arraigned before the Jewish Sanhedrim, though possessed of powers of reasoning and eloquence infinitely superior to a Cicero or a Demosthenes, he suffered in silence; as a lamb dumb before his shearers, he opened not his mouth. And when dragged to the Roman tribunal, to be sentenced to suffer the ignominious death of the cross, though he had legions of angels at his command, and could have dashed the whole Roman empire, as well as the Jewish nation, to atoms, he suffered like a lamb—"the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Oh, that you, dear young friends, may seek to be established in this *heavenly, lamb-like* state, that can suffer in silence in the time of temptation and provocation, witnessing the spiritual appearance of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as a quickening spirit, begetting his own blessed meekness and everlasting patience in your souls! Then the tear of sympathy or sorrow that is thus produced by spiritual prayer, as it stands trembling in your eye, or steals silently down your cheek, will make a better and more lasting impression on the minds of those you come in contact with, than all the powers of eloquence and reason in self-defence. Oh, the preciousness of this silent suffering and indwelling of soul! It appears to me to be that blessed state, shown to the beloved John by a heavenly vision, in the opening of the seventh seal, when there was silence in

heaven. When the vocal tribute of holy, holy, holy, and the hallelujahs of sanctified spirits in endless felicity, were suspended, there was a worship that continued in solemn, awful, inconceivable silence, a rapturous adoration too copious for language to express, that approached the throne of immaculate purity and love. This was the perfection of that state called the kingdom of heaven, which our Lord so emphatically declared was within; therefore he could say while silently suffering, "Now is my kingdom not from hence." This was the state the primitive saints were in, when they loved one another as Christ loved them, when they could pray without ceasing, rejoice ever more, and in everything give thanks. At this blessed state our early Friends arrived, when the people of England were constrained to declare—"See these Quakers, how they love one another." These were the master spirits of genuine Quakerism, that more cheerfully entered the loathsome prison than the royal palace, and esteemed the locks and bolts that were turned upon them as jewels for Christ's sake. This state is most beautifully described by one of them in the following language: "There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations: as it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other: if it be betrayed it bears it, for its ground and spring are the mercies and forgiveness of God: its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting, its love unfeigned: it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind: in God alone it can rejoice though none else regard it, or can own its life: it is conceived in sorrow and brought forth without any to pity it, nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression: it never rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered."

This is that precious life that is hid with Christ in God, the crown and diadem of the redeemed soul. Oh! that Friends could have kept under the influence of this blessed spirit; there never could have been any separation amongst them; there never could have been any contention and law-suits about

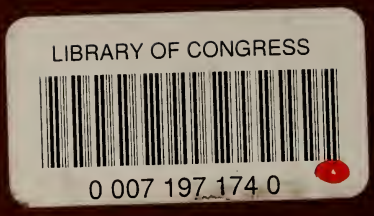
opinions and property; there never could have been such a thing as two congregations of Friends, meeting in separate houses in sight of each other, with the dark scowl of Orthodox prohibition resting upon the brows of ministers and elders, should either presume to take a seat in the other's gallery. But alas! seeing these things are verily so, let us try to cure the sad disease by love and silence. May you then, my dear young friends, be willing to follow the blessed Saviour in silent suffering, rather than continue the disgraceful altercation that has so sorrowfully divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel. It might have been right for the apostle Paul, at one time, to have disputed in the school of Tyrannus, and it might have been right for George Fox and early Friends to have met the high professing, deluded votaries of anti-Christ of their day, in verbal and written argument: but since the New Testament has been given to the Christian world, and miraculously preserved from the ravages of time, and handed down to us as a blessed corroborating stream of light and life, embracing the highest order of external evidence in the infinitely superior precepts and example of Jesus Christ, I am induced to believe that all the religious controversies among professing Christians to the dawn of the Reformation, and from that time to the rising of the day star among Friends, has done more hurt than good. And since the publication of Barclay's Apology for the true Christian religion as professed by Friends, all religious controversies and books of controversy about religion among Friends, I verily fear, have scattered more than they have ever gathered to the blessed Truth, as it is in Jesus. And I may add, I have scarcely a doubt in my mind at this time, that Friends departed from the peaceable spirit of Jesus, when they descended to a level with their enemies, in litigation and religious controversy, in the late unhappy revolution. How much better it would have been for us to have suffered in silence, and like our divine Master, when the prince of this world, or the prince of the power of the air, that rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience, came, he could have found nothing of his own likeness in us: but alas! this prince of darkness and confusion found us prepared to talk too much, write too much and preach too much; and hence he has continued too much with us.

It is now for you, dear young friends, to witness this strong

man armed that has kept the palace so long, to be bound and cast out, and his goods destroyed; be willing then, to follow the precepts and example of a suffering Saviour, who, in his spiritual appearance, is the only power that can bind this strong man. Don't talk with this strong man,—don't argue with him,—make no reply to his eloquent lectures or controversial papers, but silently drink of the cup of suffering the Saviour drank of, when his agony was such that the sweat, like drops of blood, fell from his face; for it is an affecting and sorrowful consideration, that Friends should have talked so much, and so vainly, and have entered into such bitter controversy about speculative and inexplicable subjects, that never have, and never can be settled by mortal man. Is it not a pity then, that they should have spent so much of their time and money in writing and publishing controversial papers to criminate and recriminate one another? Manifesting a hardness of heart and obstinate bitterness, that has not only separated husband and wife, parents and children, brethren and sisters, but has even in death been carried to the house of mourning, and the awful brink of the grave—furnishing a shameful monument to the disgrace of Orthodox Quakerism. Oh! let not this sword of malignant enthusiasm devour for ever! Let not this bitterness continue to the latter end! But remove this sad stumbling block, O ye precious rising youth of the Society of Friends, by coming up unitedly and practically to the work of the Lord. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Finally, dear Friends, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind,—live in peace,—and the God of mercy and peace will be with you.

LRBAp'27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